

Liberty

JULY 15, 1944

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by Leland Stowe

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Magazine "WINGS" Free

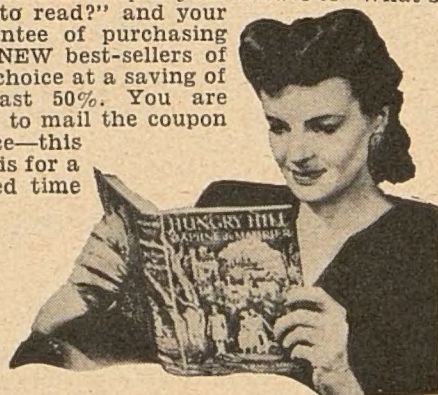
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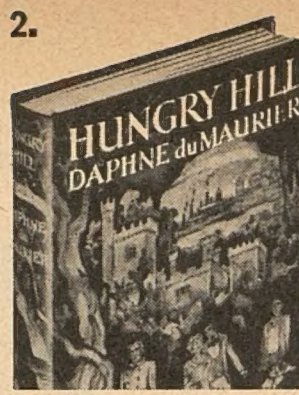


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2.



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By Daphne du Maurier

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3.



HOTEL BERLIN '43

By Vicki Baum

"Grand Hotel" 15 years later—unsuspecting host to a hunted student and a Nazi General's mistress who dared all for freedom. "High adventure which can hold a reader breathless."—N.Y. Times Book Review.

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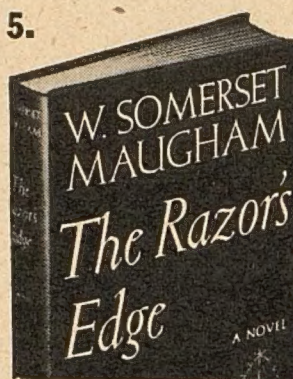


THE CURTAIN RISES

By Quentin Reynolds

One of America's favorite reporters tells his on-the-spot, eye witness story of Russia, North Africa, and Italy, with intimate close-ups of America's own boys in action. "A box-office blockbuster!"—Philadelphia Record.

5.



THE RAZOR'S EDGE

By W. Somerset Maugham

The greatest story-teller of them all tells his greatest story—about a strange guest that led Larry Darrell from the embraces of beautiful Isabel Bradley across continents to another love. "Maugham at his best."—N.Y. Post.

6.



DRAGONWYCK

By Anya Seton

Young, innocent, Miranda Wells had never been away from her Connecticut farm. At Dragonwyck she found splendor and terror—and the fierce, hungry passion of Nicholas Van Ryn. "Spine-chilling mystery-romance."—Philadelphia Record.

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VOX POP

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SHOE LEATHER OR GAS FOR SERVICEMEN?

HAGERSTOWN, MD.—I just read the letter of Aviation Chief Radioman N. T. Hanson of California (June 3 Vox Pop), and I can't say that I blame him for yelling about the gasoline ration for soldiers.

The last time my husband was home he applied for gasoline to travel a distance of forty miles to see his mother. The ration board had the nerve to offer him not five but three gallons!

Now tell me, please, is that the way to keep up a soldier's or sailor's morale?—Mrs. H. G. Worthington.

PAWTUCKET, R. I.—I do think any serviceman should get more than five gallons of gasoline when he comes home on leave, but, when N. T. Hanson says that he should get the ration of two gallons a week for all the time he's been away, I think he's nuts. What would any serviceman who's been away for two years do with 208 gallons of



gas when he comes home for, say, a month? Doesn't he have any sense? There would be a rise in Black Market gas. Also, many servicemen would sell it to their friends, and that would be unfair to all us civilians who are just getting barely enough gas to drive to and from work.—(Miss) V. Bowta.

WILMINGTON, CALIF.—If N. T. Hanson thinks he is being mistreated by his rationing board, he should be in the Merchant Marine. A friend of ours who recently returned from a six months' trip to India and North Africa asked the rationing board for the five gallons of gasoline he thought he was entitled to as a serviceman. He was told he couldn't get any as he wasn't in the Army, Navy, or Marines. In other words, the Merchant Marine is the only branch of the service that doesn't get any gas allotment. After my friend talked to the woman in charge for a while she had the nerve to tell him she didn't think he deserved any gas!

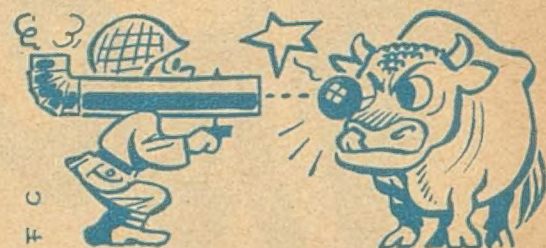
My husband and my brother are also merchant seamen and to my way of thinking they are doing as wonderful a job as the men in any other branch of the armed forces.—(Mrs.) Louis E. Locke.

BOUQUETS FOR THE BAZOOKA

BOONTON, N. J.—This is a double-barreled bouquet of appreciation for the excellent article The Bazooka is Born, by Edwin Diehl. This more-thrilling-than-fiction story of one small item born of American creative genius and will-to-do

did more to bring home the miracle of the Spirit of America than all the vast cold statistics of billions of war dollars, millions of tons of steel, and oceans of sweat could convey.—Nouart Koshkarian.

SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.—The article The Bazooka is Born (June 3 Liberty) is one of the best bits of action-reporting that I have read in many a day. Mr. Diehl, the



author, is to be congratulated for a vivid description of the creation of this marvelous weapon and of the enthusiastic response of every man and woman who took part in its engineering, fabrication, and assembly. I was thrilled to the tips of my snow-white hair by the electrifying exhibition of American homefront team-work.—A. E. Barnes, Lt. Col., QMC Inactive Reserve.

BESSIE, TAKE A BOW!

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.—Have just finished reading R. G. Sercombe's Bessie Arbruster Goes A-Scuttlin'. Brother, it was terrific!!

Plaudits to R. G. and to you for publishing this highly amusing anecdote of a female skipper, with the "salt in her blood." Let's have more and more.—Cpl. E. S. Selmanoff.

CAJUNS AND SWAMP-WATER

ALEXANDRIA, LA.—In reply to S. B. Ford's letter (June 3 Vox Pop) I would like to know how this person has lived this long after drinking Cajun coffee. For the sake of humanity it should be poured back into



the swamps. I drank one cup then switched to zombies and sidecars.

As for the Cajun "pippins," Ford probably never got far enough out of the swamps to see what other girls look like.—Pvt. Snafu, Army Engineers.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

WESTBROOK, ME.—I have just finished reading the article Russia's Children (June 3 Vox Pop), by Helen Weigel Brown. My heart aches for them and for all the other

"I thank my lucky stars I picked Servel... it's so silent"

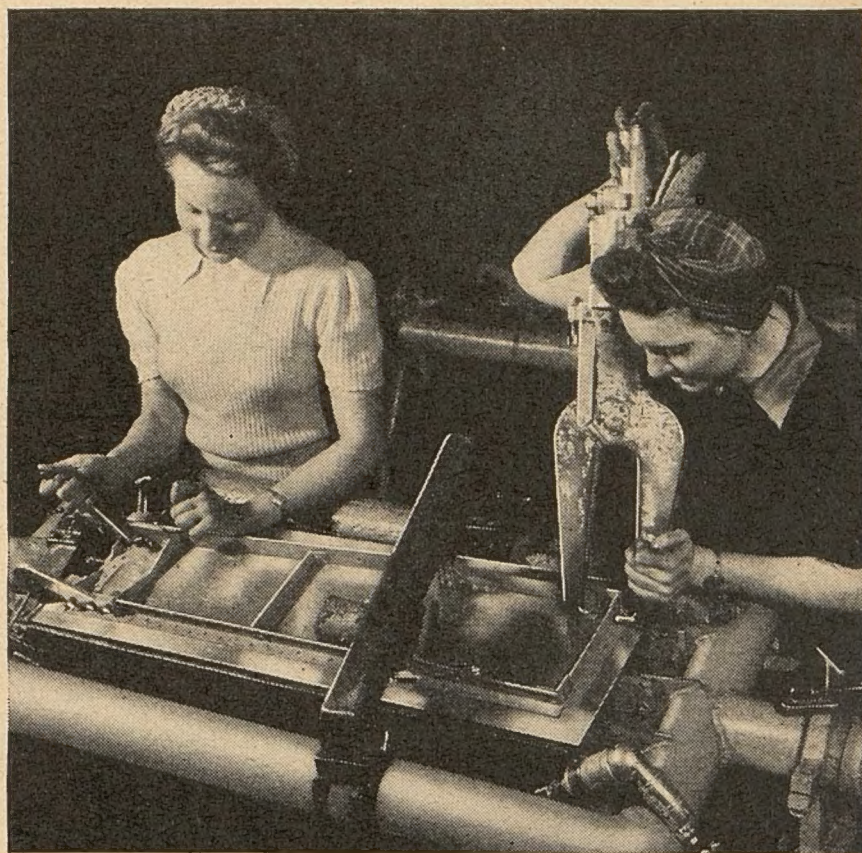
says

Hedda Hopper

famous Hollywood commentator



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innocent children in the world who have had to suffer. I wish every community in the United States would help raise money and collect clothes for these helpless victims of circumstance.

Couldn't we stop holding rummage sales for a while and give those clothes to the folks who need them most?—Arlene Bryant.

PLAYING FAVORITES?

OMAHA, NEB.—Probably as many Democrats as Republicans are subscribers to your magazine. So why go into partisan politics at this time after an outstanding record as editorial writer on neutral subjects? You only make the Democrats mad. You couldn't convince one of them with such editorials as Where Do We Go From Here? (May 6 Liberty) that this war



is not costing a heck of a lot of money and will continue to do so until victory is ours. It is the best administered war in our history; so were our peacetime economics the last ten years. Must be you think more of those precious dollars of yours (and you have a lot of them) than that our poor shall be fed, housed and clothed. At least stop insulting the Democrats—you need them!—Mrs. A. M. Searson.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

LOMBARD, ILL.—I have read with considerable interest your editorial (May 27 Liberty) We're Fighting Both Wars at Once.

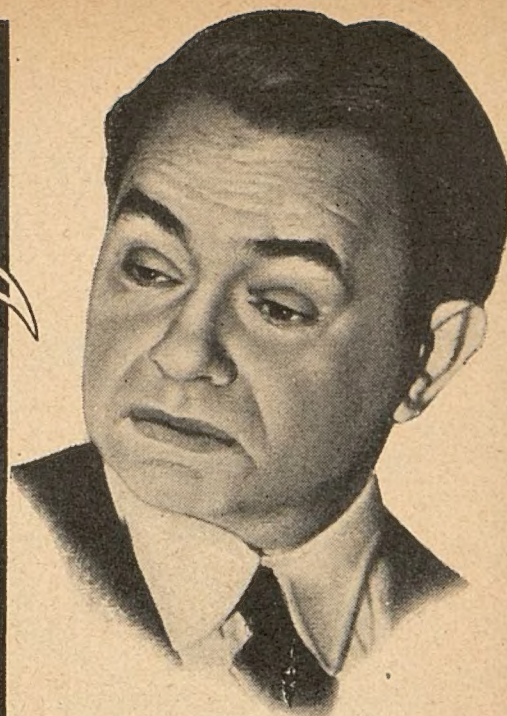
I belong to the so-called Pacific, or "Hit the Japs first," school of thought. I'm one of those who exhorted "for Goshsakes give MacArthur what he wants."

After two years our "BOYS" are still in Japanese prison camps, rotting and dying . . . for what? Those "BOYS" are still there and from all reports they are likely to stay there for two or three years more. Isn't that the disaster that we warned about when the Pacific was neglected?

I gather, Mr. Hunter, that you do not have a son, brother, or other relative a prisoner of these Japs; a relative who was sent into the Pacific (Philippines) with inadequate arms, medicine, food, and then deserted by those whom they had every reason to believe would back them up.

You say we could not carry on a war with the Japanese without greatly increased naval strength. You fail to say we were sending lend-lease material to England; the same being convoyed by our battleships.

Mr. Hunter, do you really believe that this great nation of ours should take a slap in the face from a nation in the Pacific, and then run away to the Atlantic? If I thought that you really believed that to be good logic, I would be tempted to come to New York and give you a poke in the nose. Incidentally, this letter is from one who had a BOY sent to the Philippines to be murdered, through lack of the supplies which should have been furnished but instead were sent to England and Russia.—A. C. M. Arthur.



"That girl was poison to that boy and he knew it. But they had gone so far together that they tried to get away with murder—and I knew it—and I got 'em!"

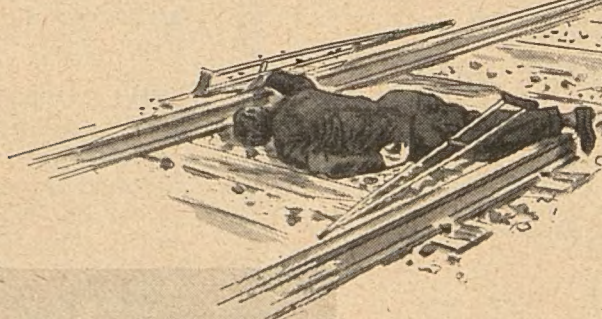
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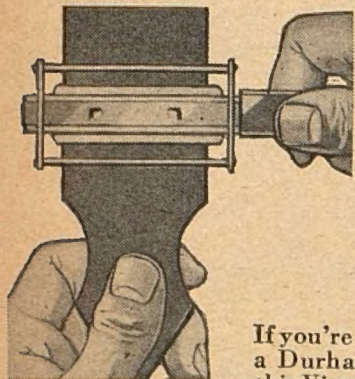


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NEXT WEEK

THUNDER MOUNTAIN

By Theodore Pratt
Liberty's Book Condensation

Alexander the Great—as his children called him—bought a mountain and built his own private world on it. He gathered his family there and challenged the powers of heaven and earth to budge him. But the crisis—when it came—came not from the outside world but from the pent-up emotions of his own children.

THE SILENT WAR

By Betty Milton Gaskill

The Ministry of Economic Warfare in London opens up to a Liberty reporter and reveals a few of the mysteries of its thrilling war-within-a-war.

THE NAVY'S NEW BOSS

By Edwin Diehl

Jim Forrestal's progress from selling bonds to buying battleships is loaded with the kind of color which makes headlines. But he still retains a "passion for anonymity."

PENICILLIN FOR EVERYBODY

By Gene R. Casey

In case you didn't know, mass production of the miracle drug is here. And because it is available for civilians, thousands now under sentence of death will live.

AN OSCAR FOR PAUL

By Elizabeth Wilson

Paul Lukas, a big name once in the movies, is a big name twice. But Hollywood's greatest ribber doesn't even take his Oscar too seriously.

MISSING DOESN'T ALWAYS MEAN LOST

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

What are the chances of missing men turning up again? The facts are more comforting than mere words to those whose boys have disappeared.

... FOR AN EYE

By James Ramsey Ullman

Desire for vengeance drove the slim nurse from Poland to North Africa, where she discovered there are emotions stronger even than hatred.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES



SET ON BEING

a newspaperman, William L. Shirer, upon graduating from Coe College, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, borrowed \$200 from an uncle and set out for New York, where he failed to make a dent. By way of Montreal and a cattle boat he sailed for Europe, and after battling around England, Belgium, and France, got a job in the Paris office of the Chicago Tribune. He was chief of that paper's European Bureau in Vienna between 1929 and 1932, and the whole continent became his beat. Witness to historic events like the occupation of the Rhineland, the Anschluss with Austria, and the sell-out of Czechoslovakia, he flew thousands of miles and went without food and sleep to cover the facts of world change for press and radio. His Berlin Diary created a sensation. At present he plans a book on India, where he spent two years.

ANOTHER TOP-FLIGHT OBSERVER

of foreign affairs, Leland Stowe, is also in this issue, with They Shall Not Sleep in a condensed version. Always one thinks of Stowe as the man who, at thirty-nine, was told he was "too old" to represent a leading daily abroad when he sought such an assignment, and then brilliantly proved his mettle when the Chicago Daily News took a chance on him. His world scoop of the Nazi occupation of Norway made rival correspondents green with envy. Among other honors, he's a Pulitzer Prize winner and was awarded the Légion d'Honneur.

STILL ANOTHER NEWSPAPERMAN

contributing to these pages is Richard Howells Watkins, who gives us No Mountains for Andy. On the old morning New York Sun he covered everything from flower shows to shipwrecks. Go where he will, he always comes back to Connecticut.

THE EDITORS.



High above the blue Caribbean we
discovered this famous Puerto Rican
"mountain rum"

OLD SENTRY BOX
dating back to the 16th century,
at El Morro Fortress, Puerto Rico

It's *mountain distilling* that produces this finer rum

There is a *difference* in Ron Merito which your palate will instantly recognize and relish — a flavor captured thousands of feet above sea level, in a little Puerto Rican mountain valley where soil, sun, weather and water are ideal for distilling perfect rum. Enjoy this difference in your next rum drink. Ask for Ron Merito by name the next time you order rum.

And, by the way, have you discovered how versatile a good rum can be? In addition to the better known, strictly "rum" drinks, like the Daiquiri, Cuba Libre and Rum Collins, try Ron Merito in a Manhattan, Old-Fashioned or Sour. *Any* way you drink it, you will agree that this Puerto Rican mountain rum deserves the favor it enjoys all over America.



Ron **MERITO**
THE PUERTO RICAN MOUNTAIN RUM

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH



A close-up view of a 12,000-pound bomb, the largest aerial weapon being used, which has created such devastating havoc on enemy targets.

Six-Ton Death

If you can visualize debris from a factory being blown up to 5,000 feet—almost a mile off the ground—then you have some idea of the destruction caused by a 12,000-pound bomb. Since February 8, when the Royal Air Force tried out a few of these six-tonners on the large Gnome and Rhone aircraft-engine works at Limoges, France, more and more of these deadly weapons have been dropped on strategic enemy targets. It is by far the largest aerial weapon being used.

Here is what Flying Officer R. H. Petch, an R. A. F. rear gunner who has been in thirty operations, said at the end of his third flight with 12,000-pounders:

"Every time I've seen these bombs go off they exploded with a terrific flash which has covered an area of ground several yards square with a red-hot ball of fire. Several seconds afterward, you can feel the explosion even when you are flying at 8,000 or 10,000 feet. The force of it comes straight up into the air and gradually flattens itself out."

How does it feel when six tons suddenly leave your bomber? Here is what First Lieutenant H. C. Knilians, an American from Delavan, Wisconsin, who is flying Lancaster bombers with the R. A. F., said:

"When the 12,000-pounder is released, your Lancaster immediately wants to stand up on its tail, and its nose will fly up suddenly unless you hold the stick hard forward. The whole aircraft goes up fifty feet anyway. When the bomb hits the ground, you hear a thud on the floor of the aircraft, so that for a moment you think your aircraft has been hit by anti-aircraft flak."

One crew member said the explosions are felt in aircraft flying at 15,000 feet. "If you are as low as 10,000 feet, you feel the concussion inside you."

A Canadian, Pilot Officer H. B. Rhude of Halifax, Nova Scotia, adds his bit:

"The 12,000-pound bomb goes off with a much larger explosion than the others. There is a big mushroom of flames, and you can see buildings go up with the smoke. Some of the debris goes up to a height of 5,000 feet or more. The first time I saw one drop was during the attack on Limoges and then huge pieces of masonry came flying up toward us. It seemed as if nothing could possibly live on the ground. One would have thought that a 12,000-pounder would be only half as big again as a 6,000-pounder, but the effect is much bigger than that, and I have dropped both."

The Amazing "Grasshopper"

Don't think the Army Air Forces has a monopoly on Army airplanes. Or, if you do, don't mention it to the Field Artillery, because the Artillery is proud as pink

of its own fleet of "grasshopper" light planes which it uses to spot enemy gun locations. What's more, the pilots are trained at the Field Artillery's own Department of Air Training at Fort Sill, Oklahoma, and they are artillerymen first and pilots second.

You might think flying a tiny plane off rough terrain right in the battle area and hovering for as much as two hours right above the battle lines was not only asking for the worst but well-nigh impossible. Why doesn't the enemy shoot these slow and unarmed planes down on sight?

Well, that's a story. In the first place, the pilot and his observer are trained artillerymen and know where to expect small-gun and machine-gun fire—which kind of fire, incidentally, is the most dangerous to grasshopper planes. They also know how to utilize the plane's small size, slow speed, and quick turning ability to get away from the enemy's fast pursuit planes. No Messerschmitt relishes chasing a grasshopper at below treetop level or through a narrow canyon. And enemy anti-aircraft knows that if it exposes its position by firing on a tiny grasshopper, the Allied field artillery will pour on deadly fire in a matter of a minute or two.

The grasshoppers have done an outstanding job in North Africa, Sicily, and Italy. The observer radios all information to the ground, and if the artillery fire is still inaccurate, the observer gives necessary directions. In Africa the grasshoppers flew only to 500 feet on five-minute hops. In Italy they have gone to 2,000 feet and stayed aloft as long as two hours.

Best example of how this works: Try as it would, the field artillery couldn't locate or hit a German gun position behind a ridge. Finally a grasshopper pilot and observer from their high "observation post" spotted a big gun being run in and out from tracks leading into a tunnel. A gun from each of three battalions made a leisurely precision adjustment on the tunnel entrance. The grasshopper departed. The Germans waited half an hour, concluded the shooting was over, and fired one more round. That was the signal the Americans had awaited. A three-battalion concentration literally wiped the big gun out of existence.

It's amazing what can be done with these 800-pound grasshoppers made of canvas, tubing, and plywood. One plane was finally "honorably discharged" because of its long service, but not after many nonregulation repairs. It ended its days with a landing gear from a Messerschmitt and a French bomber; instrument panel from a P-38, P-39, P-40, and an armored half track; unused glass from a P-40; tubing from a French fighter; tail assembly from a wrecked jeep. There's no limit to American ingenuity.

World's Biggest Air Line

Any way you look at it, the Air Transport Command of the Army Air Forces is the world's biggest "air-line" operator. The commercial air lines of the United States are flying over 47,000 miles of routes within this country. Pan American World Airways is flying considerably more for the Army, Navy, and on its commercial routes. But the A. T. C. now is flying over 135,000 miles on every continent.

When A. T. C. celebrated its third anniversary on May 29, it had amassed some astonishing statistical records. In three years it had grown from two officers to 20,000; from four enlisted men to 88,000; and from one civilian clerk to 20,000 civilian employees. During March of this year 60,000 important persons were flown to destinations—with a record of 20,000,000 miles of transport flying during the month. And during April there were 29,000,000 miles of ferrying of military aircraft, for all ferrying as well as transport comes under the A. T. C.

The mere figures, however, don't dramatize the work A. T. C. does every day. It transports troops to forward bases; it has moved a complete hospital in thirty-six hours; it has evacuated thousands of wounded from overseas to U. S. hospitals; it transports bombs and ammunition in emergencies; it carries tremendous quantities of V mail, blood plasma, and medical supplies; it carries needed parts for aircraft, tanks, ships, and submarines at distant bases, and on return trips to the United States it uses available carrying capacity for mica, rubber seeds, tin, tungsten, and other strategic materials.



TWO LIBERATORS manned by 22 U. S. Marines, on Feb. 4, 1944, became the first foreign aircraft to fly over the Jap fortress of Truk. For twenty minutes the two Liberators cruised through the ack-ack, photographing and mapping the long guarded secrets of this vaunted enemy base. This daring 2,000-mile reconnaissance mission paved the way for the great U. S. battle-ship-carrier task force that struck Truk so devastatingly 12 days later.

One of our Boys helps *pry the lid off Truk*

ONE of the aerial photographers peering down at ships, dry docks, coastal guns and airdromes of Truk was young Marine Corporal Thomas J. Humphrey. Before enlisting in June, 1942, Tommy Humphrey was working at Thompson Products. His job was the inspection of valves and other aircraft parts—the same kind of Thompson precision parts that were in the Liberator which carried him safely, nearly 2,000 miles over enemy waters and through freak storms which put ice on the

plane's wings as it crossed the equator.

We looked up Tom Humphrey's original letter of application for employment. Written in 1939 it starts out "I am one of thousands of young men looking for honest employment and have tried every way possible to get established with a concern where one may advance as he grows more proficient."

Corporal Humphrey, once established with Thompson Products, is now with another concern—the U. S. Marine Corps—a going concern which will keep going until it reaches Tokyo.

And when that job is done, Tommy Humphrey and thousands of others like him will come back home, again hoping for "honest employment where one may advance as he grows more proficient."

That's what he and his buddies are fighting for—let us at home make sure that the America they come back to is ready and free to give them this opportunity—an opportunity to work with full freedom for individual self-improvement and an even chance to progress and prosper.

Manufacturers of Automotive and Aircraft Parts
General Offices: Cleveland. Plants in Ohio,
Michigan, California, and Ontario, Canada

Thompson  **Products, Inc.**
THOMPSON  **AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS CO.**



BEATING PRODUCTION SCHEDULES ON VITAL PARTS FOR PLANES, TANKS, SUBMARINES, PT BOATS, TORPEDOES, JEEPS, HALF-TRACKS, TRACTORS, AND TRUCKS



Lamps made by General Electric have a pedigree that goes way back to Edison's first light bulb. Lamps for war—lamps for peace. Of all the wide variety of lamps which have come out of General Electric Research laboratories, only a few are shown in this symbolic picture. Behind *all* G-E lamp research is this constant aim and purpose . . . to make G-E Mazda lamps *stay brighter longer*.

**"TO MAKE G-E LAMPS
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER"**
The Constant Aim of G-E LAMP RESEARCH

THE BEST INVESTMENT IN THE WORLD IS IN THIS COUNTRY'S FUTURE... BUY WAR BONDS

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Hear the General Electric radio programs: "The G-E All-Girl Orchestra", Sunday 10 p.m. EWT, NBC; "The World Today" news every weekday, 6:45 p. m. EWT, CBS.

WHO CAN TAKE OVER IN GERMANY?

Is there a man or group to whom the building of a peaceful Germany can be trusted? The author of *Berlin Diary* analyzes the situation

BY WILLIAM L. SHIRER

NO man can foretell the day on which Nazi Germany will collapse. Most of us have forgotten that the German collapse in 1918 came so suddenly that it took not only the Allied leaders but most Germans completely by surprise.

The Allied Command counted on at least another year of fighting. Actually, Hindenburg and Ludendorff threw up the sponge on September 29, 1918—six weeks before the Armistice. On that day they informed the Kaiser in the name of the Supreme Army Command that an armistice must be sought at once, that the war was lost. A popular German historian is authority for the statement that this declaration of the Supreme Command "came as a complete surprise even to the chief military and political authorities in Germany."

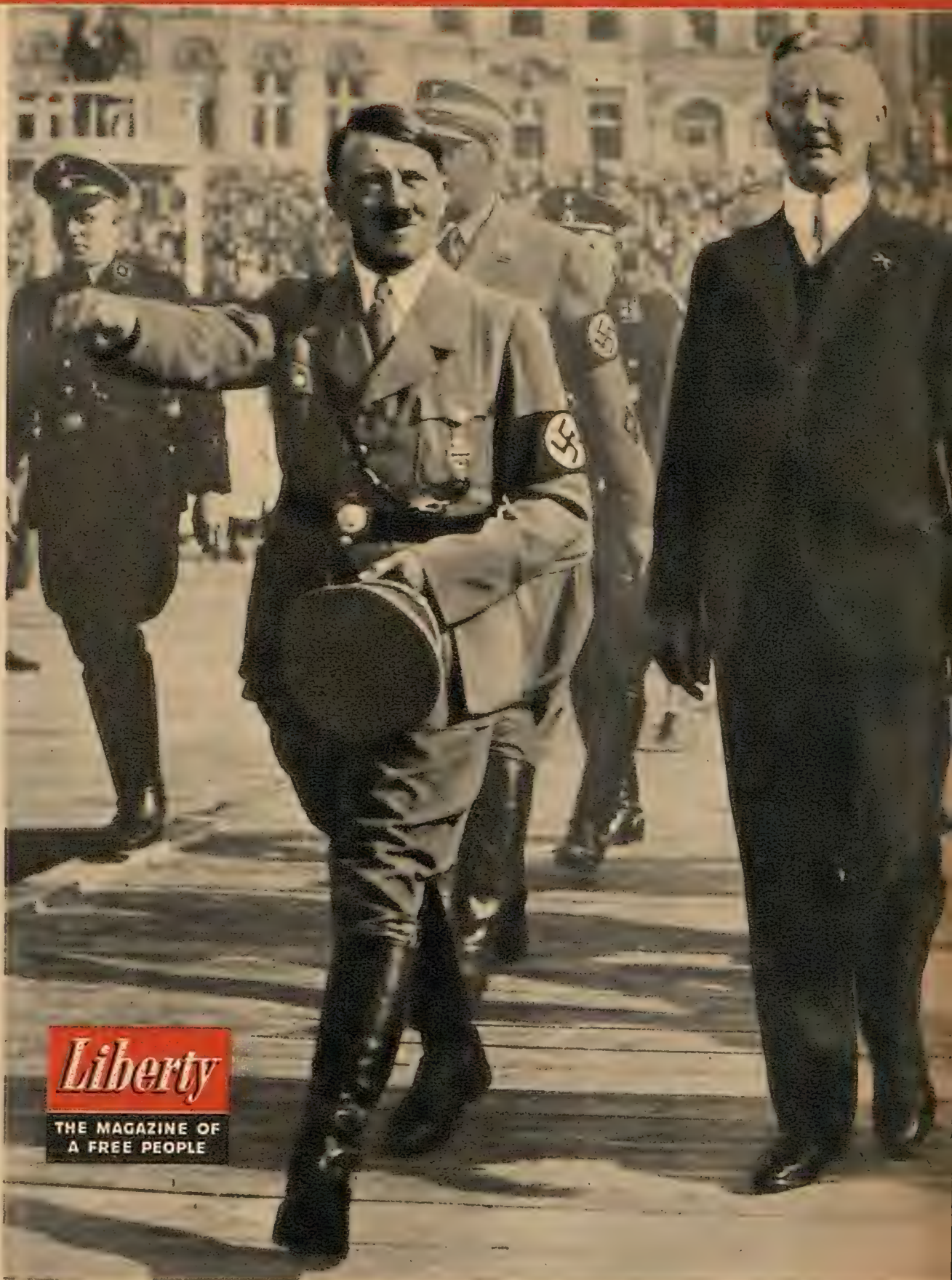
The collapse of Nazi Germany, in my opinion, may come so suddenly that it, too, will surprise not only us but the Germans.

The date of Hitler's downfall depends, of course, upon the speed with which the Anglo-American invasion from the West and the new Russian offensives from the East develop. Here, too, a parallel with 1918 is likely. Then, the great Allied counter-offensive began on July 18 after the Germans, in one last desperate gamble, had advanced to the Forest of Compiègne and the Marne. Within less than four months the Kaiser had fled and the German Empire was prostrate.

But when Germany crumbles this time, one thing is certain. In 1918, the Allies, egged on by President Wilson, insisted on dealing with a "democratic" Germany. This time there will be no "democratic" Germany to deal with, except in the fervid minds of a few well-meaning German exiles and their misled friends in Great Britain and the United States.

After the last war, there existed in Germany a powerful opposition party, that of the Social-Democrats. It had the enthusiastic backing of perhaps half of the voting population and was strongly supported by the most disciplined and well-organized trade-union movement in the world. It was this party which took over when the Kaiser decamped and, with the help of the Army under General Groener, maintained order, put down revolution from the Left and the Right, and finally—even though it was a Socialist party—set up the bourgeois German Republic.

But there is no such opposition group that can take over power in Germany this time. Hitler and Himmler have seen to that. The Social-Democrat party which, when Hitler came to power in 1933, was second in size to the Nazi party, was dissolved, as all political groups were. For



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Dr. Hjalmar Schacht is mentioned as the possible head of a democratic Germany. His past record of double-dealing rules him out. Here we see him stooping for Hitler.

EUROPEAN PHOTO

a while, during the early years of the Nazi regime, it tried to reorganize underground. But Himmler's Gestapo easily took care of the organizers. Some of the former leaders of the party have lived comfortably on pensions provided them by the Nazi government. They could be resurrected only by a phony "democratic" regime designed to fool the Allies.

One hears much in this country, especially from certain German exiles, about the "underground" in Germany. Allied leaders are urged to deal with it when Hitler goes. Unfortunately, the underground in Germany scarcely exists. Himmler has done a thorough job, though his job has not been as difficult as some friends of Germany in this country would like to think.

This is because—contrary to the popu-

lar belief in America—the vast majority of the German people have been behind Hitler in this war. It is ludicrous to believe, as apparently so many Americans do, that Germany could have overrun a continent without the loyal and active support of the bulk of the German people. It has always seemed to me utterly naïve to think that the stupendous achievements of Germany in this war could have been wrung from an unwilling, rebellious nation—even by Himmler's terrorist methods.

The German worker, who before Hitler was either a Socialist or a Communist, has performed superhuman tasks in turning out weapons for the Nazi war machine. And though here and there a few workers sulked, none of them dreamed of organizing for revolt against Nazism.

(Continued on page 66)



Ben got a shot of Andy in action—he had the helmsman by the throat. Nobody else was in there.

NO MOUNTAINS FOR ANDY

BY RICHARD HOWELLS WATKINS

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

IN the past, Sergeant Ben Wilmot had suppressed a presumptuous thought that he was the one man in the Army Air Forces who had any sense. Now he admitted it.

Nobody else got Lieutenant Andy Lane at all. They didn't grasp him. It was because of this that Ben Wilmot was where he was.

Ben's nostrils were pinched against the unpleasing odor of fish. He wobbled on the lurching bucket under which he had hidden his revolver. The way he figured it, that .45 was going to be useful.

The boat rose with a rush and for an instant seemed to rest motionless on the crest of the big gray sea. Subarctic dawn showed dimly the faces of the six men in her. Heeling, as the north wind hit her

close-hauled mainsail, the little ship swooped steeply into the darker depths of the next hollow.

Sergeant Ben Wilmot groaned, doubting that his heart and stomach would ever catch up with him. He looked ahead. The vague snow-topped cliffs of Norway were gone. Solid sea water confronted him. The boat was diving into it.

He grabbed for the gunwale and held on as the boat stormed up the next steep slope of water. Her straight stem chopped a smaller sea running athwart the big one and flung it up in bitter spray.

"Now I know why they call these fishing boats smacks," Ben said—"wet smacks."

Lieutenant Jim Sanders, maintaining his balance with an ex-yachtsman's agility,

laughed at him and jiggled on his cold feet and flogged his cold arms against his cold body. He looked approvingly at the double-reefed mainsail and at the broad Norwegian at the tiller. Ben looked, too. Not a handsome man, that old Norsky from the Norwegian Navy based in England, nor happy-looking. But his steel-blue eyes were glinting as if those cliffs ahead were striking fire from them. He altered course slightly to the northward.

Sergeant Ben Wilmot stood up to get closer to his lieutenant. His eyes were resentful.

"What's in this for the Air Forces?" he asked. "Or for Andy Lane, either? It's just staff mumble-jig, that's all."

"We're getting a good sail out of it," Jim Sanders said.

Ben Wilmot grunted. He sat down on his bucket again. A good pilot, Jim Sanders, and a good friend of Andy Lane. Jim agreed that Andy had been the best bombardier in the squadron, and he had looked at Andy's pictures of his wife and his flap-eared baby and listened to Andy talk. But had he figured out Andy? No. Nobody had done that but Ben Wilmot. And because he was only a sergeant and couldn't put his opinion over big, here they were on a fool's errand off Norway. Norway! Couldn't they realize big Andy Lane was dead?

On the next wave top Ben strained his eyes out over the stern to get a glimpse of the British corvette that had carried them, boat and all, from Scotland. He couldn't see her. She wouldn't be hanging around too close to that coast of Festering Europe, anyhow.

"It won't be Andy Lane," Ben Wilmot said to Jim Sanders, and not for the first time. "Probably he got his right when the bomber crashed."

Jim Sanders nodded, but he didn't agree out loud. The skipper of this cockeyed expedition, Captain Roderick Upjohn—even the name sounded like an Intelligence guy—might not approve.

BEN brooded. It was just like the staff to get all excited about this very grapevine report from Norway that claimed to be from Andy Lane. They were annoyingly vague about how the dope was getting to them in England. Radio, maybe. Ben himself knew it wasn't coming from Andy.

Upjohn had said Andy reported a safe chute landing and being befriended by a group of Norwegian fishermen. That sounded straight. Andy would make friends anywhere. And Captain Upjohn had explained that many sympathizers of the Allies in Norway weren't hooked up with the regular underground, being suspicious of betrayal by quislings or by Gestapo agents posing as Norwegian patriots.

But then Upjohn had told how one of Andy's Norwegian friends had led Andy on skis back deep into the mountains east of this fjord and showed him a hidden ball-bearing plant and two other targets. And Andy had mapped all those targets, so Upjohn said, and had made notes about the camouflaged buildings. Now Andy wanted to transmit the information, and at the same time he wanted to prove it came from him.

If they saw him, he'd suggested, they'd know it was straight goods and act on it at once and heavily. His message added that he was willing to stay in Norway to gather more information.

Well, tie that! Ben growled and shifted on his bucket. He still remembered the argument he had put up. Finally Upjohn had sicked a major onto him.

"It ain't Andy Lane, sir," Ben had said to the major.

"If you have any information to back that statement, sergeant, I will hear it," the major said. His voice was curt. "Our best judgment is that the message did emanate from Lieutenant Lane."

"You just don't know our And—Lieutenant Lane, sir," Ben Wilmot said. "He's a Georgia boy—the restful type."

Ben thought then, while the major frowned at him across the desk, of the vast calm of big Andy Lane in a Fortress harried by fighters, shaken with flak, bedeviled with rockets. You could feel that calm through the whole ship as the target crept nearer and the punishment got tougher. Andy was getting ready to do his stuff.

"Lieutenant Lane doesn't like the cold, sir," Ben said to the major. "He claims it ain't natural. And as for mountains—he hates mountains."

It was lucky for Andy, a bombardier from Georgia, that a friend remembered he was always a dud on skis. A story of intrigue in Norwegian waters in which Nazi strategy backfires

"You aren't giving this officer a very good character, sergeant."

"What An—the officer has he lays on the line, sir," Ben said. "And it's plenty, major. He can tend his bomb sight, patient and quiet, while we jam on halfway into hell. And when he lays his eggs, they're on."

He moved his head up and down slowly. "He ain't so physical, sir. At the base, he mostly sits around. And he ain't so mental, either, not as far as mapping out concealed plants. So this bird you've been in touch with won't be—uh—Lieutenant Lane. Not if he's climbed any mountains on skis." Ben shook his head. "He's a peach-orchard man, sir."

"What?"

"A peach-orchard man, sir."

Ben wished he had the line of gab to show the major Andy Lane as he was. Ben knew all about him. He had listened to Andy talk. Between missions Andy read Department of Agriculture releases his uncle sent him. He told Ben about peach orchards. Letters being scarce with Ben, Andy read him all his wife Lottie wrote about what was doing in his home town, how baby Sam was getting on with his teeth, and of the involved, slow-moving, and vital dickering going on over the purchase of the ten acres—best peach land in the county—adjoining Andy's own.

Heck, maybe the big guy didn't sound like the model of a soldier in the eyes of an Army-trained major. But that was how Andy Lane was, like him or not. And in the air Ben Wilmot would take him, peaches and all. He'd do his stuff with the Norden against any other bombardier in the Eighth. However, and believe it, Andy

wasn't skiing around Norwegian mountains as a master secret agent.

No, Ben hadn't gone over big with the major. But, nevertheless, the staff had allowed both Jim Sanders and himself to volunteer to go on this cockeyed expedition. The staff wouldn't give up the hope that this red-hot dope they were getting wasn't straight unless two men said Andy wasn't back of it.

In a way, it served Andy right, going on a mission in a Fort not piloted by Jim Sanders and gunned by Ben Wilmot. But after the old crew had got shot up over Kiel, Andy had stepped right into another bomber temporarily, to pile up the missions. He needed only about seven more to give him enough for a home leave.

Ben watched young Captain Upjohn crawl headfirst out of the little cuddy forward. Upjohn projected his lower jaw sternly at the chart he clutched. Frowning, he staggered in the jumping boat toward the broad-bodied helmsman. With a sudden thought, Ben stopped Upjohn.

"Look, captain," he said. "Exactly what happens if this bird we're rendezvousing should be Andy Lane?"

In the growing light you could see Upjohn's face was greenish.

"Then we have an ace source of information in Norway instead of merely another bombardier in England," Upjohn said with an effort at crispness. "We will accept his offer to remain in Norway."

Jim Sanders stopped jiggling for a moment. "And if the man we meet is not Andy, what do we do?" he asked.

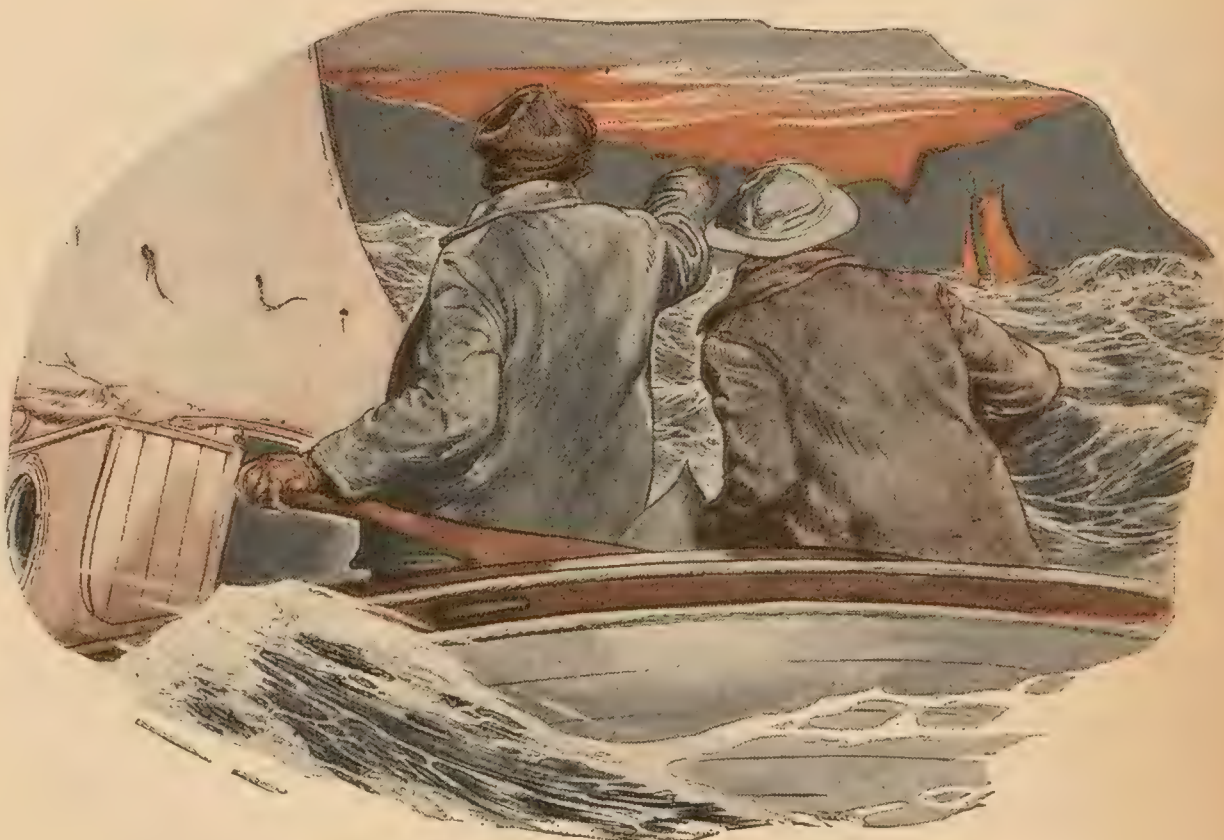
"We pretend that we are deceived and we take with the greatest eagerness any information he may give us," Captain Upjohn replied promptly. His eyes fixed on Ben Wilmot. "Remember! We fight only if trapped!"

He moved on aft, past the two square-head sailors who were bailing the boat. He thrust the flapping chart in front of the old Norsky helmsman and asked a question.

The Norwegian thrust the chart aside with a square hand. As the boat rose, he lifted his arm and pointed. Ben's head snapped around. He saw it, too—a patch of brown sail against the darker cliffs.

One of the sailors ducked into the cuddy and dragged out a pair of dungaree pants. He stretched over the leeward gunwale

(Continued on page 48)



The Norwegian pointed to a little patch of sail against the darker cliffs.



Veteran Kent Fletcher, job hunting, welcomed at AC Spark Plug.



Tests help fill in picture of Kent's aptitudes and personality.

IT'S NOT MALARKEY, JOHN

BY A. D. RATHBONE IV

CORPORAL JOHN MERTINE and I sat on high red-upholstered stools at the Motor Bar in Detroit and sipped our beer. John is tail gunner of a bomber crew. That evening he was winding up his last furlough in this country for a long time to come. Some day soon John's fingers will be on his gun triggers, and his dark bold eyes will be searching the sky for Jap flyers. One of them got the plane John's brother was in, then machine-gunned survivors as they parachuted downward.

"I know I'll never find that same guy," said the corporal, "so I'm just going to get all the dirty so-and-sos I can."

"You're anxious to get going, aren't you?" I asked, knowing blamed well he was.

"Yes. I want to get at it, get it over with, and—"

"And what?"

"Well, there's one thing the gang talks about more than anything else: jobs when we get back. If we've got all our arms and legs and eyes, we can fight for a job, if we have to. But if we get nicked, don't come home in one piece—"

"Listen, corporal," I told him. "You went through a Detroit trade school and became a darned good tool-and-die man before the Army called. Automobile makers here are going to want you when this war is over. With your training, they can use you, and don't let that 'one piece' stuff bother you."

"The city of Detroit and the whole auto industry are making plans right now to take care of you fellows, 'one piece' or not. If a man gets nicked—a hand, a foot, or maybe worse—that's not going to prevent him from going back to his old place of employment and getting a job. If the injury is kind of tough, it might not be

the same job, but there'll be a place to work and work to do."

"Oh, yeah? Sounds like a nickel's worth of malarkey to me. I've heard that sort of talk before—and I know what happened to a lot of nicked guys after the last war. Sellin' apples!"

Well, perhaps John was partly correct in his reaction. We didn't do a particularly thorough job last time, but things are

Can the injured veteran earn a living as well as anyone? One of the nation's major industries gives its answer—in action, not theory

going to be very different at the end of this war. I recently made it my business to dig up the facts concerning plans for re-employment of mentally or physically impaired veterans in one of the most important segments of American industry.

Of the 92,365 General Motors employees who had entered service as of March 1, more than 6,000 veterans already have been rehired by that organization under its rehabilitation and re-employment program. In addition, about 7,000 other servicemen, not former GM workers, have found occupations suitable to their limited capacities on the corporation's payroll, and at full pay.

"Most of those six thousand former employees went back to their old jobs or similar tasks," said Harry W. Anderson,

vice-president in charge of personnel. "As a direct result of disabilities, a small percentage was trained for special work, but the successful placement of the thirteen thousand ex-servicemen who have come to us for jobs was made possible because the safety-medical activities of General Motors were inaugurated many years ago. There is no need to create a new organization for re-employment and rehabilitation of war veterans. The problem calls merely for an increase in trained personnel."

Other individual members of the industry—Chrysler, Ford, Hudson, International Harvester, Packard, Studebaker, and all the rest, together with their hundreds of affiliates—have plans which are being tailor-made to fit the particular requirements, and in most instances they are in actual operation.

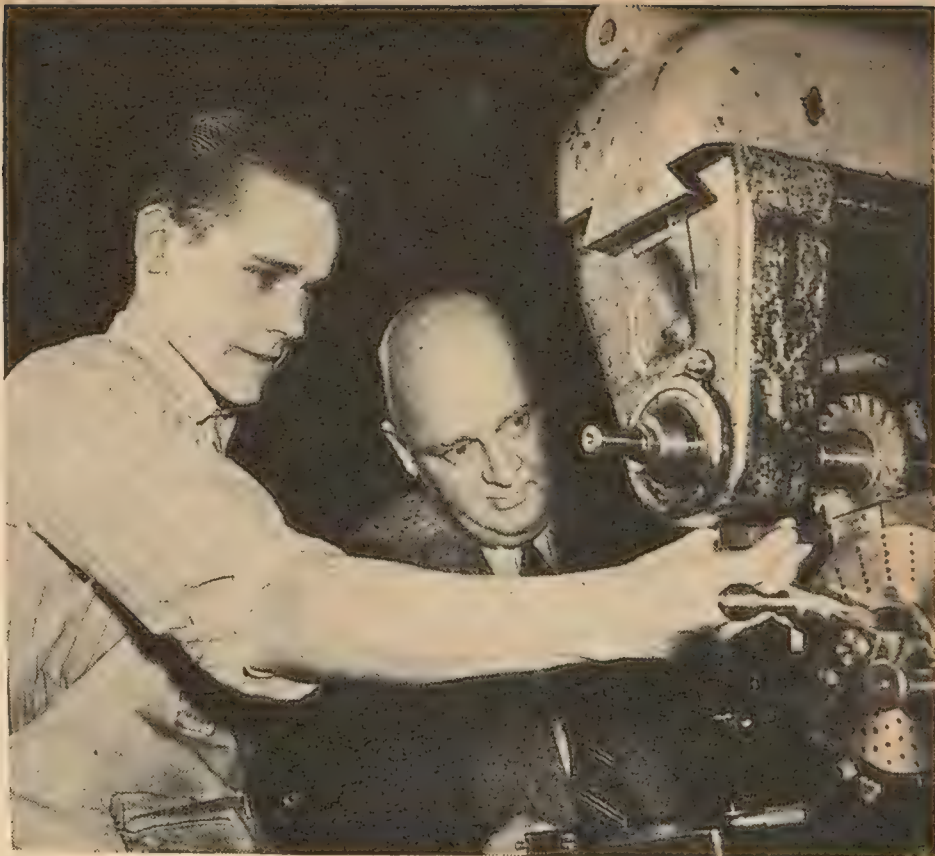
The auto industry as a whole, through its Automotive Council for War Production, has evolved a broad, over-all program which consists, in the main, of two phases: a complete survey of jobs that can be made available to the increasing number of impaired men who return from the war, and the specialized training of personnel men and women whose business will be to place the injured veteran in work which is both congenial and possible of accomplishment.

The city of Detroit, working in close co-operation with representatives of all branches of industry, has set up what is known as the Detroit Clearing House Committee. This group co-ordinates all major civil and organizational efforts under one central head, and is preparing to allocate the various types of rehabilitation work to the agencies best suited to handle them.

At the very moment that Corporal Mertine and I were discussing this subject,



Kent sees results of tests and talks over jobs he would like.



He goes to work, and adjustment to civilian life is on its way.

thousands of men who had been discharged from the armed services for one reason or other were carrying on under those several programs at drill and punch press, on assembly lines, in chemical laboratories, in stock rooms, and in the many other departmental phases of an automobile industry gone to war. It's a tremendous replacement job, and of course it's going on all over the country as well as in Detroit, but in Michigan alone nearly 50,000 men have been discharged from the services since Pearl Harbor.

What the automotive industry is doing today, and will do tomorrow, is based on years of experience in the safeguarding and repair of the health and bodies of workers. It's just a matter of taking all the know-how available and pointing that knowledge in the direction of the man who is injured in a war.

Some twenty years ago Henry Ford instructed his plant managers to survey their communities and to hire people with physical shortcomings in proportion to the findings. Today, about 10 per cent of the men employed at the River Rouge plant are handicapped in some manner. There are sightless men and deaf-mutes; there are victims of infantile paralysis and epilepsy; some have one arm, some have none, and a number are minus a leg. None, however, is regarded, or has reason to regard himself, as receiving any favor. All these men receive full pay for their jobs, and in return they are expected to, and do, give full value for their wages.

This is the background that has enabled the Ford Motor Company to place 5,278 returned soldiers in jobs. Among these are 303 who received their disabilities in overseas service.

THERE is still another vast source of valuable data and experience which will be called on in the hiring of returned and disabled soldiers. "The present war," says Dr. Marion Jocz, physician in charge of the Diagnostic Division at Chrysler, "has provided industry with experience in the rehabilitation of handicapped workers before the first handicapped veteran returned to work." As he points out, with manpower shortages, industrial organizations have looked for the past two years to the hitherto little-tapped reservoirs of handicapped and substandard workers. Many more blind, one-armed, and one-legged

people have found profitable work as a result. "Even larger numbers with cardiac or pulmonary impairments, emotional and personality defects have been employed," says Dr. Jocz. "In a sense, the handicapped civilian has shown the way for the employment of the handicapped veteran."

At the Briggs Manufacturing Company, Henry J. Roesch, director of Industrial Relations for Briggs, and also chairman of Detroit's Clearing House Committee, has hired a wounded veteran of this war as a special personnel man to contact and work with other returning soldiers.

This chap was badly wounded in Tunisia and taken prisoner. The Axis ship in which he was to be transported to Italy was bombed by Allied planes before it could get away from the African coast, and for two days, wounded as he was, he stood below decks in water nearly to his armpits, until rescuers found him. It is his business to meet and talk with the partially disabled soldiers who return to the Briggs payroll. He tries to see that they find their jobs congenial, that their mental attitudes are on an even keel, and that things in general are moving along all right. The veterans know this personnel man for exactly what he is, and if they have anything to squawk about, it's easier to talk it over with a man who has "been through the mill."

With 15,000 of its men and women gone to war, International Harvester is putting into immediate effect a comprehensive program of re-employment and training for all former employees who are honorably discharged from the services. Studebaker feels that clerical, inspection, and some machining work can safely be done by physically handicapped veterans and has assigned to the supervisor of apprentices the duty of finding spots for veterans.

It's too bad that my friend, Corporal John Mertine, could not have been with me on a visit to General Motors' AC Spark Plug plants at Flint, Michigan. He probably wouldn't have been so free to catalogue the auto industry's effort as "a nickel's worth of malarkey." I wish he could have heard my conversations with Ralph, who brought back a wound and a swell case of nerves from Guadalcanal and Munda; with Jim, the forty-two-year-old Seabee who suffered a knee injury in North Africa; and with Jack, who stopped a .25-caliber Jap shell with his arm. Those

fellows could have told John it wasn't "malarkey." The men at AC Spark Plug who have been entrusted with the somewhat ticklish business of rejuvenating broken warriors are batting 1,000 per cent in the national rehabilitation league.

There's W. E. Milner, for instance, director of Industrial Relations for this GM division. He's the first man to greet you when, as a discharged veteran, you once again walk through the employment gate and on to the administration building. Maybe you were "nicked," as Corporal Mertine calls it, and have just been released from a government hospital after treatment of the wound.

PERHAPS the damage wasn't physical but mental, and if so, it may have been tagged "NP" by the Army. The label, meaning neuropsychiatric, isn't very informative and, in fact, has recently been dropped by the Army because it had come to be regarded by some, incorrectly, as a stigma. It doesn't for a moment mean that a fellow is "queer." If it did, he certainly would have lots of company, for 45 per cent of medical discharges from the services fall in this category. The Army now simply says, "not suited for military service."

At any rate, Bill Milner and his assistants know all about it. So, whatever it is that brought about return to civilian life and a desire to get the old job back, there's a cordial reception waiting. Milner personally escorts you to the employment manager, Mark Pailthorpe, who is keen to know where you've been, what you've done, and if you like it. More particularly, Pailthorpe will ask what the Army or Navy had to offer in mechanical, clerical, or other forms of training. He can't commit himself on a specific job at this stage of the game, for there's still the medical exam and a few other check-ups. But one thing you can be certain of: He will not say, "Come back tomorrow and we'll see what we can do."

Unless, for some very unusual reason, a placement can't be made immediately, you'll know in two hours or less just what kind of work you can do, what the pay will be, and on which shift to start work. There's no stalling with war veterans at AC. Perhaps you'll talk with Pailthorpe for a quarter of an hour or so; then he will take you into Dr. Max Burnell's office for one of the most complete and satisfac-

tory exams since you showed up at an Army reception center. If there have been any wounds, Dr. Burnell wants to know all about them, and he will depend on the X-ray to tell him a great deal.

Next, you meet Harry Burnham, co-ordinator of Veterans' Service. Harry saw action in the last war, and all returning soldiers enjoy visiting with him. However, it is more than just a friendly chat, for Burnham outlines the steps in the AC program which may put you on your old job, or on some other type of work best fitted to your abilities and interests. Among those steps are aptitude and placement tests which supplement all the other information about skills, vocational interests, personality, and job inclinations. Somewhat reminiscent of jigsaw puzzles, or even of childhood days with the peg board, these tests indicate manual dexterity, co-ordination of nimble minds with equally nimble fingers, and other characteristics.

The next man you meet is Dr. Orlo L. Crissey, industrial psychologist and educational director. The degree of ability exhibited with peg boards and jigsaw puzzles has been charted to show results. The information blank you filled out earlier tells what kind of work has been done in the past, extent of education and technical training, preferences for the new job, and a number of other things, all of which go to make a complete picture. In addition, the results of the physical examination are at hand and, since you are a former employee, old records are available. Armed with this data, you and Dr. Crissey go into a huddle on the question of the specific job for which you are best suited. Out of it will come some pretty concrete ideas on the immediate work to be tackled, as well as possible suggestions for special training in one of AC's educational courses.

Perhaps it is determined that a tool-and-die apprentice-training program would be a good idea. You get your job at once and at the same time begin a practical educational course which, when completed, will mean a fatter pay envelope and considerably more responsibility in the shop. It looks like a good deal all around.

Maybe there are some things to be avoided, such as heavy lifting; dusts and fumes; skin irritants; extensive walking or standing; eyestrain; hazardous machinery; or the too-noisy clatter of some kinds of machinery. If so, the foreman has been told about it in a memo from Burnham, and there's a strict rule against transferring a man to any department other than the one he is assigned to without previous consultation with the Advisory Committee.

NOT all cases of placement are simple. Where severe complications arise, the entire Advisory Committee get together for a clinical approach to the problem. As a result, only a small percentage of discharged soldiers who have been hired at AC have failed to work out and have quit their jobs. None has been fired. Those who decide they want to quit are first called in for a talk with Burnham, Dr. Crissey, or other members in an effort to find out just what went wrong and whether a transfer to another job will help. Often it does, but if a worker is determined to leave, and it appears that nothing more can be done for him, he is given a letter to the Veterans' Department in Flint, so that he will be directed to another employer who may be able to offer more desirable employment.

Rather amazingly, although more and more impaired people have been employed since the war began, accident hazards throughout General Motors' plants have been reduced. Time lost due to occupa-

(Continued on page 67)

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED

It's true what they say about Ozark redheads, but Tim had to be taken for a ride to be convinced

BY CATHARINE BRODY

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL ROBERTS



LIEUTENANT TIM SMITH was relieved to find that the plain dining room with the growing plants under the window was empty save for Sam's parents. Sam, his close friend in the squadron, who was still counting missions overseas, had talked him into this visit, and ever since he had been dreading it. Tall and dark, Tim had high cheekbones with hollows under them that gave him a romantic look. But Tim, as his friend Sam knew and deplored, was really serious and shy.

"When you go down into the Ozarks," Sam had foretold at one time and another, "you'll change your mind about not getting tied up before the end of the war. Boy, you never saw an Ozark redhead! The one I saw, she got me tied up quicker'n a rodeo champ can tie a steer."

When Tim sardonically recalled the long list of things which were superior in the Ozarks to date, Sam was unabashed.

"O.K., lone eagle. You go down there and saddle up old Molly and take a ride out toward Bear Creek. You'll see what I mean about that country, and you'll sure never regret it."

Tim was afraid he *would* regret it. Sam came from a warm nest of parents, sisters, and assorted kinsfolk; Tim from the staid and quiet household of grandparents. With visions of being thrown to the local belles, besides being clasped to the bosom of a strange family, he had used some guile of his own and put off the visit till there was only a week-end left on the way to report.

But all Sam's sisters turned out to be away, as well as married. Sam's wife, Minna Gene, the spectacular redhead, was at work in Kansas City.

The hot cakes plastered with sorghum certainly bore out Sam's description. The house stood on a rise at the edge of town, and as Tim ate he could see gentle hills all around, treeless here, under a hazy sky. It was cattle country. A black pony moved in the pasture across the road, her mouth on a level with her feet.

"Is that the pony Sam brags about?" Tim said presently, more at ease. "He wants me to ride out toward Bear Creek and look at the scenery. Maybe send him a pressed flower."

The elder Jewell chuckled. He was a circuit judge whose homely knocked-about face resembled Sam's. "You been around horses much?" he asked with a sidelong glance.

Tim had to admit no, not much.

Judge Jewell's face relaxed into Sam's fond, almost fatuous smile when he talked about his pony. "Molly might be kind of frisky," was all he said.

"I figured a horse'd look old-fashioned alongside an airplane, but Sam's just so homesick for the things he used to do." Mrs. Jewell's gray eyes wavered a bit in her warm, tanned face, but her natural, cordial manner made everything easy.

"After breakfast would be a nice time for a ride, if you don't feel too tired from the trip. It turns kind of hot later on. Then in the evening we got it fixed up for you to go on a fox race."

As the Jewells busied themselves in keeping him entertained they grew perceptibly brighter. That, Tim supposed, must be why Sam had made such a point of the visit. In Sam's room, Mrs. Jewell outfitted him with a pair of her son's old jeans, a plaid shirt, and even some laced boots, while the judge sauntered across the road, pounding the handle of a pail against its side.

THE black pony came to the gate as at the sound of a dinner bell. Her tail and mane were long. Her eyes rolled and glinted sharply, and there was determination in every step she took toward the handful of grain in the bottom of the pail.

Even under the weighty stock saddle, Tim could feel the sudden, forgotten challenge of a horse's powerful aliveness. Molly turned her black neck against the loose reins and favored his boots with a long and appraising stare. She also showed her teeth, whether in fun or war he was unable to tell.

"Maybe I could find somebody to go along," Mrs. Jewell called from the kitchen door, looking rather troubled.

The judge treated the idea with quiet scorn.

"She don't do nothin'. Oh, Molly has a few tricks," he admitted to Tim, man to man, "but"—he shook his head, made an indulgent grimace—"they don't amount to much. You won't want to go far anyways, not right off. Up to the crick and back'd make a nice ride."

A bit glum about the lips, Tim clucked to the pony as instructed. Molly promptly wiggled her ears back and stood her ground. Judge Jewell then strolled around to her rear with the most casual air in the world, upon which Molly paced down the slope in a hurry, across the white cement path between the green-flushed hills, and around the curve. Sam's father, with the characteristic smile spread over his face, watched her out of sight.

Now that Molly knew where she was going, her attitude toward Tim became indifferent. She went to please herself. She went on four nimble velvet feet, the cat lope that Sam had raved over. The leaves of the trees glistened and faded in the same rhythm; sunbeams slipped through them and up and down her black coat; the breeze touched lightly in time to the tireless lope. It was a little like dancing and a little like being drunk.

The stiffness broke in Tim's middle, a weight fell off him, as he traveled down the road that was unchanged since Sam and many another horseman had gone that way—here a shady lane where the scrub choked the ditches, there a plank



Mary defended the pony, stroking the shiny neck. "It's not her fault about the turn. Sam trained her that way."

bridge where Molly's hoofs clattered a loose board; cows standing and looking and chewing; vein-colored shadows on a bony uphill stretch.

The weathered buildings at the top made Tim realize that Molly had led him off the road. He swung her head downhill. For a moment she measured her stubborn mouth against his wrists, struggling to switch in the opposite direction. Tim held her to it. She went back to the road at her hardest pace, the full sullenness of her body reserved for him. There she halted. Move forward she would not.

Tim brought down the crop.

That, it appeared, was just what she was waiting for. He rose with a queer sensation as if he'd gone over nearly too far in a rocking chair, then came back, still with her. She had bucked.

He might have known a nice quiet outing wouldn't be what Sam had in view! He glanced moodily at the ground, very dry and hard here, and spared a sardonic thought for Mr. Jewell's notion of little tricks. Hell of a gag to pull on a guy!

About all Tim remembered about horses

was that they would go willingly back to the stable. However, as Sam would damn well know, he didn't intend to return to base without even reaching the objective—and no diversions uphill, either.

There was a short struggle. Methodically, Tim whacked her. The pony pitched and tossed just as resolutely and harder every time.

On the hill a dog began to bark his interest and alarm and a girl in a pink pinafore came pelting down. About midway she checked herself and approached more sedately. She was as pretty a girl as Tim had ever seen, with the very kind of looks he preferred. Her auburn hair was swept back from a face as fresh and clean-cut as a new dime. Her cheeks matched her dress. And somehow or other she seemed familiar.

"Hi!" she called. "You're Sam's friend." Her voice was friendly though rather breathless. She stood at the pony's head, "I'm Mary Coffman, Sam's sister-in-law."

Then, of course, Tim remembered snapshots he had looked at.

"Hello!" he said, with a nervous laugh.

"I'm being dumped on your doorstep."

The girl's smile widened into what he was learning to interpret as fond amusement at a horse's little peccadilloes. Tricks, that's what they called them—cute. "Won't she carry you past the turn?" She spoke to the pony about it in an earnest, throaty voice. Molly took a step forward and whooshed her relief against the girl's bare forearm.

"She doesn't really do anything mean," Mary defended her, stroking the shiny neck. "It's not her fault about the turn. Sam trained her that way."

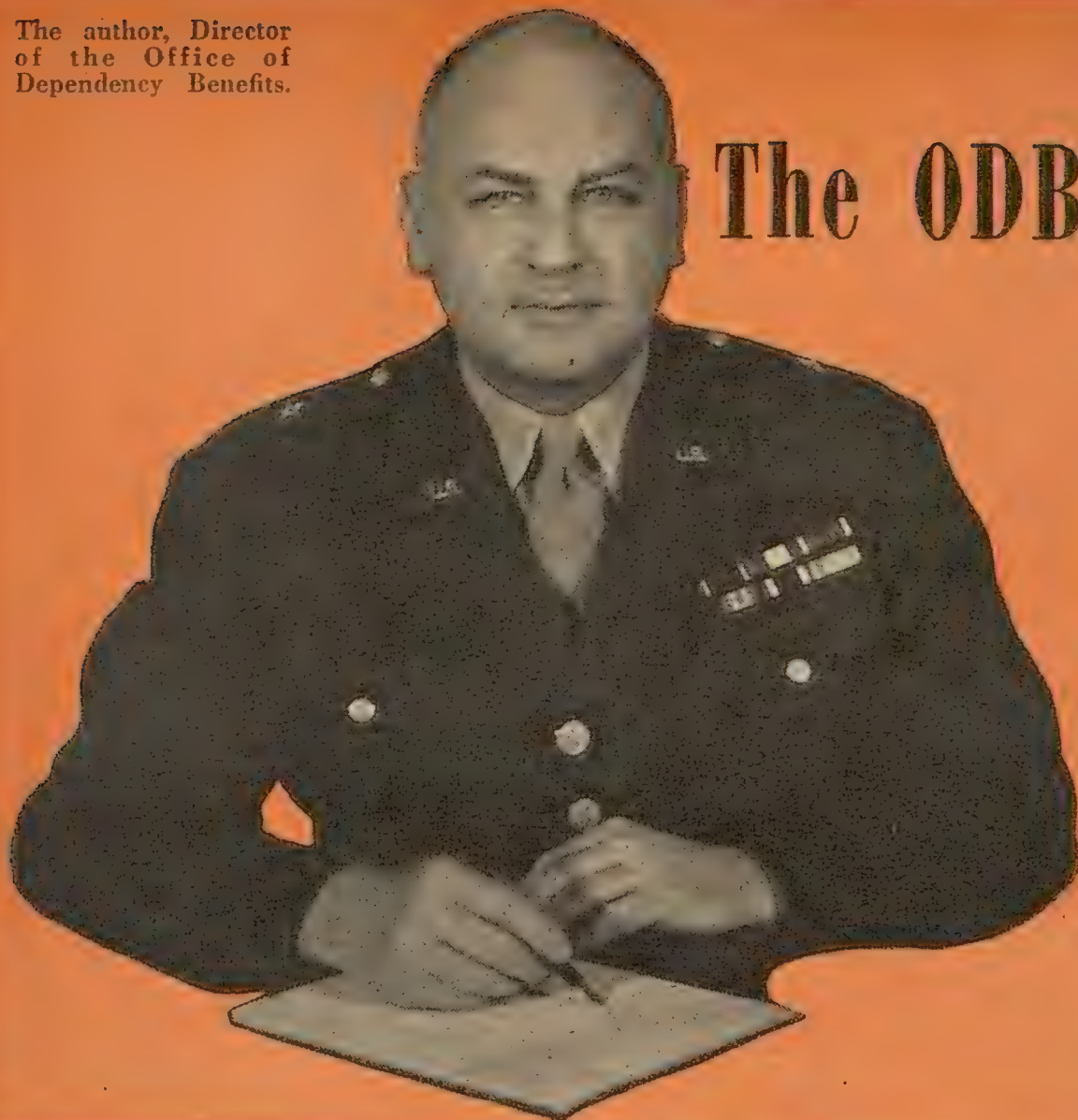
"What?" demanded Tim. "What did you say?"

"Why, Sam trained her that way," she repeated in surprise. "He used to ride over and turn in here all the time to see Minna Gene. Now she always turns."

Tim almost blurted out, "The old—" But he caught himself in time to raise his hand instead in a salute of sorts to the absent Sam. He would report by V-mail that the mission had been accomplished.

THE END

The author, Director
of the Office of
Dependency Benefits.



The ODB Will Get You!

Where there's money to be had, shady characters reach for it. But getting servicemen's family allowances is not the cinch racket it seems

BY H. N. GILBERT,
Brig. Gen., U. S. A.

THE blonde in the scarlet sweater laughed hoarsely. Her voice was audible above the insistent strains of the juke box near the crowded bar.

"Gettin' family allowances from soldiers and sailors is an easy racket!" she said.

"Blondie, you're playing with fire!" replied her companion, a thick-set, swarthy woman.

"Aw, you're too dumb to work it, thass all," the blonde shrugged contemptuously. She leaned against the bar, lighting a cigarette, as the other woman set down her glass angrily and left the tavern.

The blonde is not leaning against bars any more. She is behind them.

A girl should not quarrel with a pickup friend in a tavern. Not if she has, within a few months, married a marine in Virginia, a sailor in Tennessee, and a soldier in Maine, and is collecting family allowances based on the service of all three. Such triple blessings are not regarded with favor by the Army and the Navy. After receiving a report of the incident in the tavern, the War Department Office of Dependency Benefits, acting in co-operation with other Federal agencies, got on the blonde's trail in a hurry.

Compared with Maisie*, the blonde was an amateur. Those three \$50 checks she was getting every month (for each of them an ardent "husband" had plunked down \$22; the government, \$28) were small pickings. Maisie thought she had a much better racket than that.

By the time Maisie was twenty-one, she had collected fourteen men during travels in which she pretty well covered the continent. She ranged from her father's farm near Seattle, Washington, to her stepmother's rooming house in Miami, Florida,

with stopovers in California, the Carolinas, and Alaska. Unlike the blonde, she was partial to the Army. Only two of the men were civilians. The other twelve wore khaki—four privates, three corporals, two sergeants, and three lieutenants.

Maisie got a family allowance from "husband" number seven. He was a corporal. Lieutenants are not eligible to apply for a family allowance (the Servicemen's Dependents Allowance Act of 1942, as amended, limits family allowances to enlisted personnel). They can, however, authorize the ODB to send Class E allotments-of-pay to their dependents. The allotment-of-pay comes entirely from the serviceman's pocket. Nothing is added by the government. One of the lieutenants, believing that Maisie was his lawfully wedded wife, authorized the ODB to send her \$125 a month out of his pay.

But Maisie did not rely exclusively on the family allowance or Class E allotment-of-pay for her income. Her favorite stunt was to kiss a boy good-bye at camp and go home for a visit with daddy. After a judicious interval, she would telegraph the husband of the moment: "Baby will arrive soon. Wire one hundred dollars."

This was very successful indeed. The proudly expectant papas not only sent money but showered her with gifts. She had a narrow escape once. One of the husbands, a private, went to the farm on a furlough especially to see the baby. But she extricated herself with a quick story of having left it in a children's home in San Francisco. She promised to send him a picture!

In Los Angeles, where she lived for a few months with one of her lieutenants, she obtained credit in the local stores with a story that she had been at Pearl Harbor when it was attacked and had lost all her possessions. By this time the ODB

checks, along with numerous letters and parcels from servicemen husbands, were arriving at the farm for her under a variety of names. Alert authorities quickly began an investigation.

Maisie was unaware of this interest in her activities and when her Los Angeles lieutenant went overseas and was taken prisoner by the Japs, she wrote to the ODB, asking for a dependency allotment-of-pay.

The dependency allotment-of-pay is part of the program planned by the Congress to protect servicemen's families. When a breadwinner is called to arms, his family allowance provides eating money for his wife and children, dependent parents, and minor brothers and sisters. If he wishes to send additional money home or to his bank, and to pay premiums on his commercial life insurance, he can do so through the voluntary Class E allotment-of-pay. And when a man is missing, missing in action, interned in a neutral country, besieged or captured by the enemy, the government can act in his behalf for the security of his family by making a dependency Class E allotment of any of his remaining pay. (Public Law 490, 77th Congress, as amended.)

About three and one half million family allowances and two and a half million Class E allotments-of-pay are in effect at this time. But Maisie's is not one of them. Maisie is out of business now. She will not be adding men to her collection for a long, long time. She has finally kissed the boys good-bye.

Maisie and the blonde and their much-married sisterhood often go in for long-range planning. The warped reasoning of a girl who acquires several husbands at a port of embarkation proceeds something like this: Overseas duty is not always healthful. One of these husbands

* The names of persons and places used herein are fictitious, and any similarity to actual names and places is purely coincidental.

might even be killed. That would be too bad. But a girl might be able to console herself with his death gratuity, the equivalent of six months' pay, or his National Service Life Insurance. That may be anywhere from \$1,000 to \$10,000. What if his old mother does not get the money? A girl has to look out for herself!

And in the meantime those family allowance and Class E allotment-of-pay checks are handy things to get. As long as the ODB is sending out nearly six million checks a month to benefit soldiers' dependents, Maisie and her friends figure they could do with some benefiting, too.

Maybe they have read somewhere that the huge war agency, an activity of the Army Service Forces, has already mailed more than 87 million checks to dependents all over the country. With a production job like that, would they get much time to investigate where all those checks go?

Maisie has found out, much to her sorrow.

It is true that the ODB has a smooth production-line process for receiving, examining, and adjudicating the applications for family allowances and allotments-of-pay that stream in at the rate of more than 12,000 a day. It is true that it uses batteries of automatic machines to print the checks, record them on voluminous vouchers, insert them into envelopes, and seal them for mailing. But the Office of Dependency Benefits has one branch that is not concerned with production.

The Field Investigations Branch can give a lot of attention to a single case. Let the slightest breath of fraud hang about a family allowance, and the officers of the Field Investigations Branch will take all the time they need to get acquainted with the pertinent facts about one woman among the more than twelve million dependents or one soldier among the six million with whom the ODB is now doing business.

THEY are no novices, these officers of the Field Investigations Branch. Among them are men who, before their call to active duty, were agents for the F. B. I. One was in charge of U. S. Treasury enforcement agents; one was a county prosecutor in Montana; another, a chief of police; still another, an investigator for a large insurance company. In the ODB's special New York school, taught by Army officers with a background of criminal investigation, they have been trained to ferret out fraud in family allowances. They also enlist the aid of federal, state, and local law-enforcement agencies.

From the modern skyscraper in Newark, New Jersey, which houses the ODB, extends a network of regional offices located in such cities as New York, Philadelphia, Atlanta, Cincinnati, Chicago, Kansas City, Dallas, San Francisco, and Denver. From these regional offices investigators cover large areas of surrounding territory, and they see people aplenty. For example, there was a lifer in a state prison who had been named as a dependent in a family allowance application. The officer who investigated that case now knows how fast the grapevine works. It took only a few minutes to present his credentials and be escorted through the two outer gates, but when the inner gate closed behind him, he was faced by fifty prisoners. The grapevine had it that an Army officer was recruiting men. They wanted to enlist.

Quite as novel in its way was the experience of the young Southern officer who interviewed an old Italian father in a Brooklyn flat.

"Ah told this man Ah was from the Woe Depahtment," he reported to the officer in charge. "He couldn't seem to understand."

Small wonder. The old man had never heard that Southern rendition of "War Department." In Brooklynese, with an Italian overlay, he expressed his bewilderment. Then it was the officer's turn to be bewildered. He finally took out pencil and pad and scribbled his message. The soldier's father scrawled an intelligible reply. There followed an interchange of a number of notes, and the officer got the information he was seeking.

Mail is a mine of information to the Field Investigations Branch. The daily correspondence may include a letter to a Secret Service operative in Sioux City, Iowa, and one to an F. B. I. agent in Fort Worth, Texas. It may contain communications from a county judge in Idaho, from the Office of Postal Censorship in Washington, and from a soldier's commanding officer in Sicily.

Letters from private citizens also come in to the ODB offices—letters which speak of alleged family allowance frauds on the part of certain persons. Some of them are very brief and to the point, like the one that directed attention to the Heston case.

"Better look into the family allowance that this woman who calls herself Mrs. Rita Heston is getting," it began. "She isn't married to this soldier that keeps coming around."

The documents in the case folder seemed to fulfill all requirements. Private Heston had named Rita as his wife in his application for a family allowance, had attached a certificate of their marriage in an Alabama city. But the officer looked a long time at the certificate. There was a slight discoloration of the paper where the name of the bride appeared. He sent to the Alabama city for another copy.

It revealed that Private Heston had not married a girl named Rita. The name on the certificate had been altered. Rita turned out to be a "novelty number" Private Heston had picked up near the camp. He thought it would be nice for her to get the family allowance instead of his wife.

But it was not so nice for him to get six months at hard labor. Private Heston is now unhappily aware that Uncle Sam is just an old-fashioned guy whose taste does not run to novelty numbers. The ODB, in fact, is strongly prejudiced in favor of the lawful wife.

Another letter to the ODB was from a

woman who suspected that the difficulty in her family allowance might be due to the presence of another female in her husband's life. "He's a good man," she wrote. "But he *could* be tempted."

The tempting female in the Lindner case was a redhead with ripe charms and helpful ideas. Private Lindner didn't have to resort to the crudity of altering a marriage certificate. Together they sent in a change of address for his wife, so that the ODB checks might be received at the cosy little hotel in St. Louis where they were staying (he was living off the post). The \$100 checks from the ODB—Private Lindner had a wife and two children—added greatly to their bliss. They moved to a comfortable apartment and sent in another notice of change of address.

This was not unusual. The ODB receives more than 5,000 such notices every day from wives and other dependents who move about the country. The records in the case were changed, and checks were mailed to the new address.

AFTER waiting several weeks, the real Mrs. Lindner wrote the ODB to inquire why her checks had not been sent. But they had been sent, replied the ODB, and in accordance with the changes of address she had authorized.

"What changes of address?" she retorted. "I haven't moved."

Thereupon the case folder was rushed to the Field Investigations Branch of the ODB. There, officers noted that Mrs. Lindner was writing from the Duluth address which her husband had given in his original application. They also commented on the proximity of the "new" address in St. Louis to Jefferson Barracks, where Private Lindner was stationed, and did a bit of calculating. Photostats of the canceled checks were obtained from the Treasury, and the commanding officer at Jefferson Barracks was requested to ask Private Lindner some searching questions. A few questions were also put to the "Mrs. Lindner" at the St. Louis address.

Her address for the next two years is a federal reformatory. Private Lindner's court-martial sentence included a dishonorable discharge.

A court-martial may also face a soldier who weds so lightly that two or more wives claim a family allowance based on

(Continued on page 69)



The ODB checks up on all receiving soldier pay allotments. An interview in its Newark office.

OCELOT OUT OF BOUNDS

BY EDWIN RUTT

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

THE lean-jawed young man scowled at the paper in his typewriter. Chuck Eiler, copy chief at Dark, Devlin & Disbrow, Counselors-at-Advertising, was fed to the teeth.

Groaning audibly, he lit a cigarette. And at that point a low-pitched husky voice said from the doorway, "A copy chief actually writing copy? Now I have seen everything."

Eiler glanced up quickly. "Out!" He waved the cigarette. "I've got trouble."

"Just," said Miss Chlorinda Calder, "what I'm looking for."

Chlo was very tall, very slim, with shoulders that slouched slightly. The slouch, however, lent distinctiveness to the gliding walk with which she now entered the office.

Eiler tore the paper from the typewriter. "You won't go, I suppose," he said, "until I've let my hair down. O. K. Read it and weep! Before you do, I might tell you that it's for the latest Niles-Neibert picture. A gosh-awful thing called Flame of the Jungle."

"But that's got Eloise Standish and James Carrabrant in it!" Chlo mentioned glittering Hollywood personalities.

"It could still lay an egg," said Eiler. "Which is what it's doing. And Rothman, the Niles-Neibert advertising manager, is on the warpath."

"So Eiler goes to bat?" said Chlo.

Chuck nodded. "Yeah. Young Stone's been doing a swell writing job for Niles-Neibert. But Rothman claims he's dissatisfied. He keeps hinting that he'd like to shift the account to Welch & Waterford. So I had to take a hand."

Chlo slanted large dark eyes over his copy. A second later she made a swooning movement, like a bobby-sock girl sired by Sinatra.

She had just discovered that Eloise Standish (feminine lead of Flame of the Jungle) was something out of this world. According to Chuck, "for men her eyes were dark tortures and her voice a gong, calling them to destruction." Their destruction was accomplished, fittingly, in "poison-green sun-drugged fastnesses" where, it appeared, Miss Standish was wont to enmesh them in a "subtle net of enchantment," then "tear their souls into shreds."

"Oh-oh," said Chlo. "Eiler, you've gone far south."

"Go on," Chuck said bitterly.

Chlo finished it. She was relieved to learn that when the right man (Mr. Garabrant) invaded her jungle, Miss Standish eschewed stripping his soul into shreds. Instead, she redeemed herself by presenting Mr. G. with a love like a "bird of paradise destined to sing forever in hidden Edens."

As a fillip, the copy added that the film abounded with remarkable animal shots.

"Chuck darling," Chlo dropped the paper, "come out and I'll buy you a soda. You simply must cool down."

Eiler arose, paced the floor. He walked with a limp, a souvenir from Guadalcanal. It was only a matter of months since,

discharged from the Marines, he had resumed his old job.

"If you're through wisecracking," he said, "it might interest you to know that T. K.'s up in the air about this."

Under her soft black hair Chlo's ears perked. Thaddeus K. Dark was the head of the agency, and she was Mr. Dark's private and confidential secretary. As such, she knew that T. K., ordinarily the mildest of men, was capable of spectacular roof-hitting at times.

"It's definitely a bad spot," Eiler went on. "Rothman phoned T. K. this morning and sold him a bill of goods, to the effect that we've been slighting his account because it's small. And T. K. got upset. You know his theory that all accounts, big or

Beauty, brains, and a beast stage a spectacular Broadway production, win a bet for Chlo, super-secretary, and turn the boss's headache into a Hollywood hit

little, deserve the same treatment. Well, he lit into me. Says that if we lose this business he's going to make the fur fly. And," Chuck gloomed, "we could lose it—with Rothman in this frame of mind."

"Where's Simmons in all this?" Chlo asked, referring to the contact man on the Niles-Neibert account.

"Out sick, dammit!" Chuck sighed. "So just now I'm both contact and copy."

"Oh, well," Chlo said soothingly, "T. K. doesn't mean half what he says."

Chuck shook his head. "Maybe not, usually. But the storm warnings are up today, all right. Good-by now, Miss Calder. I've got to dream up another piece of this drip."

THE office of T. K. Dark was appointed as befits a man of importance. It was paneled in pine, its furniture tasteful and luxurious. There was but one jarring note—a large screen of East Indian origin, made of teakwood, fantastically carved.

Slipping into this office on the morning after her talk with Eiler, Chlo found it apparently deserted. But presently a small slithering sound came to her. She gave a little knowing nod, tiptoed over and peeped behind the screen.

There was T. K. Dark puzzling absently over a jigsaw puzzle on a card table.

Jigsaw puzzling was a little pastime of Mr. Dark's which he publicized no more than if it had been secret drinking. Chlo and the under-under-secretary, Miss Wintz, were the only ones who knew about it. Each night it fell to their lot to conceal the card table in a large closet

(disturbing the fitted pieces on pain of awful death).

"It's relaxation," T. K. would protest guiltily. "But I think about—er—problems when I'm doing those things."

With the current enigma, he seemed to be making little progress. She watched him a moment. Then: "Here's a piece you want, T. K." She reached with a slim arm.

T. K. jumped. He was a short round man, with graying hair and bright blue eyes.

"Don't sneak up on me that way," he barked. "And don't mess into this. I want to do it myself."

"No, T. K.," Chlo said, "I was only trying to help."

"Don't want any help," Mr. Dark grumbled. "What are you here for, anyway? Haven't you anything to do?"

"Why—" Chlo checked it. The door had opened, violently.

Chlo and T. K. issued from behind the screen. They confronted a small blonde girl, with disheveled hair.

"See here, Wintz!" T. K. glared. "Must you always come in like the Twentieth Century Limited?"

Miss Wintz looked reproved.

"But, Mr. Dark," she said, a little wildly, "there's a—a cat thing downstairs for you."

T. K. interrogated Chlo, his eyes blue blanks. "What's the matter with her? What's she mean—a cat thing?"

"But there is," Miss Wintz held her ground. "A thing like a cat in a cage in the traffic department."

"Take it away then," commanded Mr. Dark. "I don't want any cats."

"But what'll we do with it?" Miss Wintz verged on the hysterical.

"What'll you do? Aargh! Everybody here is crazy. Except me. Some day I'll—"

"T. K.," Chlo interposed gently, "don't you think we'd better investigate?"

INTO the maelstrom of the Traffic Department marched T. K. Dark and Chlo—to find the maelstrom strangely contracted. It seemed to have bunched itself at the far end of the room. There a multitude milled.

T. K. trumpeted through his nose and the multitude spun around. Then it parted. The parting disclosed an upset condition.

Against the wall stood a wooden cage. A small animal, about three feet long, lay supine in one corner. Its over-all color scheme was pale yellow. But the yellow monotony was relieved by irregular dark stripes and bands running horizontally along its back and sides. Despite the excellent house it had drawn, its eyes were closed. It gave the impression of being vastly bored with the advertising business. But it was indubitably "a cat thing."

T. K. Dark stared briefly, then gave tongue. "What the devil's this?" he roared. "Speak up somebody!"

No somebody spoke. But the creature opened eyes like yellow jaundice, gazed upon Mr. Dark with loathing, then went back to sleep.

"It's for you, all right, T. K." Chlo was

examining the cage. "There's a card tacked on here. It says: 'For my old friend, Thad Dark—to love and cherish.'"

"Get-tit-tout-tof-here," fumed T. K., à la Lou Costello.

"Look, T. K.," Chlo said. "Pixsley can tell us what it is. He knows—"

"Get Pixsley then," cut in T. K.

Pixsley appeared presently in answer to Chlo's phone call. Pixsley was head art director, and a boon companion of Chlo and Chuck Eiler. He was small, slight, dark-complexioned, with whimsical brown eyes. With him was Eiler.

"Pixsley," snorted Mr. Dark, "what is that thing?"

Pixsley made a swift diagnosis. "It's an ocelot," he said.

"A what?"

"Ocelot. Cat tribe." Pixsley went technical. "*Felis pardalis*. Habitat: Central and South America, Mexico and—"

"Talk English, Pixsley," T. K. snapped. "You—er, did you say Mexico? Ha! That explains it. That old fool Bill Starr's down there. Fancies himself a wag. I'll bet he sent this—that whatnot as a joke."

"But what'll we do with it?" asked Chlo.

"Do? Send it to a zoo, of course. Think I want a whatnot cluttering up my apartment?" Then T. K. emulated a captain on the bridge. "You, Chlo, phone the Bronx Zoo! You, Frank and Salvatore! Over here!"

D. D. & D.'s two porters stepped uncertainly from the mob.

"Carry that into Mr. Pixsley's office," ordered T. K. "He seems to know about these things. It can stay there till the zoo sends for it."

Chuck Eiler had said nothing, but there was a thoughtful expression on his clean-lined face. Suddenly Chuck reached out, drew Pixsley aside.

"And as for the rest of you," Mr. Dark was commanding, "Get back to work!"

SHORTLY after five o'clock Chlo, Eiler, and Pixsley sat in the reasonably refined café of one Niccoletti, an oasis a block from their office.

"Well," Pixsley finished his cocktail and yawned, "guess I'll go down cellar."

Chlo, startled, looked at Chuck. "Down cellar? Is he tetchy?"

"Confidentially," Chuck told her, "he picks up a little pin money fixing Niccoletti's furnace."

"Idiot," Chlo laughed. "I bet Niccoletti wouldn't let him near the cellar. Not with all those bottles down there."

"No?" Pixsley arose. "You watch."

Impulsively Chlo picked up her handbag. "Darned if I won't. I sense monkey business."

Without another word Pixsley led them through the restaurant and into the kitchen. A brace of white-clad chefs nodded negligently. Pixsley opened a door. A flight of steps showed.

"Actually," he said, halting, "Chuck and I swore a pact tonight. You're to choose between us, Calder. Loser to drown self in a cask of rare old Burgundy."

"Dope," Chlo said. "I wouldn't choose either of you if you came on gold plate smothered in watercress."

She wasn't quite as definite as she sounded. She was very fond of both Chuck and Pix, and they, she knew, were on the verge of going all out in love with her. And she dreaded the day when she might have to choose.

Chlo's trouble was that she had never yet fallen in love with anyone. Never had she been able to tell herself that at last

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"Don't be silly!" Pix bent and opened the door of the cage.

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

BY DAVID DODGE

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

WHEN Kitty MacLeod and James Whitney drove from San Francisco to a suburb of Reno, to be married by Pop Foster, J. P., they little dreamed their honeymoon was to be filled with melodrama.

Arrived at Pop's, they were greeted by menacing Walter Gates and Sammy Kohler. Finally Pop appeared, changed from the man Whit had known to a frightened puppet of Gates. Gates obviously didn't believe Kitty and Whit's story about wanting Pop to marry them, and the young couple were relieved to get away unharmed. They continued to Reno, arriving there at 5 A. M.

To pass the time until they could be married, they visited Lorenzo's, one of the "better" gambling houses, and met Renzo Colusa, the manager; Gladys Warren, blonde and beautiful; and Jess Caldwell. Caldwell had already been instructed, by phone from Gates, to keep an eye on the couple. It was his keen interest in Kitty and himself that aroused Whit's suspicions.

After the wedding, the Whitneys went to a hotel. Later that day Pete Weston called. He was a newspaperman Whit had known in San Francisco. Also in Reno was another old friend, Casey Jones, electrical engineer, whom Whit thought he had recognized, even though Casey looked deplorably shabby.

An attempt on Whit's life brought Casey to the rescue and revealed that he was an F. B. I. man tailing Gates—or Goetz—a spy for the Japs. Apparently Gates had mistaken Whit for a G-man.

Finally Gates and Kohler cornered Whit, tied him to a chair and threatened torture if he did not reveal all he knew. Gates had just punched Whit in the mouth when a window was shattered from the outside and a voice behind a gun commanded: "Don't move!"

PART FIVE

THE voice behind the gun barrel was heavenly music to Whit. The deliberately artificial tone was unrecognizable, and only the indistinct outline of a man's head and shoulders showed behind the screening foliage of the bush through which protruded the gun.

Whit got a worm's-eye view from his uncomfortable position on the floor. Gates and Kohler stood motionless, facing the window. The gun pointed at Kohler.

"You, ratface," said the croak, "untie the guy on the floor."

Kohler stared, fascinated. The gun muzzle shifted upward, so that it pointed directly between his eyes.

"You heard me," said the croak.

The gun had Sammy hypnotized. He did not take his eyes from it as he moved across the room and fumbled with the knots that held Whit to the chair.

The croak spoke to Whit: "You on the floor. Don't come between me and the boy friends when you get up. Come out here, and make it snappy."

Whit made his way out of the house as

snappily as was possible for a man in his condition. His pal with the bullfrog voice still stood at the window, and when Whit saw the unmistakable crummy coat among the bushes that grew thickly around the house, he was not surprised. Casey had come through again.

Casey whispered instructions as Whit came up behind him. "Across the street. Board fence. Wait for me on the other side. Beat it."

Whit beat it.

He had scrambled over the head-high fence, and was crouching in a patch of

Whit's blundering puts Casey in a tight corner. Larson's tip sends the bridegroom off on a new lead as the dead line for discovery nears

artichokes when he heard the loud crack of a single shot, followed by the pound of running feet coming toward his hiding place. Then Casey dropped like a cat beside him. Together they found a crack in the fence through which they could see.

There was no sign of life in the house across from their peephole. Down the block a couple of the neighbors came out to discuss the shot for a while before deciding it was only an automobile back-fire after all.

Whit muttered, "You couldn't have knocked them both off with one bullet."

"I shot out the light, that's all. They're lying low."

They waited for another five minutes. Casey was still suspicious of the lack of interest shown by the men in the quiet house across the street, but there was nothing they could do about it, and at last they made their way through adjoining yards out to the far end of the block. Trudging toward town, Whit offered his thanks.

"I owe you a good cigar, Casey. How did you happen to be on hand again?"

Casey grunted. "I've had my eye on that house since Kohler rented it. I was watching the place tonight when he drove up in a delivery cart with you in the rear like a sack of potatoes. How'd they catch you?"

Whit put his fingers gently to the lump on the back of his head. He told Casey what had happened.

Casey said sourly, "You ought to have known better than to leave your body-guard."

"I didn't think."

"So because you didn't think I have to ruin my own plans and tip Gates off to the fact that he's being watched. I wish I'd let him take you apart back there just to teach you a lesson."

Whit said stiffly, "Well, why didn't you?"

"Because I didn't want to see him beat the whey out of you." Casey was bitterly angry. "Up until now he didn't know we were on his heels, and he would have gone right on operating that transmitter until I got a fix on it. Now he'll haul out for a new location, and I can hand in my resignation and give up."

Whit hunched his shoulders and kept quiet. His head ached, his split lip had begun to swell, and he felt low. They walked on.

Casey's fit of temper wore off quickly. When they were within a few blocks of the business district, he said, "I'm sorry I popped off, Whit. I know you've been trying to help. There's still a bare chance I can find that transmitter before Gates moves it again. I'm going back to watch that house."

"What do you expect to happen?"

"I don't expect anything now; I'm just hopeful. Gates sends a message every forty-eight hours, at exactly 3 A. M. Once or twice he's missed his regular schedule, but he's never skipped more than one message at a time except when he's had to move, and then he's always told his listeners how long he'd be off the air. It's the only way he can maintain his connection, so there'll be at least one more message before he moves his equipment—either tonight or the day after tomorrow. If it's tonight, I'll try to stay with him when he goes to the transmitter."

"Maybe he won't move. I don't think he scares easy."

"He knows that we're closing in. He'll move, all right, and this time he'll probably end up a thousand miles away. But he's got to send a final message to let the other end know what to expect, and if he tries to get it off tonight, I might be able to trail him. If he waits for a couple of days—and I think he's too cautious to try to get clear tonight—I'll have forty-eight hours to work in. That's all."

"How do you know he hasn't left the house already?"

"I don't. I'll listen in at three o'clock to find out for sure whether he's been, too smart for me. You lock yourself and your bodyguard in a room for forty-eight hours and don't open the door. After that it won't matter."

He shuffled away.

WHIT took his throbbing head and his deflated ego back to the hotel. When he stumbled wearily into his room and found Kitty there, with Gladys doing her best to keep her from shaking to pieces, he was so relieved that he didn't even ask questions. Kitty was immediately all over him like a piece of flypaper anyway, and Gladys unobtrusively departed. They were still in the first clinch when Larson burst in a few minutes later, out of breath and wild-eyed because he hadn't been able to locate Pete and was prepared to take the town apart singlehanded to find Whit. Seeing the missing hero receiving extra special treatment from his wife for a split lip, Larson closed the door quietly and went to bed.

Whit was beating on Larson's door sev-



Whit turned with Larson, both holding their hands in sight. Pete Weston had them covered.

eral hours later. Kitty was deep in sleep, exhausted by the excitement. It was after 2 A. M. then, and Larson had just begun to enjoy his rest. Larson woke up himself as Whit told him what had happened during the course of the evening.

LARSON said, "It was my fault for letting you get out of my sight, but that blonde doll had me dizzy. I can't figure her out, Whit. Is she a bird-brain or isn't she?"

"Sure she's a bird-brain. Why?"

"Well, when the trouble started, she began giving orders like she was used to it—and I took them. Then Mrs. Whitney wanted to get the sheriff to look for you, and Gladys said no, just like that."

"She gave the orders?"

"That's right. She sent me off to find Pete Weston, and she brought Mrs. Whitney back to the hotel."

"Gladys didn't want to get the sheriff?"

"She wouldn't have it. She said she knew what she was doing, and I believed her. But I don't know what it was."

Whit said, "Neither do I."

Maybe he hadn't been so smart in dismissing Gladys as a rattlepate with too much time on her hands. Gladys' anxiety to stay clear of the sheriff meant something. And why had she been so eager to get in touch with Pete Weston? He wasn't too confident of Pete. Reno was no place for a Pulitzer Prize winner in wartime. Whit was going to find out a few things before he played around much longer with these people.

He said, "Put on your clothes, Swede.

I need some information. So let's go."

It was a quarter of three when they cautiously climbed the stairs to the flop-house on Commercial Row. Casey had said that at three o'clock he would be listening in to make sure that Gates was not able to send his sign-off message, and Whit felt that news of the strange goings-on of Pete Weston and the not-so-dumb blonde was sufficiently important to risk ignoring Casey's instructions to stay holed up.

A board creaked under Larson's foot as they approached the door at the end of the hall. Whit gestured irritably, and Larson mumbled an apology.

No light showed through the crack beneath Casey's door. Whit knocked once. There was no response. He peered at his wrist watch in the dim light. Casey had some time to go before the three-o'clock dead line. Whit turned the knob gently and the door opened.

He felt a vague uneasiness as he groped his way into the dark room. The door should not have been unlocked. He was waving his outspread hands in the air to catch the hanging light cord, with Larson at his heels, when a number of things happened.

The door closed softly just as their shadows sprang into being in a circle of light on the wall before them. Larson went into action, but the advantage lay too heavily against him. He had his hand on the gun under his arm when a voice said sharply, "Don't try it! Put up your hands and turn around."

It was a familiar voice. Whit turned with Larson, both holding their hands carefully in sight, to face the blinding glare of a powerful flashlight. The nose of a revolver showed in the light beam.

Neither the flashlight nor the gun moved for a long time. Then the voice said, "Reach up with your right hand and turn on the light, Whit."

Whit reached obediently. The flash went out as the overhead light came on, but the gun muzzle did not move. Pete Weston had them covered, and he clearly intended to keep them covered.

IT seemed to Whit that a lot of people had been pointing guns at him lately. He didn't like it, particularly when a pal he had begun to suspect of double-dealing held the gun. He tried lowering his hands.

"Keep them up." Pete jerked the gun muzzle. "What are you doing here?"

"Just visiting. What are you doing here?"

There was no time for an answer. They all heard the loose board creak faintly as some one came down the hall, and Pete motioned for silence as he stepped back so that he would be behind the door when it opened.

Whit wasn't sure that it was Casey coming, he wasn't sure that Larson was going to co-operate properly, and he wasn't sure he could move as fast as he would have to move in a moment. But he wasn't going to keep still while Casey walked into a trap. He shifted his feet for the jump.

(Continued on page 63)

EYES IN

THE SKIES



BY COMMANDER ROBERT S. QUACKENBUSH, U. S. N.

High daring and detective skill go into the job of snatching enemy secrets on film and interpreting them. Here's how the photo "recon" boys do it

TWELVE hours before the Battle of Kula Gulf in the Solomons a year ago, U. S. Naval officers had few accurate charts of the dangerous coral-studded waters. Yet they knew that the gulf, northwest of New Georgia Island, was to be the scene of one of the biggest naval battles of the war. Without charts, there was a definite possibility that some of our warships would be hanging on sharp reefs before the battle was over. It was known that at least 20 per cent of the gulf was unfit for navigation—but where were the danger spots?

The answer was in the hands of fleet commanders four hours before the first salvos were hurled across the gulf in the action that was to send from nine to eleven Jap ships to the bottom. Aerial reconnaissance experts had been called out from Guadalcanal and had photographed 500 square miles of those brilliant but dangerous waters. A mosaic showing all the reefs had been assembled quickly, and in the battle that night not one American ship was so much as scratched by coral.

Then again, twelve days before we attacked Truk in February, two Liberator reconnaissance planes flew through heavy antiaircraft fire to snap pictures that helped prepare the ground for our smashing assault on that Jap stronghold in the Carolines.

Cameras, flying photographers, and expert interpreters to read the military information snatched from the enemy by film are becoming increasingly important in planning both land and sea operations. For example, during the initial fighting around New Britain an American bomber formation was almost "on target" over the Jap airdrome at Cape Gloucester when five Zero fighters struck at it. Just as they began their attack, a swift high-flying United States fighter dived from the clouds and sped straight across the Jap base. Instantly the Zeros turned from the bombers and started in pursuit of that lone American plane.

Why? It would seem foolish for the Japs to chase that one-man plane while leaving the bombers to smash the flying field. But they knew what they were doing. The Navy plane, with its cameras grinding,

was recording targets for other bomber squadrons to blast. The photographs revealed that the Nips were building up their aircraft strength, and that our invasion of that area, then being planned, should be rushed before the Japanese garrison could be enlarged. The camera picked out an unusually large number of planes and disclosed that new gasoline and ammunition dumps had been established since our last raid on the field. With the information supplied by the photos, American bombers were able to drop their sticks where they would be most effective.

The naked eye, no matter how low the observer might have been flying, would not have been able to record all these facts and justify subsequent action. The camera catches in a split second, and holds for later analysis, what the human eye may overlook entirely. And the photos, much enlarged, have to be available for concentrated study by trained men.

Much of our naval strategy to date has been based upon the secrets thus stolen from the enemy's own backyard by photo "recon" planes. An officer who was in command of a fighter squadron at Guadalcanal, when asked what he thought of photographic interpretation, replied, "It isn't a question of whether we like it or not. We never move without it."

Photo reconnaissance tells where the enemy is, his strength, the source of his supplies, whether he is increasing his strength or withdrawing, and what his probable intentions are. It's like playing poker when the player can see the cards in his opponents' hands. It strips the enemy of much of his guile. And failure to have this knowledge could be fatal, especially in the Pacific area where island-hopping in the face of land-based opposition naturally tends to be costly.

Each new Jap base within striking distance of our zones of operation must be found and photographed immediately. A continuous record of progress or of damage at each base must be kept on film. From an ever-growing collection of pictures, our Navy photo interpreters predict whether newly spotted construction is that of an airfield, a submarine hide-out, or a supply center. From their deductions, our

military and naval commanders determine the significance of the base with regard to our own positions—and pick the opportune moment to destroy it. As runways, docks, warehouses and AA-gun emplacements take shape, interpreters develop a "target" file showing, in order of importance, those spots that should be bombed from the air or shelled from the sea.

Navy photo interpreters watched the Jap field at Munda develop and gave the word that sent bombs crashing down to ruin it just before it could be used to stop our drive up the island chain toward Bougainville and New Britain. As one of the photo interpreters tells it:

"In a Munda photo we noticed an innocent-looking little steamer and a small lumber pile alongside a makeshift pier. Behind the pier there appeared nothing but a peaceful coconut plantation. Lieutenant Sam Hurst was assigned to watch the area by continuous photograph studies. A few days later three white patches in a line appeared on exposed plates. The high command was suspicious and directed that the area be photographed daily. Soon more and more human shadows could be seen under the trees; it was clear that many men were working there, and bomber planes were detailed to bomb and strafe them. Munda

The "darkroom" of a marine photo "recon" plane

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY AND MARINE PHOTOS



was getting 'hot,' and we kept the reconnaissance planes busy.

"Photo interpreters soon discovered camouflaged barges tied up close ashore, under the partial protection of jungle growth. With their naked eyes the pilots had been unable to spot anything unusual, but gradually the pictures showed the developments of a flying field until finally nothing remained to be done to put it into active use except sudden felling of the palms. But the Japs had no opportunity to use the field. At the moment it appeared that they were ready for tree-cutting, our bombers let loose tons of explosives, and the base was immobilized until we moved in and took it over."

Flying photographers and the men who analyze their work do more than detect new bases. They shadow larger, well-established stations for hints of the enemy's future activities. Few attempts of the Japanese to fool our cameras have been successful—and some have been extremely foolish and wasteful.

One of our best tip-offs on enemy plans is the analysis of cargo lashed to decks of merchant vessels sighted in ports near fighting zones. For instance, since Jap ships leaving Paramushiro for the Aleutians were loaded with heavy earth-moving machinery, it was fairly obvious that the Japs were merely digging in and constructing additional runways for planes. But if we had found the ships loaded with assault boats, our Army and Navy commanders would have assumed at once that the enemy had an invasion of the American mainland in mind.

WHEN we started fighting in the Aleutians our charts were very inadequate; rocks and islands bobbed up from three to thirty miles from their charted positions. Before we began driving the Japs out we made thousands of photographs of islands they occupied and the surrounding waters, fitted them together, and had the first correct charts of that region ever made. On them was plotted the recapture of Attu and Kiska. Navy photo interpreters studied exposures of the shoreline, picked out gun emplacements, Shinto shrines, radar shacks, and troop barracks, and mapped enemy slit trenches. Naval guns and bombing planes were able to knock most of these shoreline installations out before troops went ashore.

Maps of many Pacific islands and atolls are sketchy and unreliable, too. Before the Navy undertakes any amphibious operations, beaches and surrounding terrain

are thoroughly photographed, then mapped and studied. It is possible to determine the slope of the beach, even the type of sand, from seaweed, piles of sea shells, the location of the scarp line, and the height of the breakers as revealed in the photos, and from aerial shots of the beachline the interpreters can determine the depth of the water at any point where a landing is contemplated.

A photo interpreter's ability to measure ship sizes and lengths from shadows of definitely known objects—such as a man on deck—frequently is put to strategic test. Not long ago one of our planes photographed a Jap ship of unidentified class. En route to base, the plane's crew and photographers argued at length whether it was a light cruiser or a destroyer. The developed prints proved it to be a new, over-size destroyer of revolutionary design. Interpreters "measured" its guns and correctly estimated its speed, length, and tonnage. Within an hour after the plane had returned to its base, full details of the Jap "surprise ship" had been flashed to the fleet.

On practically all fighting fronts Army and Navy reconnaissance and interpretation units work together. During the Marine-Army invasion of New Georgia, for instance, Navy interpreters were attached to Army headquarters just behind the front lines. Army planes took off from Guadalcanal, photographed the areas our troops were attacking, and dropped the film by parachute to Navy men waiting at the Army command post. Interpreters developed and studied the still-wet pictures, then sent word up ahead where artillery should be ranged to knock out tank traps and enemy concentrations. Many American lives were saved by this joint action.

Later in this same campaign our fleet put to sea for a night shelling of Jap installations at Kolombangara. After the warships had sailed, reconnaissance planes returned with film which disclosed that overnight the Japs had moved a large supply dump from Kolombangara to Vila. Navy interpreters quickly worked out a new target file and flew the information to the task force commander. The Jap trick failed; the dumps were blown to bits.

Occasionally Jap tactics have come near tripping up our flying photographers. Once, when we had been watching Jap auxiliary airfields south of Rabaul, one of our photo interpreters reported to Air Intelligence that a Jap concentration of planes at Bougainville indicated an attack on our shipping off Lunga Point.

"I'm afraid you're too slow," the Intelligence Office retorted. "We've just had word that 120 fighters are en route to call on us, and we're going up high to be ready for them right now."

"Going up high" meant that all fighters would be sent up so that they could dive down on any visitors who thought they might be sneaking in, in Pearl Harbor fashion. The interpreter took another look through his magnifying glasses and called the Intelligence Officer again. From photos, the interpreters realized that only a few of the Japs—twenty planes—were trying to decoy our fighters up high so that the bombers they were escorting could sneak in without interference and blow the place to bits.

The Intelligence Officer acted quickly. Guadalcanal Fighter Control radioed a quick switch in tactics and brought the fighters down to the bombers' level. Our Navy-Marine-Army fighter pilots got seventy-seven Val dive bombers out of that Jap group as a result of that young photographic interpreter's advice. We didn't lose a single ship in the battle.

PHOTO reconnaissance as a vital part of military and naval tactics actually developed as a result of Dunkirk. When British forces were driven off the Continent, they lost contact with espionage organizations. Communications across the Channel became difficult, and the Germans naturally knocked out most secret radio stations attempting to transmit intelligence to London. But the British had to know what guns the Nazis were setting up across the Channel, what type of traffic was moving on continental railways and canals, where plane and submarine bases were being developed, and where enemy troops were massing. Aerial photography was the only answer.

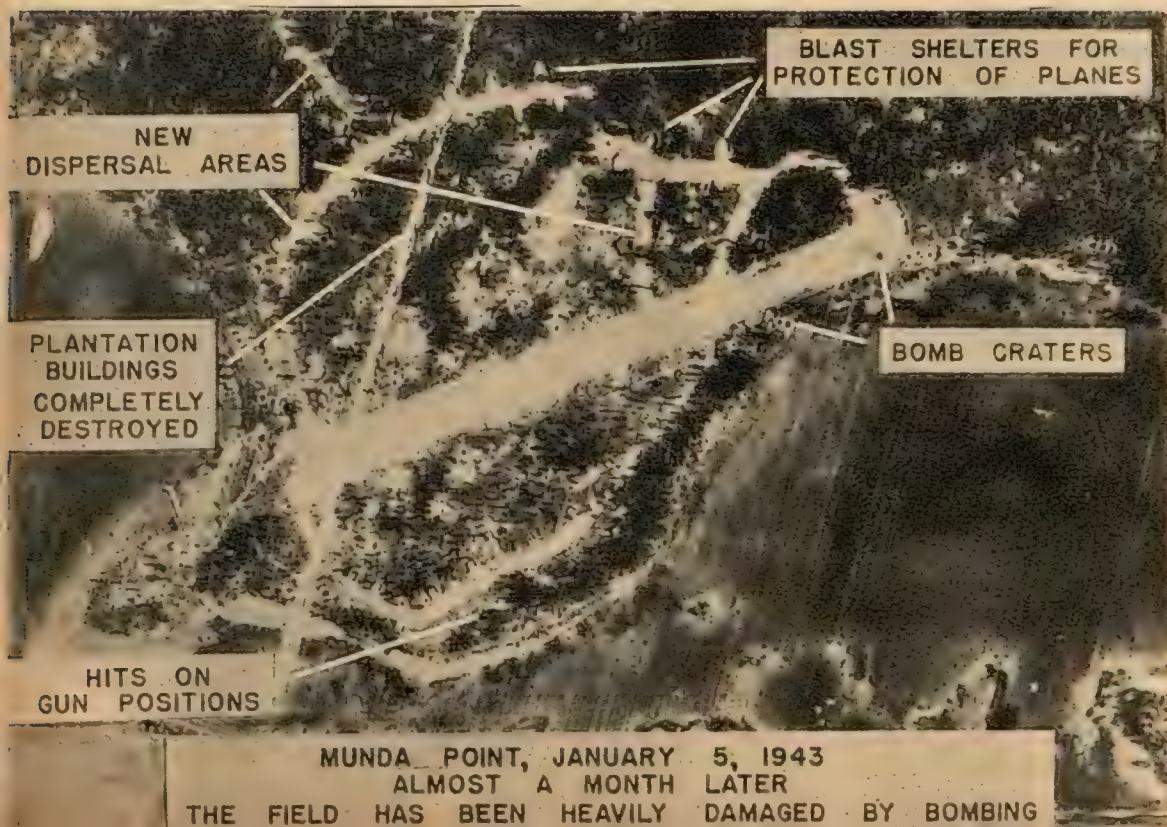
Fortunately, a London firm had been developing aerial photographic reconnaissance as a commercial undertaking. The Royal Air Force took over the firm's equipment and personnel, and made a desperate start with a limited number of interpreters and aircraft equipped with cameras. Military authorities were skeptical of practical camera results until they began to receive a mass of military information accurately and regularly collected by photographic reconnaissance and interpretation.

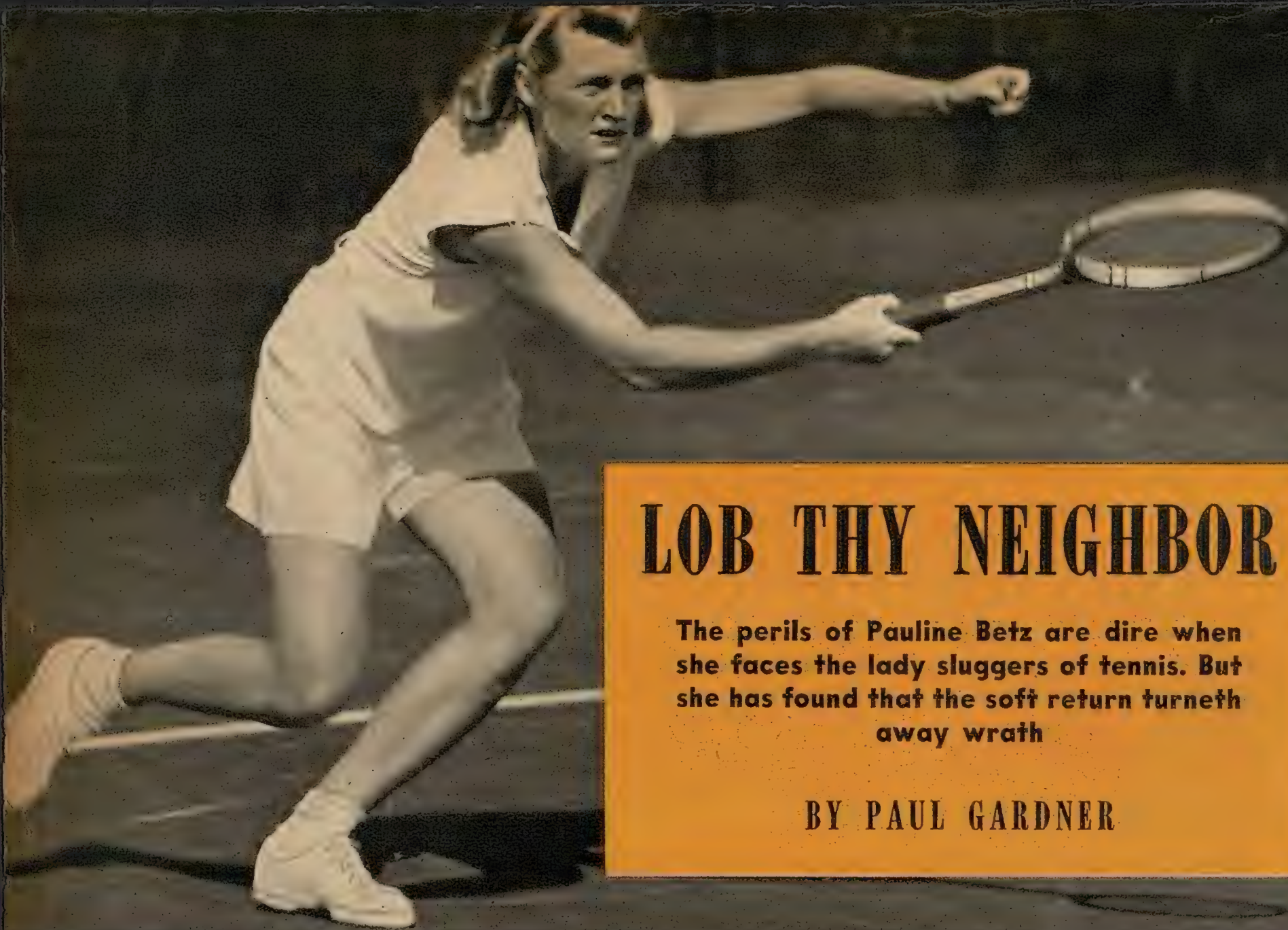
Pearl Harbor did not catch us quite so unprepared in the Pacific. Nine months before the Japs struck we sent a group of

(Continued on page 62)

Our sky cameras revealed Munda airstrip. We bombed it with this result.

Stereo-viewer adds third dimension, depth, to air photo





LOB THY NEIGHBOR

The perils of Pauline Betz are dire when she faces the lady sluggers of tennis. But she has found that the soft return turneth away wrath

BY PAUL GARDNER

HELEN WILLS, Alice Marble, Helen Jacobs, and Molla Mallory were champion tennis players of the kind who stand out like pennant winners in Brooklyn. But none of them ever scored a grand slam in tennis. Pauline Betz did. None of them ever carried off the indoor and the outdoor titles. Pauline Betz won the indoor, the outdoor, and the clay court championships last year—the first grand slam in American women's tennis.

In a major sport which has suffered less from the war than any other—women's tennis boasts a contemporary personnel as brilliant as the finest fields of the past—Pauline Betz is the absolute queen.

She has been champion for two years by outstanding victories at Forest Hills, and the likelihood is that she will repeat for the third straight season. But would you know it from her lips? Never.

A self-effacement that contrasts sharply with the flamboyance of her reddish-golden hair keeps Pauline Betz in the background. From the beginning, she possessed two qualifications which create success in every stratum of endeavour—determination and brains.

Pauline, who will be twenty-five on August 6, is attractive, winsome, alert. In build she is an average girl, weighing about 124 pounds and standing close to five feet, six inches. She loves dancing. She loves it so much that one week she danced herself out of victory in an important invitation tournament. Since then she has refrained from dancing the week of a tournament, but at all other times she is hep and something of an artiste as a modified jitterbug.

Charming in manner, she carries more on her mind than her hat and her hair. She has a penchant for chess. She took courses last winter at Columbia University, and she attended Rollins College in Winter Park, Florida. She once wanted to be a lawyer—and she adores Larry Welk and his orchestra. She likes to read Upton Sinclair, John Galsworthy and Theodore Dreiser, but she finds that no reason for not liking to listen to Frankie Sinatra.

You might talk for hours with Pauline Betz and never know that she is a tennis player, because she does not talk about her accomplishments on the court. But you would not have to watch her long in one of her top-flight matches to realize that she is plenty of tennis player. That doesn't mean she is spectacular, for she isn't. Relatively she is a René Lacoste, gifted in the art of defense.

Because of the influence of Alice Marble, women's tennis of this decade has had a tendency to veer toward forecourt attack. Helen Wills and Helen Jacobs of the American school had shone at their brightest from the base line, or deep backcourt. Alice Marble, blessed with a service, a volley, and an overhead that was unique, overpowered her rivals with her smashes, and many of the present leaders of the game have taken their cue from Alice in Thunderland.

Louise Brough's service, for example, is reminiscent of Marble in her prime. Doris Hart assaults the ball with the vigor of a Joe DiMaggio, and Margaret Osborne demonstrates a sound, all-round game which reaches high pitch on occasion.

The perils of Pauline are manifest when

she opposes this heavy artillery, but she has managed to thwart the competition during two Forest Hills campaigns. And it's because she devised a plan a few years ago—she lobs her neighbor.

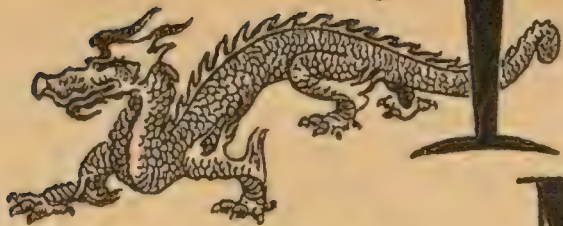
Pauline, who swings a fourteen-ounce racket, heavier than most women use, discovered that the best way to put out a tennis fire is with tennis water. That is, one of the most expert methods of silencing tennis aggressiveness at the net is to use a lob. What is a lob? In baseball, the pitch of Rip Sewell, that soft, easy, change-of-pace balloon ball, would be the equivalent.

IN tennis, a terrific hitter like Brough or Hart connects viciously and rushes to the net. Pauline awaits the challenge at the base line. She sees that a passing shot may fail, for Louise or Doris can volley like a machine gun; so she replies with a deft, soaring lob, one of the most difficult shots to make under pressure.

The object is to send the ball over the head of your antagonist, deep—yet inside the court, of course. Your opponent, unless she wants to run around the shot for a ground stroke, as did Helen Wills, who disliked the volley, must attempt an overhead while moving backward.

Pauline had found, by experience, that an Alice Marble comes along once in a generation, and that if you force your opponent into overhead efforts he will usually drive the ball into the net or out of bounds. So, coupling the lob to backcourt steadiness and a fair volleying game of her own, she became the foremost woman player of the day.

A garage door in Los Angeles had much
(Continued on page 53)



BY LELAND STOWE



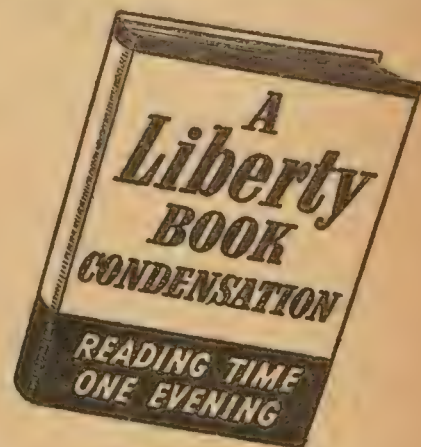
They Shall Not Sleep



One of the war's great reporters gives a challenging and vivid account of the two allies we still know least about — China and Russia.

Here are the unforgettable scenes of the people, the action, the stories-behind-the-war-news that have made this book a big best seller.

Few books of this war have been so exciting, so stimulating — so provocative.



ILLUSTRATED BY
FREDERICK CHAPMAN

Chungking—Citadel of China's Resistance

If you continually grind a bar of iron, you can make a needle of it.—Chinese proverb.

FROM across the Yangtze, when the sun is bright and pitiless, Chungking looks surprisingly like a large Pennsylvania mining town transplanted and stuck hit-or-miss upon a half-crumbling section of the Hudson River's Palisades. But when the morning mists cloak the Szechuan Hills with filmy veils of mysterious gray, the great bluff loses all its scars and wrinkles and ugly warts. Both the bluff and the city become a faint and hovering silhouette, shrouded in the fogborn drift and uncertainty of some undecipherable

never-never land. At such times Chungking is a fortress, straight out of the tales of King Arthur and his knights.

In October, when the river falls lower every day and its red-brown flats grow wider and wider and the thrifty Chinese begin to plant their low-tide crops on its newly exposed flats across the way, there are no waves or ripples on the river's surface. The river lies dead, yet it is full of life. The sampans and the junks churn up tiny wakes that swell rhythmically behind them. Here China moves with the slow and toilsome pace of her long centuries.

From the Chialing House where I was quartered after flying in from Kunming following a long, hard trip up the Burma Road, I set out for the American Embassy, across the Yangtze.

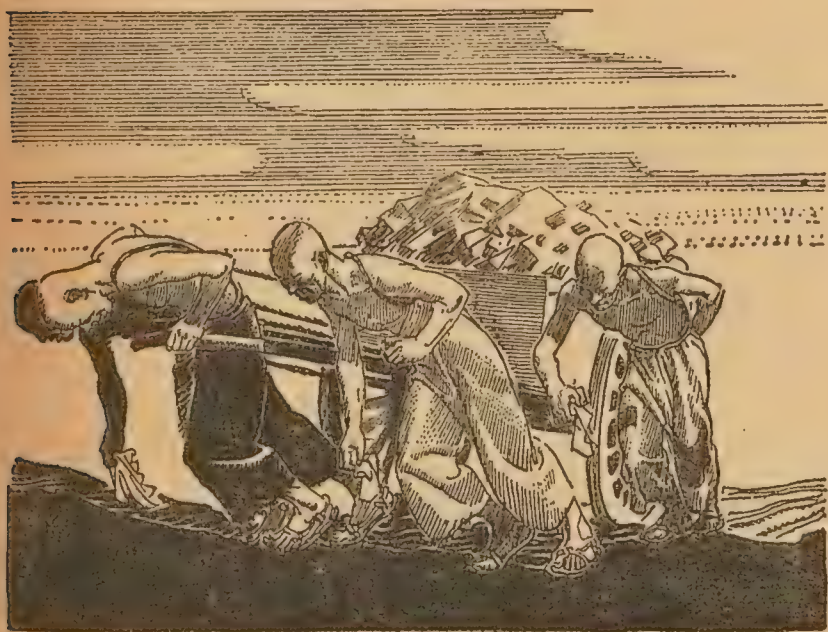
Turning down the road from Chialing Lane, you walk nearly a mile to the corner known as Liang Loo Kow. Every day, afterward, I passed this way once or several

times, and every day, regardless of rain or the depth of slithery ooze upon the roadbed, I met them coming up. That first morning in Chungking they happened to be hidden by an elbow bend, so I heard them first.

"Hai-toh! Hai-tah! . . . Hai-toh! Hai-tah! . . ."

It was a rhythmic chant; really just a series of two-toned gasps. It sounded like—and it was—a Chinese version of the Volga Boatmen's Song, only much less melodious and even sadder and much more monotonous. Rounding the bend, I came upon them before I had figured out what this gasping chorus could be. There they were, three men and two small boys. Sometimes there are only three. Sometimes as many as six. Otherwise it is always the same; as it has always been, I suppose, for hundreds or thousands of years.

They are hitched to a massive two-wheeled cart, and this morning the cart is filled with baskets of crushed rock. The leader's place is between the shafts. He has a rope slung over one shoulder and down around his chest; then the rope goes back to where it is tied on the



cart. The other two men, and the boys on either side, wear the same rope harness, and the ropes cut deeply into their knotted shoulders and narrow chests. The boys are about as tall as the average ten-year-olds in America, but much more slender. The men are equally small and slight and perhaps do not weigh more than 115 pounds. They are human horses. Would you like to be a human horse from the age of ten or twelve until you die?

"Hai-toh! Hai-tah! . . . Hai-toh! Hai-tah!"

The sound comes out of their throats, out of their very bellies, with a tearing sound. The load, cart and all, must be half a ton or possibly much more than that. In any case, it is so cruelly heavy and the road is so steep that the coolies, men and boys, are compelled to lean forward so that the upper halves of their bodies are almost parallel with the highway. They lean forward, digging their toes into the slimy clay, straining so that their muscles bulge and quiver on their thin legs and taut shoulders. They are naked to the waist and the ropes tear against their shoulder bones. They cannot move the cart unless all are pulling together with every ounce of their frail, lacerated bodies. So they strain and strain—"Hai-toh! Hai-tah!"—and the big rubber-tired cart wheels just barely roll forward and upward. Somehow they keep the wheels turning, over ruts and rocks, while the sweat beads their faces and half blinds their eyes and pours in rivulets down their incredible bodies of iron and bone.

I turn and watch them, and I watch with my stomach caught in a cramped vise. The sweat keeps rolling into their eyes. Each coolie carries a dirty rag in one hand. As he leans forward, he wipes the sweat out of his eyes again and again. But they do not stop, these human horses, not for several hundreds of yards. And the harsh gasp of their co-ordinated breathing continues unbroken. "Hai-toh!" chants the leader between the shafts, the man whose pitifully thin, undernourished body is already

breaking with age. "Hai-tah!" gasp the others in response. It is half a moan and half a challenge. It is half despair and half triumph. It is half an appeal to courage and half a cry of hopelessness from burning veins and tortured trembling flesh. Through how many hundreds of years gone by? Through how many hundreds of years to come? These are men built like children. What manner of men are these? Ah, but these are the scores and hundreds of millions of China's people. These are the most important people of China. How many foreigners have come and gone, still come and go, and look once or twice when at first they hear that terrible endless chant—"Hai-toh! Hai-tah!"—and then look away and soon do not hear them any more, nor see them again? How many of us have done so, but how little we know! And how wrong we have been! You, too, have wondered at the strength of China? It is in the crushing of the rock that made the Burma Road. It crawls daily around and up the palisades of Chungking. It is in thousands of unknown towns and cities. It is in millions of acres of stubbornly tended soil. It lies within the harness and the hearts of millions of China's coolies.

NO PHOTOGRAPH or motion picture, even in Technicolor, will ever give you the Orient. You cannot smell a picture. But without smells there is no East. Someone has laughingly told me that Shanghai (or maybe it's Hangkow) "is a city of a thousand smells—and all different." All the Orient, I've been discovering, is a conglomeration of the most amazing smells, and a great many of them are by no means pleasant. Chungking, too, is a city of mud and guts; of tawdriness and ugliness; sometimes of a rare and startling beauty—and also, inevitably, a metropolis of smells.

Even so, on that first morning I thought Chungking's streets were exceptionally clean; especially for those of a bombed city and especially for China. That impression was chiefly due to the fact that I was in a ricksha rolling down the main thoroughfares from Liang Loo Kow and so missing the side alleys and short cuts where pigs live in the same huts with their owners, and where cesspools, overflowing with human excrement, lie open so close to bypaths that you could walk into them in the dark. But the principal streets seemed clean enough and were crowded with bustling, unperturbed Chinese. Some of the shops were of new bamboo, rebuilt on the ashes of those which had been burned out a month or two previously. Some were old wrecks, with daylight showing through their cracked roofs and sides, but they were still open for business. Tiny tots, attractive and lively, toddled around everywhere. They were bright and astonishingly strong and many of them looked surprisingly well fed, perhaps because survival burned so fiercely in their small bodies. One little codger of no more than four, his head completely shaved, was carrying a baby in a basket on his back. I marveled again at the self-reliance which is imposed by necessity upon the Chinese while they are still babies.

In our descent to the Yangtze, curving and twisting around in most confusing fashion, we struck ten or a dozen different levels of this palisade city. Each level constituted another section of Chungking, and frequently, in between, we passed high reaches of limestone cliff. The base of every such cliff was perforated by dark doorways, entrances to the caves which had been blasted out to make the bomb shelters which had proved the salvation of China's capital. Everywhere the hillsides and cliffs were excavated. All that previous spring and summer of 1941 the people of Chungking had lived in these hundreds of caves a great portion of the time.

I didn't like the idea of using a human horse for locomotion, but Chungking's streets are a baffling rabbit warren when first you meet them. Without a ricksha I had small chance of finding the Yangtze ferry, so scruples had bowed to urgency. Down the sharp slopes the ricksha boys gallop wildly, letting the wheeled weight behind push them recklessly around the curves; and after one such mad dash we ran straight into a group of soldiers and a sight which I had seen nowhere else in the world and which I must ever after associate with China.

The soldiers wore shirts and shorts of a faded yellow

cotton and they were very young—anywhere from seventeen to twenty, it seemed. Some walked stooped over under great iron kettles and other cooking utensils, but most of the soldiers lugged two huge bundles of hay which were suspended from a pole slung across their shoulders. All were under way except one boy soldier. His body was terribly emaciated; really nothing more than skin and bones. He had the pole over his shoulder and was trying to lift the two great bundles of hay off the ground. His face was ashen white. With set teeth he tugged and tugged again, his entire body trembling violently from the effort. Once, and twice, and then a third time he tried—and failed. Probably he was newly released from a hospital—or perhaps he should have been in a hospital many days previously. His breath was coming in violent gasps when the sergeant stepped over. The sergeant lifted the pole with its double end-weights off the ground and slid it on the soldier's shoulder as he stood two-thirds erect. The boy staggered under the load. Then with an enormous effort he straightened up—slowly, stubbornly, silently—and staggered forward. As I watched him tottering, I expected him to fall. But no, he tottered forward doggedly. Somehow he kept his feet. My ricksha boy started to run down the next incline. Looking back, I saw that horribly thin human wreck still staggering forward under his killing burden. Among the Chinese pedestrians no one had looked at him for more than a moment. These, after all, are sights which the Chinese have known all their lives.

When I came back that noon from the American Embassy across the Yangtze, I took another ricksha. I was rereading my first letters from home in several weeks, so it was only of a sudden that I noticed what a terrific pull the ricksha coolie was having up the formidable hills. I tried to make him stop for a rest, but he didn't understand any language I could speak and he paid no attention to my gestures. Nobody ever bothered to insist that he take time out to catch his breath. He would haul you for two miles up these sharp slopes for ten or twelve American cents at most, but when I gave him double what he had asked I still felt ashamed. Afterward, throughout most of my weeks in Chungking, I hiked up and down the Chungking palisades, through the slime and the mud, some eight or ten miles every day. There are no automobiles for commonplace civilians in Chungking. Journalistically speaking, it is the greatest "leg-work" capital in the world.

At that time the press hostel was in the process of being rebuilt for the third or fourth occasion after being leveled by Jap bombs. Consequently the American and British correspondents who were residents in Chungking also lived in the Chialing House.

WHEN we went back to Chialing after dark we took the back-lots short cut: down a slippery embankment into a narrow gully, along the top of a stone wall, through a defile of huts where women worked by candle-light near the doorways and pigs grunted on the board floors and babies laughed or cried. Beyond, we climbed up toward the main road, and right there the smell was horrendous, because that's where scores of pails of excrement were dumped—not very carefully—every day. Human fertilizer is almost the only fertilizer that most of China knows. But when the ground was muddy (meaning most of the time) a slight slip could precipitate you into a disaster such as you would never forget if you lived for three centuries. Open cesspools like this were scattered around on all sides of Chungking's slopes and gullies, even close to the central arteries of this city of more than 800,000 wartime inhabitants. I do not think it is in any sense derogatory of Chungking to mention their presence. Without its dirt and filth and squalor and poverty, without its disease and its lack of sanitation and its primitiveness, no picture of China can pretend to be true. Nor can the heroic dimensions of China's struggle for freedom and for modernization be understood without these uglier, ever present, and unavoidable elements.

Any visitor to Chungking should walk the city's alleys and back lots day after day and should pick his way gingerly past that reeking pit on the Chialing short cut several times a week. Of course, that's no place for the

squeamish-minded. But neither is China. Rather quickly the visitor will learn that he's got to take China as it lives and suffers and half starves and somehow continues to exist—in the rough. See China without smells, without filth, and without man's inhumanity to man? Once you might have been able to think you were seeing China in some small section of the International Settlement in Shanghai or in the luxurious hotels built by foreign devils in Hong Kong. I don't know. There is no China without smells. There is no China without coolies racked by labor which ravages and tears their guts to the breaking point. There is no China without toothpick-legged soldiers with hearts of iron.

ONE day, weeks later, I went across the Chialing River with an American Army officer of General Magruder's mission to visit a Chinese hospital. Surgeon General Li of the Chinese Army, an alert and intelligent man, accompanied us. This was November, 1941, and the Sino-Japanese struggle was well into its fifth year. China needed 22,000 doctors, the surgeon general told us, but she had only managed to produce about 6,000 over the last thirty years. What was an Army doctor paid? From 60 to 250 Chinese dollars a month. Under the present runaway inflation, this amounted to less than eight American dollars a month for the highest-paid doctors in the Chinese Army, yet even these top surgeons had to pay one and one half months' salary to buy a pair of shoes. Chinese public-health doctors received salaries twice or three times as high as the Army physicians. That was one reason there were only 1,200 qualified doctors for the millions of Chinese troops. In this hospital only five out of twenty-three on its medical staff were qualified doctors.

Perhaps that was why we saw an orderly dressing ugly open wounds with his own left hand encased in a dirty bandage. He was doing the best he could do under the circumstances, and he worked gently.

The building resembled an abandoned factory. Its windows were long and narrow, without panes. It stood but a short distance up the bank, so the damp and chilling air from the river swept into the dormitory rooms upon the wounded day and night. The cots were covered with sheets or cotton-stuffed quilts. We did not see a single woolen blanket in the hospital; and the soldiers lay huddled on their beds, clothed in the same soiled field uniforms in which they had fought. They lay very still, row upon row, and by their postures you knew they were cold. They watched us curiously, but few of them spoke or smiled. They had been brought hundreds of miles, over the mountains and down the river. Now they were in a hospital at last—but they had no blankets. They uttered no word of complaint.

What a pity, we thought, that even here in Chungking there were no blankets for the wounded! Later, when I was in Rangoon, an American official said to me, "Blankets? Just come with me. Down near the docks I can show you several hundred thousand blankets for China. They've been there for months; they're eaten through with white ants. Never been moved, and now nearly every lend-lease ship brings more blankets. Probably the ants will get them, too."

On the morning in the hospital across the Chialing, however, I was in one respect very fortunate. I did not know about the great piles of blankets rotting in Rangoon, and I did not then begin to realize the amount of merchandise and private profiteering contraband that had been loaded into scores and hundreds of supposedly "war supply" trucks while the blankets for China's soldiers were left behind for the ants in Burma.

Long before my outbound flight from Kunming, when I was en route to Russia via Burma, India, and Iran, I was ready to subscribe wholeheartedly to the contention that there cannot exist a people anywhere on this broad earth more intelligent and hard-working, more charming and subtle and disarming than the Chinese.

One day I heard a remark which struck me as the truest synthesis I had ever heard or read about the intriguing character of the Chinese. The observation was originally made by Putnam Weale, who lived a great many years in the Orient. Commenting on why Americans and Eng-

lishmen so commonly misunderstood completely the Chinese psychology, Mr. Weale said:

"You must think of the Chinese as a nation of women."

I'm afraid most Chinese men wouldn't like that remark, yet the more I looked around me in China, the more profoundly accurate I felt it to be. It seems to me that the average Chinese is as sharply intelligent as a woman; as highly intuitive; as instinctively definite in knowing what he wants, and as naturally guileful in going about getting it; perhaps as ruthless in protecting his own interests; certainly as charming and certainly as sensitive as the female of the species is renowned for being. Turning these things over in my mind and observing the variety of Chinese with whom I had daily contact, I was forced to conclude that Mr. Weale had provided an invaluable key for an Occidental approach to Oriental psychology.

"You must think of the Chinese as a nation of women."

When I quoted Mr. Weale's maxim to another American, he immediately replied:

"That's damned sound, all right. But I'd like to make just one little amendment. You must think of the Chinese as a blonde in a night club."

THAT was rather extreme, and perhaps a little unfair.

But I knew why this particular American insisted upon his "blonde in a night club." He had seen too much of the Burma Road scandal and of a certain type of Chinese, the war profiteers and "squeeze" artists, whose last interest seemed to be either the welfare of their country or the winning of the war. I didn't want to think of the Chinese as "blondes in a night club"; but the evidence which piled up in my notebooks compelled me to realize that some Chinese, including some who were highly placed in government organizations, used China's life line chiefly for what they could get out of it. Lend-lease supplies were being appropriated and privately sold, or were shunted aside while luxury goods were shipped over the Burma Road to be sold at fabulous profits. "Squeeze" was rampant.

From the time I came up the Burma Road in early October until the end of November, I debated the question as to how much of the truth should be told. If the scope of the Burma Road racket was reported, I knew it would come as a tremendous shock to an American public which had come to look upon all Chinese as Sir Galahads and patriots. I knew that other correspondents in the Far East had remained silent—and perhaps rightly so at a time when American scrap iron was going to Japan—because they believed that the brave and self-sacrificing Chinese people desperately needed all the help and sympathy they could get from the United States. But now America was committed to giving China at least half a billion dollars' worth of war materials, and the American people confidently expected that this aid would be transported into China swiftly and efficiently. Unless the Burma Road was drastically reformed, this could never be done. This was not the fault of the Generalissimo. He was occupied by a thousand responsibilities and it appeared that he simply could not find enough competent and reliable men for all the jobs that had to be done. Would anything short of the sharp prod of publicity abroad precipitate a clean-up of the Burma Road? Nothing else had done it, and this seemed to be one of the few expedients that had never been tried.

So, once back in Rangoon, I pulled out my notebooks and kept punching the keys until I had completed a series of articles for the Chicago Daily News and the fifty-odd American and Canadian newspapers which subscribe to its foreign service.

The reaction of Chinese officials in Rangoon to the Burma Road exposé was remarkably swift. There were immediate conferences between the Chinese and American officers of the Magruder mission. By January 15 the American colonel whom General Magruder had just placed in charge at Rangoon told Darrell Berrigan that the Burma Road was going to be militarized from Rangoon to Paoshan and that "the bottleneck is going to be cleared up." The colonel said the American mission would establish priorities, that commercial traffic over the Yunnan highway would be subordinated and military cargoes would go first. This was more action than the Burma

Road problem had excited in many long months and it sounded encouraging. But, like so many things in the Orient, it sounded much better than it actually was. Berrigan got the impression at first that the road's traffic would at last be under American military control. When we investigated, however, this was still not the case. In fact the Americans still did not have the authority—or the machinery and the men—to prevent contraband from being smuggled over the highway. Without rigid police control along the entire 1,500 miles of the road they simply could not do that. The great loophole in the colonel's optimistic statements was lack of provision for a large Burma Road police force. Nevertheless Chinese representatives at last gave evidence that they were genuinely concerned about what the outside world might read or think about the dubious functioning of China's life line.

Of course I could still ask myself whether reporting the facts of the Burma Road racket had been justified and whether it would serve any constructive purpose. Several months later two different officers of General Magruder's mission assured me that in their opinion my Burma Road series had done a lot of good. Nearly eighteen months afterward I met another of those officers, a man who had been closely connected with the Burma-China problems until long after Burma fell. "Your stories were the one thing that got immediate action out of the Chinese," he said. "Do you know that more lend-lease tonnage was transported over the road during the next two months than at any time in its history?"

The contrast between the miserableness of the many and the privileges and immunities of a select few is glaringly great in every Oriental country. But inevitably the tremendous strain of the long war had accentuated the extremes between the have-nots and the haves in China.

Probably even the most efficient and most honest governing class in the world could have done no more than retard somewhat that process of accentuation. For by the autumn of 1941 inflation was already rampant. Chinese coolies were not the only ones who suffered from it. Chinese intellectuals—professors, scientists, engineers, and others in the small upper middle class—were often hit even more cruelly than peasants or coolies.

It came as something of a shock to meet a professor, a man distinguished in his field, and learn that his income represented only twelve or thirteen American dollars a month; and that those iron-willed little human horses who gasped "hai-toh, hai-tah" on Chungking's hillsides all day long actually earned nearly twice as much a month as this professor.

In Chungking a pair of leather shoes would cost at least ten dollars. You wondered how these Chinese professional leaders managed to keep themselves clothed and fed; and you marveled at their cheery faces and their deep patriotism.

AT THIS season Szechuan produced great quantities of superb oranges and tangerines. They were heaped up in the markets daily, and I thought what a godsend they were to an embattled people whose diet was far too little and seriously lacking in vitamins. At four or five Chinese dollars, these oranges were not terribly expensive for us foreigners. But when the war began, you could have bought fifty oranges for one Chinese dollar. It was as if you used to get apples for a penny apiece and now they cost more than a dollar. This was but a single illustration of a skyrocketing inflation which Clarence E. Gauss, the American Ambassador, assured me was "getting to be terrific." When the war started, in July, 1937, China's banknote circulation had been less than three billions. By the autumn of 1941 this circulation had more than trebled, or perhaps quadrupled. Nobody seemed to have exact figures, but the government's presses were printing handsomely designed five-, ten-, and hundred-dollar bills at the rate of nearly 800,000,000 dollars' worth a month. That was one of the most thriving businesses that some American middlemen were doing with the Chinese government, and the representatives of these banknote firms lived at the Chialing House.

There was one cement building, always guarded by sol-

diers, where the presses roared all day and all night. They were printing money, great heaps of paper money that could never overtake the country's soaring prices. In wartime China the cost of living had increased twelve times over within three years, and in some categories as much as fifteen times over. To understand what this means, multiply the cost of everything you buy today, from a cup of coffee to a movie ticket to a suit of clothes, by twelve—and multiply by only four or five the amount of your present income.

China Inches Toward Democracy

To know the truth is easy. But, ah, how difficult to follow it!—Chinese proverb.

I came to China with a typically American romantic attitude; without any faint conception of the oppressive poverty and squalor which eats the flesh of China's "one fifth of humanity," and with only a vague idea of the great complexity of the Orient's problems and of Oriental character. But I came with a reporter's job to do and with journalistic tools which at least had been considerably sharpened by fifteen years of contacts with foreign peoples, their psychologies, and their politics. Even so, I found the East more confusing and confounding than any place in which I had ever sought to grasp facts and to achieve some measure of understanding. To get even a little way beneath the surface of China I should have to work very hard, and I worked hard.

Accordingly, during my first weeks in Chungking I saw and had long talks with a large number of Cabinet ministers and outstanding leaders of the Kuomintang, the one party which controls and governs wartime China. I found these Chinese dignitaries infallibly intelligent and unfailingly courteous, although they differed strikingly in their personalities and their social outlook.

While I was trying to get myself thus grounded, a double-headed typhoon struck Chungking in the shapes of Vincent Sheean and Edgar Ansel Mowrer. They precipitated the first general press conference that the Generalissimo had given in more than two years and also a most interesting informal evening with the first lady of China.

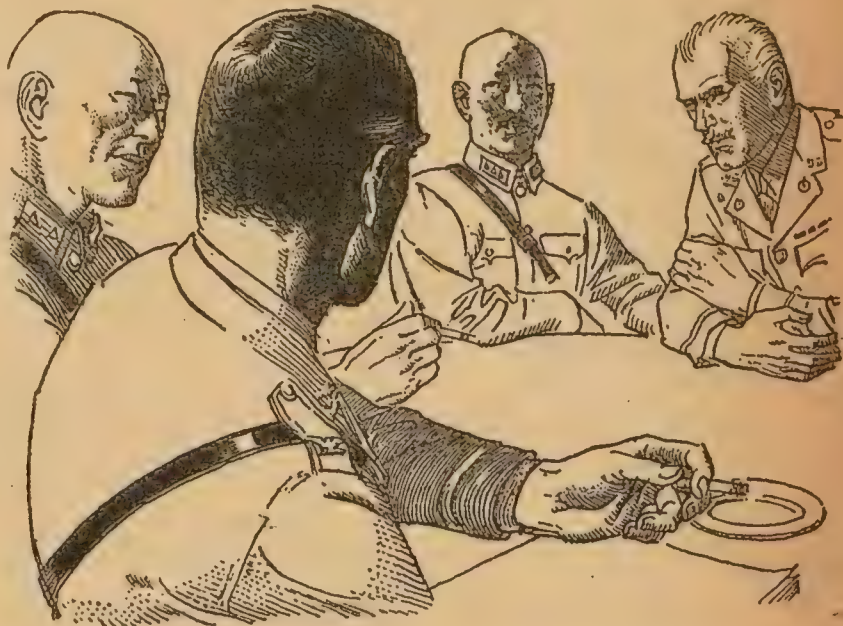
China's famous war leader gives an immediate impression of strength and tenacity and great reserves of will power. He is slightly above average in height and stands very straight. As he shook hands with us he shot a swift piercing look into every face. His figure is wiry and tough-muscled and vigorous; it also reveals no sign of fatigue or strain. The Generalissimo laughed easily and often. But when he was not speaking, his face wore a lean mask, almost hard, save for the brightness of his eyes.

It was the face of a man who knows exactly what he wants and is in the habit of commanding and being obeyed. Above all, I felt that here was a will, an exceptional will, rather than an intellectual force. If this had not been true, surely China would not still be fighting on, alone. With this intense will it seemed there was also a hint of ruthlessness, or perhaps it was merely an exceptional integration of character. Marshal Chiang elaborated on the prepared text of his statement as Holly Tong or Madame translated; and afterward I was interested to note that one of his insertions had been a phrase about "love and faith." It was the sort of improvisation which one would not have expected from this austere personality.

That evening Edgar, Jimmy, and I received a sudden and gracious invitation to dine informally with Madame Chiang. The exceptional good looks of Mei-ling Soong are justly renowned. Some one has said that she resembles a brilliant diamond, and I think this is true. You are prepared for her penetrating mind and for her impeccably harmonious taste in clothes. Perhaps one cannot quite be fully prepared for the scope of Madame's charm. Mei-ling Soong is not only a remarkable diplomat, she is also a most natural and therefore excellent hostess. Beside her open fireside we enjoyed a simple and delightful meal of half a dozen different Chinese dishes and some three hours of engaging conversation.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek is an artist at repartee and innuendo. I remember that she commented on a magazine article which Martha Gellhorn had written about her; and I knew she was aiming a neat little dart at Jimmy Sheean (whose views about China have not always spared Kuomintang policies or personalities) when she remarked, "You journalists are among the bravest persons in the world. I admire your temerity. You see a person only once, and then sit down and say he is like this and that." It was a skillful little rebuke, tossed off with seeming innocence.

In the course of the evening there was a good deal of light dueling, for Madame Chiang is nothing if not a calculating provocative woman of intelligence and wit. But she is also a woman who knows when to ask advice, which may be useful as well as flattering. Very modestly she sought our opinions about a broadcast she had just written for America. She read the text in her full and



lovely voice. Most definitely it was so effective, as prepared, as to forbid any tampering suggestions on our part. Then she spoke with marked fervor about "my orphans," the child victims of the war for whom she has done so much. In every sense this was an enjoyable and instructive evening, and after these few hours I could understand perfectly how China's first lady was also China's irreplaceable first liaison with the rest of the world—and how perfectly designed she was to take the American public by storm. Madame Chiang is like a perfectly balanced and beautifully executed blade of Toledo steel. A dazzling array of sparks may fly from that slender flashing blade, but it is still steel. Perhaps this is how or why Mei-ling Soong is Madame Chiang Kai-shek, an incomparable foil for the stern and unostentatious Generalissimo of Free China.

I THOUGHT I had read enough about China to be somewhat prepared for her complexities and problems. Once in the East, however, I soon discovered that words on paper cannot convey the pitiless poverty, the animal-like existence, and the seeming hopelessness of nearly one billion beings in India, Burma, Malaya, Thailand, Indo-China, and China. I discovered also that my vision, like that of almost all Americans, had been seriously blurred by my enthusiasm for the Chinese people's magnificent and incredible resistance to Japan. Somehow you did not pause to reflect that people who fought on and on so marvelously could still be handicapped and betrayed by corruption, selfishness, or indifference among a considerable portion of their governing class. Somehow I had not grasped the medieval feudalism of China. Because my eyes were blurred in these respects, and because I could not smell the Orient from its photographs, the colossal dimensions of Chiang Kai-shek's task had escaped me.

As these realities hammered themselves into my consciousness, I sometimes fell into moods of deep depression. After all, what hope could there be for Greater China's

450,000,000 submerged people? After centuries of stagnation and exploitation from above, could we expect the Chinese to move forward and upward more than a quarter of an inch, or possibly an inch, in a lifetime? But this was defeatism and it had always run counter to all my instincts to think, or to admit, that humanity over the long term could fail to progress. Those who had lived in the Orient long enough to take its filth and its faults for granted—some of these, the ones who in spite of all had kept the calluses off their hearts—could still harbor a calm but realistic hope for China. Theirs was no sloppy sentimentalism, nor a romanticism built on the sands of make-believe. They recognized a New China even while realizing that its birth pangs were still proceeding and that it might well be merely a New China in another hundred years. In this China now a-borning there was the stirring of nationhood and the slow awakening of conscience, as well as the eternally unleashed rapacity of greedy individuals and the cheap ambitions of those who coveted nothing but power. Here, too, although dim and often betrayed or repudiated, there burned a thin high flame of aspiration and of hope. Would it survive? Or would it be snuffed out in another few years? Would we, by any chance, help to snuff it out?

Along the Burma Road, in towns and villages of China's hinterland, and in Chungking one learns that the splendid picture of China's great war for independence has its black blotches and its darker side. If I have dwelt at some length on some of the aspects of this darker side, it is simply because it seems to me that China's English-speaking allies have given them, and still tend to give them, too little consideration. To achieve even a small measure of democracy in our time, the Chinese people will need more than the cheers or the rapturous sighs of Great Britain and the United States. They will need our clear-sighted recognition of the obstacles which compel them to inch their way toward a democratic goal which is still remote. With that—and most of all—the Chinese will need an enlightened British and American statesmanship which works with, and for, the weak and fragile democratic forces which are striving to keep alive in China.

Is it too much to expect that we shall give the Chinese people that kind of statesmanship?

Probably so.

But in any event we can scarcely hope to provide that statesmanship in the next decade without a realistic conception of the dimensions of the job ahead.

With the Red Army

U. S. S. R.
Central Organ of the
People's Commissariat for
Defense of the U.S.S.R.

KRASNAYA ZVEZDA
Editorial Office

September 27, 1942

CERTIFICATE

The correspondent of the American newspaper Chicago Daily News, Leland Stowe, is being directed to the Regular Army together with the writer Ilya Ehrenburg.

After the end of his trip Leland Stowe must return to Moscow, which is the place of his permanent work.

D. VADIMOV

Chief editor &
Division Commissar

In the flickering light of a kerosene lamp the wizened old woman suddenly pointed her finger straight at me and shrilled:

"He's a German! Oh, God! Why did I let you in? He must be a German. He doesn't speak Russian."

We were driving long and hard that night, still hoping to reach General Zigin's headquarters northwest of Rzhev before morning. My next assignment, after China, was Russia and I had been lucky enough to get permission to spend seven days in the front sectors around Rzhev. This was the first time that any foreigner, either correspondent or Allied officer, had visited any war zone along the Russian front for more than two days. This night was bitter cold and Major Arapov, scouring a lonely village for some hot tea, had piloted us into this peasant's log

cabin. Now Ilya Ehrenburg, the Soviet war correspondent, who was touring the front with me, tried to assure the excited peasant woman that I was harmless—and so save our cups of tea.

"He's not German. He's an American," Ehrenburg said.

The old woman peered at me skeptically through the dim lamplight. This village had long been occupied. She had seen many Germans in this same room. Maybe the fact that my hair wasn't close-cropped reassured her. Finally she declared, "Well, if he's an American, tell him they've talked a long time about America helping us. If America really helps us it will be a great thing." She sighed and twisted her hands nervously as Ehrenburg translated.

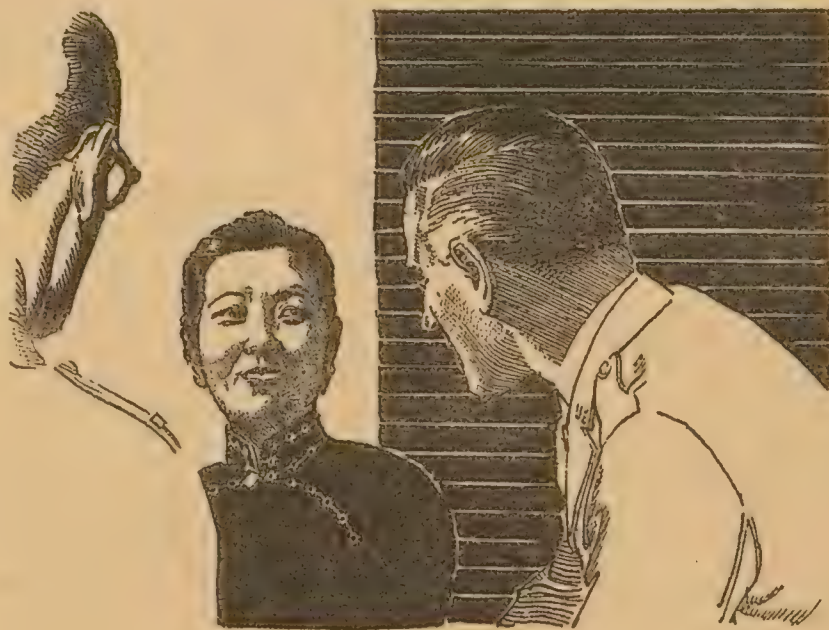
"Tell her I hope America will be a real help to Russia very soon." And Ehrenburg told her. She was a frail and tired woman, and her thin shoulders lifted slightly, then drooped again.

"My God, my God! I hope so too," she exclaimed. "We have waited too long."

We had a devil's road all that night, from one quagmire into the next. The drivers, the battalion commissar, and Arapov worked steadily in ten inches of mud. Sometimes our chauffeur, Ivan the Terrible, stumbled around in the headlights' glow with his head down like a bewildered bull, his prizefighter's mug screwed up fiercely as he tried to figure a way out.

These, in truth, were the worst roads I had encountered anywhere in the war.

But all night long our drivers battled with amazing patience and stubbornness and soon after daybreak we



came to the edge of a pine-covered slope above the clear and swift-flowing Volga.

The tents were the headquarters of Major General Alexei Zigin's Thirtieth Army.

"We've just routed the Germans' Eighty-seventh Division," General Zigin said. "The Fascists held a bridgehead on the north bank of the Volga, and their artillery dominated one of our important communication lines. But we surprised them with a noon attack they didn't expect. We have cleaned them out."

As we chatted, guns rumbled fitfully farther down the Volga toward Rzhev, but in this pine forest all was snug and serene. General Zigin had arranged for a battalion commissar to take me to an advanced artillery post while Ehrenburg visited another sector. Before leaving, the general took my hand in one of those crushing Russian handshakes. "We must hit the Germans," he said emphatically. "We must do it before it is too late. We Russians shall fight anyway. But unless the British and Americans act soon, the war at best must be very long. Tell your people they must hit the Germans now."

"THE German positions are over there, just across the Volga." The battalion commissar pointed south, but the expanse of wheatlands and occasional knots of trees revealed nothing, not even the river. Rzhev seemed lost

in the prairie. Suddenly our chauffeur went berserk. We were driving across open fields and he stepped on the gas so sharply I was two feet off the seat before I could grab an anchor. The major grinned and remarked, "They put five shells over here when I was coming for you half an hour ago." That greatly increased my interest in that invisible line along the Volga, but we reached the big knoll beyond the cabins without any music from singing explosives. On its steep slope a series of caves had been built deep into the earth. The commissar led me up steps which had been cut into the slope and then along a narrow passageway well into the bowels of the hillside.

There were two rooms, and the dugout walls were even whitewashed. This was the artillery battalion's headquarters and Lieutenant Colonel Anatole Alexandrovich Smirnov, its commander, joined us there.

"*Horosho, horosho!*" boomed Colonel Smirnov. In Russian, *horosho* means "good" but when Smirnov uttered the word it had the resonance of an organ chord with all the stops out.

"It's too bad you didn't come two days sooner," he said. "We gave Fritz one hell of a smashing. Caught the whole Eighty-seventh Division half asleep. That's no joke. Hundreds of them drowned trying to swim the Volga. We shot most of them to pieces before they could get back. We caught them with their pants off. Ho-ho-ho!"

Lieutenant Colonel Smirnov roared with laughter, and on we went. As we approached the first battery there was a lull and the guns were so well hidden I could scarcely see them. The German guns were not hitting near our knoll at all.

"Those Germans are no good with artillery," the lieutenant colonel said disdainfully. "Their gun personnel is second-rate and they can't shoot accurately. I still don't understand why, but the Germans simply don't know how to shoot."

Slipping around the crest of the hill, we headed back toward headquarters. Acres and acres of rich wheatlands spread out before us. Out in the plain the weather-stained peasants' cabins squatted serenely. It did not seem possible that the German lines at their nearest point were only two miles away.

Inside the whitewashed dugout, where the guns' rumble fell suddenly far away and receded to a dull mumble, we sat down to enjoy tea with Smirnov and several of his staff officers. We had sardines and, of course, vodka; and then something which seemed too good to be true—genuine American Spam. For fourteen months I had forgotten such a thing existed, and it seemed strange somehow to rediscover Spam in a deep dugout on the Rzhev front, thanks to lend-lease. "That's some of your American sausage. It's good," laughed Smirnov. "But why don't you put skin around your sausage?" As we drank the toasts I noticed that these were keen fighting faces around me. These were men who gave you an immediate feeling of confidence. Looking at them, I thought of Anton Yakushev, whom I had met in a hospital in Moscow.

He had come from the operating table only an hour before. Sweat stood out on his forehead as he told me about the battle in which his leg had been shattered. At the end he managed a smile and, as if apologizing, said:

"They had to break a bone in my leg this morning . . . usually I'm cheerful."

I made some idiotic reply. But Anton pointed at his leg. "But it'll be better soon. It's got to get better. I must go back. You see, nobody can fight for me."

WE HAD had great luck in leaving Moscow because a Red Army commissar needed to get back to the Rzhev front, and this commissar, who traveled with us, was Emma Wolf. She was a dark-eyed, black-haired little slip of a woman, not more than five feet two, and she couldn't have weighed over one hundred pounds. She looked very slight but decidedly trim in her Russian military tunic, and she wore her revolver as naturally as an American frontiersman. She was a *polytruk*,* but her

rank was equivalent to that of captain. She had been the first woman to be assigned as a front-line commissar with the Red Army. She wore a Red Star medal and I learned she had been wounded in action. But in every sense Captain Emma was an unusual person. She was remarkable in her modesty, in the gaiety and wit which her own private sorrow had never dimmed for long, and for her quiet courage. In the first week of the war Captain Emma, her husband, and her son had all enlisted together. Her husband had been killed many months ago. Her sixteen-year-old boy served in the same Guards division with her. She did not look more than thirty, although she told me, laughing, "You'd better add ten years to that." Her hair had a short mannish cut because it had been shaved off recently, when she caught typhus, but neither the haircut nor her uniform could suppress Emma's femininity any more than the horrors of battle had curbed her irrepressible spirit.

Captain Emma's husband had been an anti-Fascist Italian who joined the Garibaldi Battalion of the International Brigade, so she went with him to Spain. She escaped from Bilbao on a submarine and finally got to France on one of the last Loyalist planes. Fascism, first in Italy and then in Spain, had taught Emma how to hate. When she told me this, I thought of something Ehrenburg had once written: "Without hatred, war is something shameless. Only hatred as vehement as love justifies war." These were things which Emma did not talk about much, nor did she discuss her own war record except as I plied her with occasional questions during the days that we traveled and worked together. Ehrenburg had his own reporting to do, so it was Captain Emma who relayed questions and answers for me wherever we went.

"Yes, I was wounded—in the head here," she admitted when I made a direct query. "But I had killed twelve Germans before that happened. No, not with my revolver. That was during attacks, with my rifle or tommy gun."

WE HAD journeyed in an arc from General Zigin's army corps to that commanded by Lieutenant General Leliushenko on the southeastern side of Rzhev. A Red Army officer led the four of us—Ehrenburg, Captain Emma, Major Arapov, and me—through a trench into the side of a mound of earth covered with young pines. He opened a door and said, "This is your house." It was a splendidly built and very clean three-room dugout in which Wendell Willkie had been quartered for a short time only a few weeks previously. There was a big stove in the dining room and a Red Army girl even brought towels and placed them on the beds in the other rooms. In the midst of the badlands and shell-torn woods of this front sector, this dugout really seemed almost as luxurious as a hotel. While lunching there one day—it was the day they served a few strips of raw bacon and it looked so wonderful that I ate one strip raw as it was—I managed to get Captain Emma to talk about her life as a frontier commissar.

"I'm rather small, it's true," Emma said. "But if a woman is going to be a commissar at the front, that's really an advantage. Whenever I lead my soldiers in an attack you should see how gladly they follow. When a woman is advancing against the enemy, naturally the soldiers feel they must be braver than ever. I love to go with our men. They are wonderful in battle. . . . Sometimes my son goes into the attack beside me. Then you should see the soldiers when they see a mother and her son going forward together. Twice before my husband was killed the three of us went into battle side by side."

She paused suddenly and I realized then what lay beneath her façade of jests and laughter and her good comradeship. After a moment she resumed, her voice even once more.

"Bombs and gunfire really don't bother me. I almost always sleep well at the front too. It was only after my husband was killed that I couldn't sleep. For a whole month I could scarcely sleep at all. Then I realized finally that I must concentrate all my strength and all my thoughts on each day's battle. I must only live for winning the war. Because I still have Vladimir, it is easier to do. He is a soldier, but he also writes articles and

*"Polytruk" is the Russian abbreviation for "political leader."

verse for the division's newspaper. Yes, it's fine to have my boy in the same unit with me. But sometimes it makes it harder, too—when I know he's in an attack—somewhere not far away—but I can't be with him. But I know I can't do my job right if I let myself keep thinking about him or wondering if he'll come back. Then it's really hard. . . . Do you know, it's not difficult to have no fear about yourself. But it's much different and much more difficult not to have fear for some one you love. One has to remember that any one life does not matter. Just as one must remember that the question in this war is not Fascism or Bolshevism. This war is only one thing—*Fascism or humanity.*"

I was reminded of the incredible labor I had seen Russian women doing everywhere; of the millions of Russian women who worked ten or twelve hours seven days a week in the factories; of the millions of women now harvesting the crops all over the Soviet Union; of the girl soldiers who policed the roads all the way from Moscow to Kalinin and on every highway; of the girls who manned more than half of Moscow's antiaircraft batteries; of women railroad engineers and brakemen; of women bringing the cargo boats up the Volga; of the Russian girls we had met everywhere along the front.

"They do this," Emma was saying, "out of a necessity of their hearts."

"**A**T LAST we're going to my division," Captain Emma said jubilantly in the morning.

Both the artillery and machine-gun fire crackled sharply now and the smoke clusters above Rzhev, straight across the prairie, were becoming steadily heavier. In a short time, however, Ivan turned to the right into the soggy torn marshland. Finally we stopped not far from a haphazard stand of very young pines. The headquarters of Emma's division was planted deep underneath these pines.

Captain Emma threw her arms around her colonel with a joyous cry. It was as if she had come home for Christmas and surprised the family. The colonel smiled broadly and every one was talking at once. Her son? Oh, Vladimir was fine. I could catch that much, although all that was necessary was to see Emma's face. We pushed down a narrow corridor and into the dugout and I exclaimed at the layout and coziness of this underground house.

"Yes, this was a German headquarters until two weeks ago," said Guards Colonel Shafranov. "We found everything upside down. A couple of Fascist officers had even left their overcoats. They left in a terrible hurry. Yes, it's very comfortable here. It was kind of Fritz to build it for us."

I had barely finished a quick look around when a boisterous human tornado blew in through the door and swept Emma almost off her feet. He was a round-cheeked, curly-haired man of about thirty, who wore a close-cropped blond mustache. Divisional Commissar Pavlov laughed with great gusto despite the fact that his voice sounded as if he had a chronic case of laryngitis. Guards Colonel Shafranov, who was forty, was as quiet-spoken as Pavlov was effervescent. The colonel was a broad-shouldered powerful man who made his words count. Captain Emma had told me that as commander and divisional commissar they made an exceptional team. Their division had been honored with the coveted "Guards" designation a few weeks earlier. In the Red Army a Guards unit receives a higher level of pay in all ranks, but the Guards medal, which every member wears on the right side of his tunic, represents unique prestige for a distinguished record in battle.

"In the last few days the Germans got reinforcements on this side of Rzhev," the colonel said. "This morning they opened up with an artillery barrage and then attacked with tanks. But we've beaten them off. Recently the enemy has been attacking four or five times a day. But since we smashed the Fascists' Eighty-seventh Infantry Division we control all of the northern bank of the Volga. They attack and bomb, but they can't do anything more about it."

As we talked, the windows rattled frequently from the barrages on the front, less than two miles away. Sud-

denly a great crescendo of explosives drowned our speech. It sounded like a huge bundle of hundred-foot fire-crackers going off all at once—a whole series of tremendous booms which seemed to put the earth into a fit of convulsions.

"That's Katusha," said Colonel Shafranov with the shadow of a smile.

"That's what gives the Germans a bellyful," barked Pavlov. "But you should hear Androusha. Androusha breaks your ears."

I listened to the rapid concussions with heightened interest because Katusha was the secret weapon about which all Russians boasted gleefully but about which correspondents had nothing more than a vague idea. It was generally believed that Katusha was some kind of multibarreled mortar which fired shells that contained several smaller shells and plastered an area with successive explosions. In the hospitals, soldiers had told me that Katusha killed everything within a wide radius of the place where her explosives landed. Now, as I heard Katusha for the first time, I realized that she sounded more terrific and destructive than anything I had heard on any war front. But now the Russians had Androusha, a bigger Katusha. Until I came to the Rzhev sectors I had never even heard mention of the super-Katusha. This was merely another reminder that the Red Army is full of surprises; that its weapons were much better than the outside world had realized.

Although the bombardment was still rumbling when we went to bed, I slept well, and upon rising I felt quite strong, until Pavlov poured out a big glass of vodka as a prelude to breakfast. I think only the Russians or the Finns would quite be capable of drinking vodka before breakfast, but it seemed as though the stamina of American males was at stake; so I took the firewater in one gulp and got warmed up faster on a chilly morning than I ever had before in my life.

We had to keep a rendezvous with Ehrenburg back at General Leliushenko's headquarters that noon. I asked Colonel Shafranov if he thought it would be wise for me to describe the captured German dugout in which he lived, or could that by any chance increase the danger of his headquarters being bombed?

"They know where we are," laughed the colonel. "Describe what you like. Besides, we get bombed anyway."

People Near the Front

"What a little soldier! He looks like a boy—he is a boy!"

"Oh, that's Petya," said the regimental commissar. "Sure he's a soldier. He's been adopted by our regiment."

"I'd like to talk to him. How about getting him to ride back with us tomorrow?"

So here was Petya Kaputovsky, soldier of the Red Army, waiting for us as we prepared to leave the headquarters of Emma's division. He stood no more than four and a half feet high, but he looked very trim in his coffee-gray Red Army overcoat and he smiled shyly. He was only twelve, and twelve is very young to live the life of a soldier.

But what impressed me most about Petya was the straight clear gaze of his handsome gray eyes and an almost childish gentleness in his voice. He had exceptionally regular features; in fact he was one of the finest-looking boys I had seen in a very long time. Sitting beside him, Captain Emma didn't seem much bigger than Petya. I noticed that he responded immediately to the warmth in her brown eyes and perhaps even more to her femininity. There had been no woman in Petya's life for a long time now. I let Emma do her own questioning most of the time, and her own interest guided her accurately. I watched Petya's face as he spoke, and it registered as great honesty as a child's face will ever register. When we asked for more details about this or that, he never hesitated. I knew, as he proceeded, that I would willingly stake my life on the truth of what Petya was saying. One of my own boys, at his age, could not have spoken with more directness or with greater simplicity.

"I lived in a village near Kalinin," Petya said in his remarkably soft voice. "The Germans came in October. Right away they looked for all the Jews and all the relatives of partisans in our village. My father and many other men had gone into the forest to be guerrillas. The Germans came looking for people in every house. When they came to our house I hid under the steps and I took my brother Shura with me. Shura was nine years old. The Fascists took my mother and my two younger brothers and my two sisters. They tied their hands with rope. Then they led them away and put them in the biggest house in our village. They put all the families of partisans and all the Jews they could find in the same house. We were terribly frightened, for we could see from beneath the front steps. When the Germans had filled the house with people they set it on fire—they burned it down."

Suddenly Petya's voice became dull and almost lifeless, but his eyes never faltered.

"How many people were there in the big house?" I asked him.

"There were very many—I think more than one hun-



dred," Petya replied. "Many of the women and children were crying when they took them in. Then we heard them screaming and screaming when the fire began to blaze up high."

Petya stopped abruptly and looked away. His lips, which were very boyish lips, trembled for a moment. Emma looked at me, and what I saw in her eyes was something far most lasting and unstemmable than tears have ever been.

"Then," Petya went on, "the Germans began setting fire to other houses. I knew they would burn our house too, and then we'd have to run out and be killed. It was getting dark and I told Shura we must crawl around behind the barn, and run terribly fast to the woods. I was barefooted. But I didn't dare go into the house to get my shoes, so I ran barefooted. It was very cold. But I knew that our partisans couldn't be far away and father was with them. So Shura and I kept walking until we found the partisans. When we found them they told us that our father had been killed fighting the Germans."

"The partisans gave us something to eat and tied some rags around my feet," Petya went on; "but they were having big fights with the Fascists, so we couldn't stay with them. A man went with us to find a Red Army unit. We had to go at night and we walked all that night because the Germans were always coming closer. Next day we found our Russian soldiers. Then they sent Shura away to be put in an orphanage. But I said, 'I don't want to go into any children's home. I'm big enough. I can fight. I want to fight in place of my father.' . . . I begged the commander very hard. I begged him so much that at last he let me stay. But I was very sick for a long time. I couldn't sleep. I kept remembering my mother and brothers and sisters and the fire—the way they cried—"

Petya's small voice fell away into silence. I did not dare look closely at the face, which was mostly child, yet partly young man. "After the commander said I could stay I was very happy," Petya told us with a sudden smile. In a twinkling his eyes became lustrous. "At first I went on scouting trips with our soldiers in the forest. Then one day we had a fight and the Germans shot me. Not bad—just a little. Here in the knee. I was in the hospital; but when I came back the commissar wouldn't let me go on scouting trips any more. I cried and cried, but the commissar wouldn't let me go. I didn't like that commissar any more. They gave me work as a messenger after that. But I liked the raids lots better. But now I like our division and regiment very much. It's a Guards division—and I like Commissar Pavlov very much." Petya's eyes were shining again.

There was a brief silence and then Petya wanted to know what kind of money we have in America. I found a dollar bill in my pocket and asked him to keep it as a souvenir.

When I pointed to George Washington's head I was surprised when the boy nodded quickly as if he recognized Washington without any help.

"If you don't lose the dollar, when you come to America you can buy a meal and ice cream and some candy with it," I said.

"Where is it you can buy ice cream and candy?" asked Petya with great swiftness. . . . Stupidly I had forgotten that he was a soldier in the Army and he had probably not seen a single store of any kind since his village was burned down one year ago.

Now we were on the main road, such as it was, and Petya was going to return to his regiment in the truck. I emptied the last tobacco out of its tin and Petya thought it had a wonderful odor. He sniffed it deeply and sniffed it again. So I handed him the tin, thinking it might please him as something different and from far away. Petya stuck his nose inside the tin to see if some of the smell was still there. Then he turned to Captain Emma, his face illumined with a rapturous smile and his gray eyes shining.

"I'm going to give it to the commissar," Petya said softly.

IT WAS aftermidnight; our car had reverted to a cough and a wheeze, and the hill was very steep. Ivan the Terrible had become even more irascible and pigheaded than his ordinary normal. Major Arapov, who could become exceedingly churlish and harsh-spoken on occasion, could do nothing whatever with Ivan. Since the Soviet Union had gone through its period of purges, it was beyond me how Ivan the Terrible had escaped liquidation long ago. At this moment, in fact, I would have cheerfully participated in the liquidation of Ivan, and the major had become so furious he actually became speechless. At this delicate juncture, Ivan produced his chef d'oeuvre of the entire trip. He walked slowly around the car, exploring the terrain on every side, and then backed the car downhill into the very hole he had just walked around. I expected Arapov to knock Ivan twenty feet (if he could do it), but this was one occasion where a Red Army officer yielded to the unchangeable and irresistible. From that time on, everything was thoroughly Russian.

In all the time that he had nothing to do while we were at various headquarters for the past several days, Ivan the super-Terrible had thoughtfully neglected to patch up the faulty gasoline feed line in our car. And that's how we dropped in so unexpectedly, about ten o'clock that night, upon Mama Ikaterina Roubtsova and her two daughters. It must have been written in the stars, because we had abandoned our original route only an hour earlier, and our car's motor coughed into supreme silence for the umpteenth time just in sight of a row of log cabins.

Major Arapov went to the first cabin in sight and a few seconds later beckoned us to follow. A smiling young woman, blonde and self-possessed, stood at the door. Like most peasants' cabins, this one had a single large room, plus a small alcove off to one side, and very little furniture in it. In the left corner, as we entered, stood a cheap iron-poster bed with a wrinkled-faced peasant

woman of sixty or more curled up in it. Mama Roubtsova didn't get up. She just chirped cheerfully: "Come in. Come in." Two soldiers were also in the room and another plain-faced young woman wearing a gray sweater and a blue beret. She was Antonina, Mama Roubtsova's daughter, and the blonde woman, who was the more attractive of the two, was Galina, her daughter-in-law. Galina's home and all her possessions were in German-occupied Smolensk.

We learned these things little by little as Antonina and



Galina started heating the samovar for tea and collected all the chairs in the house—precisely three—so that Ehrenburg, Arapov, and I could sit down.

The younger women apologized because they had nothing but tea to offer us. They had no bread in the house, but we had enough bread and cheese and still a little pressed caviar to share with them. Meanwhile Antonina was telling us about the Nazis when they took this village.

"The Germans came in October and stayed until December 31," Antonina said. "They took all the pigs, cows, and chickens, and they searched every house and took everything they wanted. Look. You see we have no furniture left. They shot my father. They killed many people in this village and everywhere in this district.

"One woman who lived just down the road became a partisan. The Germans killed her. Another young woman—Zoya was her name—a good friend of ours—was locked up by the Fascists. I don't know what they did to her, but she committed suicide with a razor."

"How many civilians did the Germans kill in this neighborhood?" I asked.

"In this district they killed a hundred and twenty-eight people," Antonina said. "Eighteen of these were hanged—and most of those they killed were not guerrillas. They had done nothing. One man by the name of Tichkin they hanged six times. Each time they cut him down before he was dead. Then they hanged him again. There was one girl who was a partisan. She kept shouting, 'Long live Russia.' They cut off her tongue before they shot her. The girl's name was Pania Zemiatova," Antonina continued. "She was twenty years old."

ONCE again, as with Petya, there was not the slightest hesitation about details.

"At Lukovinikovo—that's the next village—the Germans accused a boy of stealing food," Antonina said. "The boy ran away. So they hanged his father instead and left his body hanging in front of his house for four days. In another village the Fascists hanged a boy because he had a small knife in his pocket—and a man because they found a piece of wire in his coat pocket. The boy was only eight years old."

Galina was pouring the tea now, and Antonina suddenly reappeared with a huge pitcher of milk. "Last spring we got another cow," she explained. I gazed at the milk as if my eyes were betraying me. It was won-

derfully pure rich milk—one of the great gifts of life that we Americans so wrongfully take for granted. I had learned better. In fifteen months I had tasted milk only twice. I drank one big glass greedily, and then I remembered the bottle of vodka I had been saving for some special occasion. Certainly this was the right moment.

I fumbled around in my knapsack and held up the bottle of vodka—and you should have seen little old Mama Roubtsova leap out of her bed. She gave a joyful cry and hopped right out in her worn cotton nightgown as spryly as a girl of twenty and with her gums bared in a broad smile. Antonina and Galina perked up immediately, too. I don't think I ever had so much pleasure extracting a cork from a bottle. The vodka was passed, round-robin fashion. No one had to be urged to take seconds. You never have to do that with Russians and vodka.

I was thinking how pitifully little it means to read in a newspaper that 10,000,000 civilians have died in Russia, or that more than 5,000,000 soldiers have been killed and wounded. To know and understand tragedy one must live with tragedy. We may try—a very few of the many may try—yet no man really knows death, anguish, and impoverishment until these things come inside his own close circle; until they come to him. Ehrenburg sat hunched up near the table, brooding and silent. There was still a little vodka and I passed the family glass around.

Mama Roubtsova sat on the edge of the bed and the two younger women on the mattress on the floor, and when Galina began to sing, the two soldiers came across the room and lounged near them. Galina had a clear soprano voice.

Antonina, the two soldiers, and Arapov joined in. There was one which had a perfect Slavic mixture of melancholy and passion.

Once again it was long after midnight. The others sang the songs of their big Russian land and Ehrenburg and I sat, puffing our pipes, listening and thinking. I was thinking of the heartbreak this drab cabin had seen, of the kindness and generosity I had found here, of the unfathomable strength and deep renewal of people who could still sing like this after so much sorrow.

Mama Roubtsova pulled out another mattress from somewhere and was spreading it on the floor. She motioned me toward her bed. I should take her bed and she would sleep on the mattress, such as it was.

"I can't do it," I said to Ehrenburg. "Please give her my thanks. But I can't deprive a sixty-year-old woman of her bed."

"It's no use, Stowe," Ehrenburg said. "You've got to do it. No Russian can forgive you if you refuse his hospitality—and this is all the hospitality this woman has got."

Self-Portraits By German Prisoners

In two different sectors of the Rzhev front I talked with newly captured German soldiers, because they represented the latest sampling of Nazi Germany's "master" warriors.

These German soldiers were frankly worried about the second Russian winter and about the Wehrmacht's failure to take Stalingrad on schedule; but I couldn't find a single young German, during several hours of conversations, who betrayed the least concern over the barbarous crimes which Hitler and the willing German *Herrenvolk* had committed among and upon more than 160,000,000 enslaved European peoples.

I was looking for some manifestation of a German conscience—some honesty of thought—some sense of shame—some revulsion against a system of wholesale savagery and licensed plunder.

At the beginning of the fourth year of Hitler's war this is what I found:

Lieutenant Horst Krausgrell was a Luftwaffe pilot, aged twenty-one, from Offenbach-am-Main. Since he was twelve years old the Nazis had had complete control of Krausgrell's schooling and thinking. It was quickly apparent that they had done a thorough job. Beneath his

bandaged head the lieutenant's face was chiseled and his eyes were hard, without light or emotion.

"Why did Germany invade Poland?" I asked.

"Poland was a friend of England," Lieutenant Krausgrell said.

"Why did Germany invade Norway?"

"To keep the English out."

"Why did you go into Holland?"

"That was the only way we could defeat France."

"But why did you bomb Belgrade and occupy Yugoslavia?"

The German aviator seemed at a loss for an answer and finally said, "I can't remember where Yugoslavia is." After his memory had been jogged on that, and he had time to cast about for an explanation, he remarked, "We invaded Yugoslavia because there were British agents there."

"So you feel the presence of secret agents justifies an attack, without warning, upon any country? How do you justify the wholesale execution of Poles, Czechs, Norwegians—of civilians in every country occupied by German troops?"

"I never heard of civilians being executed by us," said the Nazi lieutenant, squirming a little. "But if they were, then it was because they were working against Germany."

"What are you Germans doing in Russia?" Ehrenburg fairly hurled the words in the young Nazi's face, in the manner in which Germans are accustomed to have their superior officers talk to them. "You Germans have shouted for years about the terrible wrongs of Versailles. What are you doing now in Norway, in France, all over Europe? Do those houses belong to you? Is Russia your house or mine?"

"No, Russia is your house," admitted Lieutenant Krausgrell, suddenly jolted and uneasy.

"But you want to live in my house. Very well. Your house in Offenbach would suit me perfectly. I need more room. Do you understand?"

The German aviator did not attempt to answer, so Ehrenburg fairly spat another question into his face: "Do you think you are right to invade Russia?"

"But der Führer said—"

AND thus did every argument that the German aviator made come straight out of Dr. Goebbels' propaganda basket. But at last he disclosed one chink in his armor of confidence.

"We have had very big losses in men," he confessed. "More than five hundred thousand."

"But only half a million dead? Why, that's cheap! Look at all the countries you've conquered. Look at all the *Lebensraum* you've got!"

"For the future Germany it may be cheap," said Lieutenant Krausgrell, "but for our generation our losses are very heavy. It's a big price to pay."

"But the Poles, Norwegians, French, Greeks, and all the others have lost many more men than Germany."

"Yes. There are several millions of dead on the other side," the young German answered, much as if he was talking about dead pigs. "And we have killed ten million Russians. But just the same, half a million dead is much for us."

"Why don't you count all those European people who have starved and all those who have been executed by the Nazis?"

Lieutenant Krausgrell, twenty-one years of age and a member of the generation that will be Germany for the next forty years, had this reply:

"But in those lands the Germans are *Herrenvolk*. If people in those countries persist in working against the Germans, what can they expect?"

Next came a German corporal, aged twenty-eight, from Schleswig-Holstein. The only thing remarkable about him was that he was a colossal liar. He had been stationed in France for five months; he had eaten very well, he admitted, but he swore that he had never tasted a morsel of French food. He had now been in Russia for ten months. "I have never eaten Russian pork or chickens," said the corporal. "They were forbidden to us. Russian cows were forbidden, too. We never touched any Russian bread."

"Do you believe what Hitler says?" Ehrenburg asked. "Yes."

"So Germany has a right to make war because Hitler said so?"

"I don't know."

"Can Hitler lie?"

"I think not," said the German corporal.

"Was it right for you to come here?"

The corporal hesitated. Then, probably out of fear, he answered in a low voice, "No. We had no right to come here."

One of the most revolting specimens of Hitler's Greater Germany was Underofficer Joseph Winterhaller, who had studied theology and had planned to take the robes of the church. He came from Württemberg and was in his twenties. He was blond, round-headed, and plump-faced. Although he had specialized in theology, Winterhaller gave no indication of having raised any moral questions in his mind. When I pressed him about the right or wrong of the German unannounced attacks and terror bombings of cities like Warsaw, Rotterdam, and Belgrade, he replied evasively, "I'm a little man. I can't judge." As for the Norwegians, he admitted it might be better if they were free.

"What about the thousands of civilians shot in Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Yugoslavia?"

"I never heard of civilians being shot in any of those countries," said Winterhaller.

I looked at him for a moment and said nothing. It seemed to me that within a year from the war's end I would be hearing millions of Joseph Winterhallers bald-facedly denying there had ever been a Gestapo or concentration camps, that there had ever been any crime or any murderer except Hitler—whom, *natürlich*, no German had ever willingly listened to or heeded. Except for Hitler, more than eleven years of Europe's horror had been "enemy propaganda." I could hear Winterhaller expounding all this to some profits-hungry American who wanted to start an export business with Germany. I beckoned for some one to take him away.

Underofficer Kurt Decker, a Saxon from Reichenbach, was the only German prisoner I saw near Rzhev who answered questions honestly. He had originally been a Socialist, opposed to Nazism, but like millions of other Socialists he had fallen in line after Hitler triumphed.

"For three years you Germans have done nothing but destroy all over Europe. What do you say about that?" Ehrenburg asked.

"I can't lie. It's not right. It won't come to a good end."

"Tell me what you yourself think of Germany's conduct."

"One comes seldom to think what it means," said the once liberal democratic Kurt Decker. "In the Army we can't talk about it. We can't say what we think. It's impossible to do anything against the Hitler regime."

"You don't fight against Hitler, but you come to Russia to fight for Hitler—and you admit that what he has done all over Europe is wrong."

Decker shook his head fatalistically. He had been born a sheep. He had eaten the green pastures which belonged to others so long as it was convenient to do so. He knew he was living on plunder and other peoples' corpses. Perhaps the idea was a little unpleasant to him. Still you must not ask him to lead a revolt or to die for a more honorable and decent Germany. The Nazis were devouring Europe and he, Kurt Decker, was a soldier. "One comes seldom to think what it means."

WHEN we arrived at the big camp in the old Russian monastery, we walked right into an unusual meeting, which—more than a year later—has assumed a particular significance. In July, 1943, there was considerable surprise in London and Washington when Moscow announced the formation of a National Committee for Free Germany among Germans inside the Soviet Union. Personally I was astonished that either the British or the American government should have been surprised. Stalin's speeches had drawn a very clear distinction between the Nazi regime and the German people. Inevitably that distinction implied Soviet Russia's willingness to cooperate with anti-Nazi Germans—and you cannot co-

operate in a vacuum, nor can you undermine the Nazi hold upon Germany's people without a political approach. Marxists have always been realists. It sometimes seems that only the democracies are inclined to be ashamed of using their own best weapons. If we do not know how to present the great appeal and assets of democratic principles to Europe's enslaved masses, we can scarcely expect the Communists or monarchists or feudalists to refrain from sowing seed on newly plowed soil. Moreover, you win wars much more quickly if you know how to organize resistance and encourage revolt inside the enemy's camp. For these obvious reasons the establishment of a National Committee for Free Germany in Russia was a perfectly natural—and intelligent—development. It merely proved once more that the Soviet government had a plan and was on its toes. In the prison camp in June, 1942, I saw some of the highly important spadework for the formation of this Free Germany committee.

Over the doorway a single English word was painted: "Club." I entered, climbed a staircase, and elbowed into a crowded hall. There were no chairs. The prisoners, in their soiled and shabby uniforms, sat on the floor, knelt, squatted cross-legged, or half reclined, resting on one arm. They were packed in tightly, several hundred of them, and others were standing against the walls. A voice was booming steadily in German as we edged inside. In a Russian prison camp the first speech we heard was in German and by a German!

A young corporal had every German soldier in the place listening intently. Three fourths of the secret of real oratory is sincerity—and this man had it.

For the first time in nine long years these young Germans were hearing a fellow German say publicly what he thought. And for the first time in many, many years I saw an audience of Germans who were being swayed—reluctantly and slowly, but swayed nevertheless—by speech which was based upon reason rather than pure emotion. For the first time I also saw German prisoners who were beginning to think. In spite of themselves, many of these soldiers were beginning to think.

"They say our youth will be destroyed if the war ends," Corporal Mueller continued. "But that's not true. Our youth can yet be saved. In a free Germany it will be saved. The best sons of every nation are going to hell for one man—for Adolf Hitler and his gang. Destroy Hitler and the Nazi system, and we can be saved. We don't want weapons. We don't want tanks and guns. We want what every other people wants—freedom."

Meetings similar to this were undoubtedly being held in every German prison camp in Russia.

IN DUE course I learned how amazingly little thought was given to the necessity of propaganda work with Axis prisoners by American officialdom. At the end of April, 1943, I received an urgent request to consult one of our American Army officers about a "very important matter." The colonel, whom I saw in Washington, was serving in a vital section of the War Department. This is what he told me:

"On Saturday morning my commanding officer called me in and ordered me to draw up a complete program for our handling of war prisoners. He wanted it ready by Sunday night."

"You mean to say that we have no program whatever for sifting out pro-democratic prisoners from those who are hopelessly Fascist?" I gasped, amazed.

"That's right," said the colonel.

This was only about three weeks before Bizerte and Tunis fell and the Allies bagged some 150,000 Italian and German prisoners. The United States had been at war nearly eighteen months, and the U. S. Army was just getting around to working out some kind of plan for handling prisoners.

The colonel wanted to know if I had any idea what the Russian plan for prisoners was and how it operated. Did they sift out the promising from the incorrigibly Nazi prisoners, and so on and so forth? I could only tell him what I had already reported through the newspapers eleven months earlier, plus a few definite impressions. The colonel explained that America was bound by the

Geneva convention for treatment of war prisoners (which the Soviet Union had not signed). The Geneva convention, he said, prohibited forcing prisoners to attend meetings of a political nature.

"But you don't have to force prisoners to attend such meetings!" I exclaimed. "You can simply make meetings sufficiently attractive so the prisoners will be glad to come. You can show them Walt Disney propaganda films. You can encourage some of their own men to talk to them, as the Russians do. You can have prepared a whole list of democratic and anti-Nazi books printed in their own language."

"I know it," said the colonel sadly, "but we haven't done anything about it yet."

I went away from that discussion wondering how any of us could pretend that the democracies really deserved to win the support of the peoples of Europe. *We have the most wonderful goods in the world—the goods of human freedom—but we have learned practically nothing about the art of selling these goods.*

What kind of beginning did we make at handling German and Italian prisoners? I have a bit of firsthand testimony which, short of a miracle, has probably been duplicated in essence thousands of times. A war correspondent, who is an old friend of mine, returned home from North Africa on one of many ships crowded with prisoners. His ship brought German prisoners to vegetate (without being subjected to anything so subversive as democratic ideas, without doubt) in some camp in the middle of Texas. The prisoners were in charge of an American Army major. One day a group of German officers went to the major in high dudgeon. They demanded that a German soldier should be shot instantly.

This soldier, said the Nazi officers, had insulted them beyond expression—he had refused to stand up and salute when they passed where he was sitting. The American major was as upset as only a muddled son of democracy can be. He didn't want to shoot the soldier, but he disliked all this row by the highhanded and arrogant Nazi officers. So the major went and tried to talk the German soldier into being a good boy. That, apparently, was not a violation of the sacred Geneva convention. The American major wound up by disciplining the German soldier. The hapless German private was ordered to clean out and scrub the ship's toilets for the duration of the voyage, and the Nazi officers' honor was placated to that extent. At least it was a fit place in which to placate Nazi "honor."

How would a Russian prison overseer have treated this same soldier? He would have taken the soldier's part and marked him for future re-education. Any Soviet official would have made him an ally.

Hitler and Nazism have twisted and perverted the minds of millions of Germany's youth. We cannot alter such calloused, ill-informed, and amoral minds by goody-goody treatment. No one, in time within memory, has ever made a lasting impression on the Germans, either physically or mentally, without an intense and uncompromising hammering technique. If we give, or have already given, the German people to Communism, we shall have no one but ourselves to thank. The future belongs to men and nations with a plan.

When you think about it, that seems reasonable enough.

Can We Live Without Soviet Russia?

In the postwar era which looms ahead, the world's most powerful nations—in respect to their combined military equipment, natural resources, and industrial capacity—will be the United States of America, the Soviet Union, and the British Commonwealth. When peace comes they will rank first, second, and third in this order, and it seems highly probable that they will remain in these relative positions for at least several decades.

In a literal sense, Soviet Russia constitutes the largest single physically united political and economic entity in the world's history. In addition, Russia will emerge from this war with the largest and most powerful army in Europe and Asia. Industrially, she will only be out-ranked by America and Great Britain. In undeveloped raw materials she will lead the world's nations, surpassing even China and Brazil. In short, Soviet Russia is the

new colossus of the twentieth century. The prosperity and peaceful existence of Americans and Britishers throughout the next fifty years will be determined in very large measure, perhaps overwhelmingly, by whether we can live on terms of decent friendship and reciprocity with this new Russian colossus.

Trying to live with Soviet Russia has already become perhaps our paramount problem as a nation and a great world power. If we cannot live with Russia, there can be no "world council" or world federation or any effective apparatus for international co-operation after the war. If we do not find the means of living equably with the Soviet Union, then we shall be led inescapably to contest her influence in both Europe and Asia—and in each realm we, either with Britain or without, will have the grave disadvantage of operating from the outer rim.

What are the Russians like?

After a mere six months in wartime Russia I do not assume that I can give a completely accurate or completely balanced answer. But in the course of my stay in the Soviet Union what impressed me repeatedly and with great force was how remarkably much in common Americans and Russians have.

Ivan Ivanovich has the same feeling for bigness and at-homeness with what is big as the average American. The entire Bolshevik Revolution has been a natural defiance of "it can't be done; it's never been done before." The people of Soviet Russia are pioneers. Probably they are the greatest pioneers of this century, and their pioneering spirit is akin to an American pioneering spirit which we now give vent to in the world of machines and scientific exploration.

Ivan Ivanovich is essentially democratic in the American manner. He has the same aversion to class distinctions. Even in a system which originally renounced the profit motive and has reduced free enterprise to an extreme minimum, the new Russian generation has grown up with the feeling that a man's progress depends primarily upon his intelligence, ability, and willingness to work. You might not expect this to be true in a Soviet society, but I am convinced it is true to a surprising degree. This is because the Soviet Union has opened the doors of education and technical training to all with ambition and ability in the younger generation.

IF WE are to live with Soviet Russia—successfully, I mean—we must begin by recognizing that the Soviet experiment has come of age and also that it is in the process of a steady evolution. Especially, I think, we must determine to let bygones be bygones. Including our own American Revolution, there never has been an immaculate revolution.

I am not a Communist, nor have I ever had the remotest idea of becoming one. Despite all the abuse and scorn (some of it justified) that have been heaped upon the species, I remain a liberal democrat—with a small "d" and without any party affiliations. Consequently I am not one to go into raptures over every aspect of the Soviet regime. I do not like its one-party system, I do not condone the lack of freedom of speech and freedom of the press in the Soviet Union. I think the NKVD (formerly the OGPU) is as repressive and often as brutally severe as any rigid nationally organized secret police system. Soviet Russia is certainly no nearer giving real liberty to its average citizen than is China.

On the credit side, any objective observer must as frankly confess that Soviet Russia has made astonishing progress in many fields. Since the Bolshevik Revolution illiteracy in Russia has been reduced enormously—from something like 80 or 85 per cent in czarist days to approximately 20 per cent or less. Russians with high-school or university educations are many times more numerous than ever before in the country's history. So are hospitals and clinics. Socialized medicine has been a tremendous boon to public health. The work of the Soviet Academy of Science and its talented members unquestionably exceeds anything that Russia has ever known. Russian workers have many benefits—in housing, in municipal or state care for the children of mothers who work, in recreation facilities, and so on—which mark very great advances over the past.

It is also perfectly evident that such Communism as has survived in Russia has been watered down very radically. It now applies chiefly to government ownership and operation of large enterprises. But inside these enterprises there are great variations in income and very definite incentives for personal initiative.

A similar change has occurred in regard to the state's attitude toward religion in Soviet Russia. The crusading atheistic societies of another decade have been abolished. Churches have been greatly reduced in number but they are open—as I observed in Russia—and I never heard of any instances of persecution or government interference.

Thus, I do not think it any accident that the Kremlin dissolved the Communist Party's international organization, the Comintern, in the late spring of 1943. As Anne O'Hare McCormick very justly said, this move showed that Stalin "is ready, obviously, to exchange the role of world revolutionary for that of world power."

We shall have a much greater chance of living successfully with the Soviet Union if we get clear in our minds three factors which dominate and will continue to dominate the policies of Soviet Russia: (1) her need for security and a long peace; (2) her urgent need for rehabilitation of her people, her ravaged cities, and her industry; (3) her need for outside assistance and foreign trade with which to speed up this rehabilitation. Those in America or other countries who fear that the Red Army may be used as an aggressive or imperialist force after the war completely ignore the depth and crippling scope of Russia's war wounds. They also overlook two facts, one historical and the other geographical. In the course of centuries Goths and Romans, Frenchmen, Turks, and Teutons have made conquering sweeps over most or all of Europe—but Russian armies have never once attempted to conquer Europe. Why not? Primarily, I suspect, because the Russians have always had more living space than they knew what to do with.

Can we do business with Soviet Russia?

The answer is that we did a huge business with her in the 1920s—and we were paid for all of it. It's true that the Soviet Union now has a great industry untouched behind the Urals and can produce its own machine tools to a considerable extent. But it cannot begin to produce all that Russia will urgently need in the first postwar years somewhere ahead; and Russians have great confidence in the quality of American goods as well as in the ability



of our engineers and technical specialists. Russia also possesses vast amounts of things, like asbestos, manganese, and platinum, of which America has a serious shortage, as the war has shown. Russia has other things, such as furs, timber, and caviar, which also provide the basis for reciprocal trade. Is it at all likely that we can find either as rich or as reliable a customer anywhere else in Europe or Asia? Perhaps if we do business with Russia as well as live with Russia, several millions of Americans will be assured of employment throughout the first postwar years. In more than one way friendly

relations with the Soviet Union would be a mutually profitable enterprise. But that will necessitate a clear-headed attitude on the part of the American people quite as much as in Washington—and in the Kremlin.

The coming emergence of a Europe faced Left merely underscores very heavily our inescapable necessity of learning how to live with the Soviet Union. To live with this Russia we have got to use brain power quite as much as machine power. We have got to possess and know how to use moral assets as well as physical assets. We have got to have a definite long-term policy toward the Soviet Union—one that is based upon the realities of Russia as a new world power, not upon anti-Communist bugaboos or hysteria. It has been truly said that the great danger for Europe and ourselves after the war is not Russian influence, but Russian isolation. If we, the American people, are realists, we shall see clearly that the U. S. A. and the U. S. S. R. do not have any clashing territorial needs or aspirations, and that we do not have any essentially conflicting interests. In the years of postwar reconstruction, Soviet Russia will need us. If there is to be any hope of peace, we need Russia just as urgently.

Shall We Win the War But Lose the Peace?

For more than twenty months, from Pearl Harbor to the conference at Quebec and afterward, the United States government made an amazing but frightening record. It waged war against the Axis oppressors and against the Axis ideologies without producing a precise political chart by which to guide and give purpose to our military blows.

Why are we suddenly deeply concerned that the peace may be bungled and all the greatest gains that we are fighting for frittered away? Obviously we are concerned because the Anglo-American governments have been afraid or incapable of waging political warfare; because, thus far, we have not known how to arm our own people and the peoples of other nations with democratic ideas. Those who are afraid of the wrath and the uprising of the people, of masses of humanity who are potential friends, betray a lack of faith in the solidity of their own political systems or an uneasy conscience about what they possess. It does not seem that the government of the United States should lack such faith today or be beset by such fears.

At last there is a ferment in America, prompted by a gradually widening realization that the United States needs peacetime allies as well as wartime allies; and that it needs particularly a world policy. *But unless America's world policy is sternly democratic in its purposes—and in its functioning—we shall eventually find ourselves isolated and comparatively weak beside a new Europe and a new Asia, and the fighting of this war will prove to have been little less than a farce and a gross betrayal.*

Democracy means the opportunity for government through elected representatives of the majority in the name of all. If such an opportunity is to be given the European peoples, then it is the business of the Anglo-American coalition to address itself to the Italian people much more than to a Badoglio; to the Rumanians rather than to an Antonescu; to the Greeks rather than to an exiled King George; to the Germans rather than to Göring or a Wehrmacht general; to the Spaniards rather than to Franco and his antidemocratic clique. We have already drifted a dangerous way toward losing the peace because Washington and London ignored for much too long the desires and the popular will of the European peoples.

Throughout 1941, 1942, and most of 1943 the Anglo-American governments jeopardized the chances of an enduring peace by avoiding the political problems, or by partially concealing them from their electorates, or by repudiating democratic principles in a considerable portion of their war-waging decisions and methods.

Finally, we in the United States risk losing the peace because we have tolerated too long an antiquated and often reactionary State Department, whose leadership again and again has shown itself governed by a mentality much closer to 1914 than to 1944 and 1945.

Our government and the State Department have kept

some of the revealing aspects of their French policy and various other policies cloaked in secrecy. The American people have not been given the facts upon which to base their judgment. It is tragic, and an inexplicable fault in our governmental structure, that the American Secretary of State or one of his chief assistants does not have to appear in Congress regularly, and publicly answer questions about the administration's foreign policies. American Cabinet members have always been peculiarly immune from defending their policies and actions directly before Congress.

It is not surprising, then, that Joseph M. Jones should



report that State Department officers "are among the most insulated of all government personnel from the influence of American life and thinking."

Virtually every qualified newspaper correspondent in Washington knows that this is a simple statement of fact. But with men who have no faith in the people forming policies which determine our relations with the rest of the world, how can we expect the United States to play a statesmanlike role in the peace?

Eventually something like eight million or nine million American voters will come home from the war. If they bring with them a clear understanding of what has happened to the world and where the world's peoples are marching, our returned service men and service women will possess such electoral power that they alone might turn the scales and win the peace for America.

In North Africa, correspondent Jack Belden talked with a group of 130 Russians who had been interned there after the war in Spain. Belden asked these newly released Russians what they thought of the political situation in Algiers, and one of them expressed surprise that he should ask such a question. When Jack asked him why, the Russian replied:

"Americans generally do not show any political interest at all. When we came here we met American soldiers and were astounded by their ignorance. We've been shut up from the outside world for four years. But we knew more of what is going on in Europe than they did."

It is my observation that foreigners could make the same remark with justice wherever they have contact with men of the American forces. Any number of our war correspondents have commented privately upon the extraordinary indifference which is displayed toward the war's political issues and aftermath by the overwhelming majority of American soldiers, sailors, and airmen—including the officers. Our men in uniform, even inside the United States, are astonishingly ill-informed about current events and major developments between the Allied governments. Most of them read little more than the headlines where war and international affairs are concerned. Although our army has inaugurated so-called "orientation" courses in many camps, inquiry among those on the inside reveals that the higher-ups among the defenders of democracy shy away from encouraging discussions that might be described as "too political."

A thoughtful American must ask himself whether we have not been, and still are not, sowing a whirlwind. For we in America have been the last to understand that *what you put in the minds and hearts of our soldiers is just as important as the weapons you place in their hands—and possibly much more so.* We have not only removed the cream of our physical manhood from civilian life for several years. Despite our good intentions, our armed services, in most cases, have clamped a lid upon their thinking processes. We seem to have conspired most effectively to keep them uninformed or ill-informed about the very world-changing events in which they are directly involved. To a dangerous degree our fighting services have contrived to immunize their men as much as possible to knowledge and reflection. Are such policies designed to develop and preserve democracy? Or will they not, more logically, work toward its ultimate diminution or destruction? The U. S. Army may bar discussion of "controversial subjects" in North Africa and Italy or wherever our soldiers go. But the postwar civilian world, in which most of these same men must take their part, will be rife with political debate and controversial issues. For the most part it appears that they will return and take their share of influence in these debates and controversies sadly unprepared and ill-equipped.

For the most striking fact about America today is that the United States has become the last great stronghold of conservatism; perhaps even of reaction. This is still true, even though our nation has had a liberal government since 1933 and despite the humanitarian motives of Franklin D. Roosevelt. Regardless of our unparalleled sources of reliable information and our unequalled opportunities for education, Americans as a whole understand less about where the world is going than many a Welsh coal miner, Serbian guerrilla, or Rumanian peasant, or a surprising number of Hindus and Chinese. In America we think much more of holding what we have got than of perfecting the political-social mechanism which we have inherited. But the world's masses are thinking—and acting—quite differently. More than 360,000,000 European peoples and more than 900,000,000 Asiatics are compelled to think chiefly of what they do not have, of what they have never or rarely touched or tasted—and why. They cannot afford to tolerate the complacency of well-fed and well-intentioned Americans.

HITLER, Nazism, and the war have profoundly altered society in every European country in a revolutionary sense. Vera Micheles Dean expressed this succinctly when she said: "By looting the conquered countries for the benefit of the Nazi war machine *Hitler has proletarianized Europe* in a way which the Communists could not have dreamed to be possible in so short a time. Property as a source of power may have become extinct in the conquered countries. . . . The ravages of Nazi occupation threaten to wipe out the middle class from top to bottom, as the French Revolution laid low the monarchy and aristocracy. Under these circumstances some form of collective economy, whatever may be its political label, appears far more likely in Europe after the war than the immediate restoration of private property—and may, in fact, offer the only alternative to sheer anarchy."

To the average conservative American, and certainly to all Americans who are bitterly anti-New Deal, this must come as horribly bad news—"Hitler has proletarianized Europe." Yet Mrs. Dean has simply made an objective statement of an extremely significant fact. The middle class, that sturdy anchor of capitalism and that usually reliable instrument for transition and gradual change, has been virtually destroyed from Norway to Bulgaria by Nazism. As for the German people, because of their defeat their ultimate reaction must be expected to be even more violent. In the minds of most European people they have been betrayed by corrupt old-style politicians, by industrialists, by military careerists, by conservative clerical parties, and by foes of organized labor. Tomorrow at the very least they will demand a more truly liberal democracy—or they will demand outright Socialism in one degree or another.

Those who have suffered most from exploitation invariably understand quite clearly who has been for them

and who has been against them. The revolution which is now rumbling more acutely in Europe than anywhere else in the world will do one thing with disconcerting and perhaps terrible suddenness. Temporarily, at least, it will liberate legions of the disinherited. Most of these newly released peoples will be determined never again to be enslaved if they can possibly help it. Enslaved by whom? By another Hitler? No; I suspect they will see farther, much farther, than that. They will be determined not to be enslaved by the system, whether the system is chiefly feudalism as in Spain and Hungary, or feudal-capitalism as in the Balkans, or simply a virtually uncontrolled capitalism as it previously existed in France and elsewhere.

We in America were born with a fatally blind belief in what Eugenia Thornton has called "the divine right of democracy." We have always had democracy, so we assume its clothes will always fit us, no matter how fast we grow or what we do.

THE one-way "gimme-gimme" game which Americans have played with their government and their democratic institutions won't produce anything like the same number of lollipops any longer. We have turned our own and our children's eyes away from sacrifices for a national ideal and for the nation's welfare—except when a war makes it compulsory to look briefly in that direction. As soon as Germany and the Japs are polished off, we look forward to resuming the worst, as well as the best, of our peacetime habits. We will still educate our children for lip service to the flag and for personal material success. In a universe where democracy is creaking in an obviously undivine manner, in a world where democracy is in serious need of overhauling—even of an emergency operation in order to save its life—we are ready to let somebody else do something about it. *Very few of us, I gather, are ready to face the fact that America can defeat Fascism abroad in this war, but will still be in serious danger of having an antiliberal, anti-Negro, antilabor, and guilefully "American" brand of Fascism established inside our country within ten or fifteen years after peace comes.* When the reaction comes in the United States, it may well come with the brutality and force of a tornado. Would you expect people who have lost the habit of serving democracy to know how to defend it intelligently when the day of reckoning arrives? There will be such a day—and almost inevitably within our lifetime.

So, inevitably, what we do now will save or betray tomorrow's peace. And because I am a reporter and because the school of nations and of peoples has been a stern school, and usually a cruelly realistic school—because of these matters of experience, I know that the odds are definitely against Americans winning the peace. As a people we are still not prepared to play a role of leadership in the world. We are more interested in the price of corn or the level of the stock market, in time-and-one-half overtime or in a larger income, than we are interested in making certain that we do not have to fight another war in thirty years. It is our supremely human habit to honor our dead—but, like other peoples of the world, we do not know *how to listen to our dead.*

* * * * *

Yes, yesterday is dead.

But only the weak or the incurably greedy will weep for yesterday. Tomorrow is a different day. It will belong only to those who are as clear of mind as they are strong of heart.

Today is dying as swiftly as those who fall and those who have fallen upon the fields of battle. If tomorrow is not a better as well as a different day, we can be sure that they shall not sleep.

Listen carefully and you hear a faint echo from the graves on Guadalcanal and Bataan, from Norway and Poland, from Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia, from Spain and Greece, from Flanders and Russia, from China and Malaya and Burma, from Holland and the Indies, from Tunisia and Sicily and Italy, and from battlefields named and nameless.

"We shall not sleep," the echo says. "But neither shall you, my friends. Neither shall you."

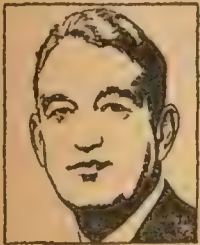
THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By E. A. PILLER

A YEAR ago five U. S. senators set off on a globe-girdling trip that took them to all the fighting fronts where Americans are on the job. When they returned, they all seemed to have somewhat different ideas about what they had discovered.

Some of the ideas made the front pages at the time and excited considerable controversy. That was the political side of the trip.



James M. Mead

There is another side. It is contained in the personal, neighborly report published as a book called **Tell the Folks Back Home**, by James M. Mead. This is the story of what the boys are doing, how they live, how they are fed and cared for, what they are thinking and planning for the future, their opinions of the country they are in and its people.

This is the side of the war you look for in every letter you get from a boy abroad, what you would look for if you could take the trip yourself. I think it is what the boys would like you to know, too, if they could tell you all about it.

Since Mead is the junior senator from New York and a New Dealer, or pro-Roosevelt senator, there is bound to be some political thinking here. But it is as nonpartisan as a man could make himself be. The senators investigated lend-lease, among other things, and Mead has things to say for and against the way lend-lease bookkeeping is done. He is favorably impressed, by the way the war is being fought, by the leaders, the equipment, the planning, the efficiency of the over-all job. Quentin Reynolds, a professional correspondent, is too, so we can consider that unbiased.

And, for the most part, Mr. Mead sticks to straight reporting of the things, the people, the bases, the work, and the men he saw. As a picture of Americans at war it is helpful and inspiring. It is warmhearted, cheerful, and amusing, too, a book that every family with a man abroad will delight in reading.

Published by D. Appleton-Century Co., New York. Price, \$3.

THE RED COCK CROWS, by Frances Gaither, is a good rousing historical novel about the antebellum South that deals with a subject not often brought into such books—an abortive slave rebellion.



Frances Gaither

The story is told through the medium of Adam Fiske, a Northern schoolteacher who goes to a plantation center to open a school and there meets and falls in love with Fannie Dalton, daughter of one of the biggest slave owners in the country.

Adam is drawn into the discovery and trial of the insurrectionists, clashes with the Southerners, and is himself brought to trial for inciting insurrection. He is acquitted, however, and packed out of the country to return North, where Fannie follows him.

In between his arrival and departure, Adam (and the reader) learns a great deal of the problem of slavery from the owners' point of view—and experiences enough adventures to last nearly a life-time.

Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$2.75.

TWO new books by Liberty contributors now grace the bookstalls. One is Ted Shane's **Heroes of the Pacific**, a rapid-fire account of our war in that area told through the lives of the men who have carried it so far so successfully. (Julian Messner, N. Y. Price, \$3.) The other is Colonel Stoopnagle's daffy account of himself and his times, **You Wouldn't Know Me from Adam**—a laugh block-buster. (Whittlesey House, N. Y. Price, \$2.)

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

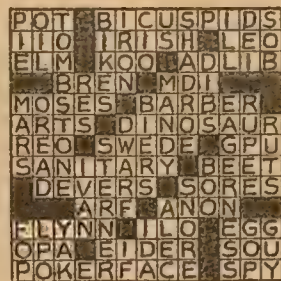
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

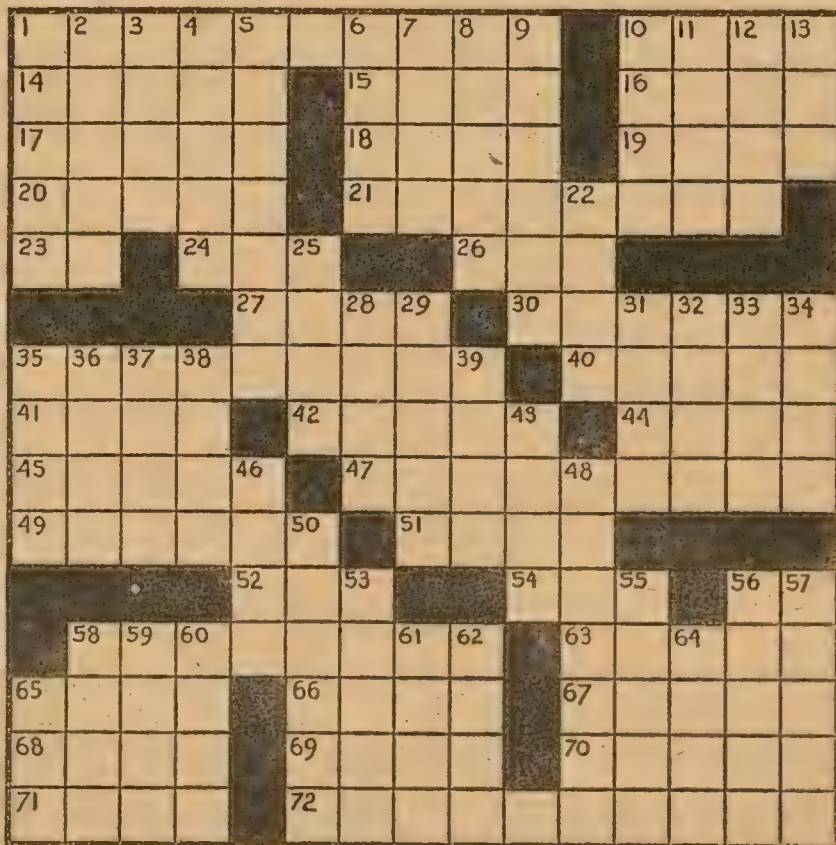
- 1 Rare condition for a candidate before election day
- 10 Bucolic specimen
- 14 Flashy hat
- 15 The prolific Ludwig
- 16 The Allies have gone down to bloodless defeat before her
- 17 He has more morals than a preacher
- 18 The last word Hitler will ever hear
- 19 The watermelon's gift to the bathing beach
- 20 Place where cheasty Frenchmen hang out
- 21 He sings all night and croaks in the morning
- 23 The end of a hiss
- 24 Excessive Abdominal Extension (abbr.)
- 26 Mudhole with vitamins
- 27 Man's name (pl.)
- 30 Look foolish
- 35 Pickup boy at the circus
- 40 What party die-hards hate to do
- 41 This gets you around
- 42 Underdogs
- 44 X-word perennial
- 45 What senators do to get into the House
- 47 Came out with a definite yes and no (politics)
- 49 Lots of meals sure are
- 51 Lone flight, using wind instrument
- 52 This ace slipped in backward here
- 54 Eggheaded Overplush Lapdogs (abbr.)
- 56 A tub without you in it
- 58 Old-time hitch-hiker
- 63 An interruption between commercials
- 65 Sowful stuff

VERTICAL

- 66 Get around with the wandering hotfoot
- 67 America's pay-ground
- 68 Lost on the damp desert without a rudder
- 69 There's a prayer behind this
- 70 Dressed to kill
- 71 What things were before they became expensive
- 72 They're so low in spirits, you'll have to get cockeyed looking at their empty mugs
- 12 Kind of person you love to love
- 13 No more
- 22 To get a Jap sniper out of a tree, shoot this off
- 25 X-word widget word (pl.)
- 28 He holds half the world's record for long-distance talk
- 29 Briny Britishers
- 31 A drink
- 32 A gloomy coat
- 33 Bacchus' hiel
- 34 Anemic tree
- 35 Pansy leg
- 36 Chime's jitter
- 37 Gold-lined things millionaires get into
- 38 These are gold-filled
- 39 Fiddlingini (he hid his drape shape in a reet-sheet. Killing, wasn't he?)
- 43 The battle of the department stores
- 46 Something a sailor never can quite get over
- 48 Non-seagoing admiral (polishes the front door handle, hails cabs)
- 50 He was a bug on the Egyptians
- 53 It's on the air; often smells it up, too
- 55 Mr. Big (has nice manors)
- 56 I'd call a sundial an old what?
- 57 Dese choip cheerfully in de suboibls of Brooklyn
- 58 What brainy Britishers are
- 59 This covers the ground thoroughly
- 60 A full calendar
- 61 Prefix an f, it means *bothered*; hot; prefix an n, it means *don't* or *not*
- 62 One of the hardest things to raise at the end of July
- 64 A lady of the Brooklynite's acquaintance
- 65 Off the trolley line



Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



"Well, here's to better luck tomorrow!"

DRY *Paul Jones* ... a gentleman's whiskey since 1865

IN A whiskey as in a champagne or a sherry, dryness has just one purpose. To bring out true flavor. Paul Jones's dryness (lack of sweetness) brings out all the richness and mellowness of this very fine American whiskey.

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City.

NO MOUNTAINS FOR ANDY

Continued from Page 17

and secured the pants under the main boom. Inflating suddenly, they streamed out in the wind. The boat plunged on toward that other sail.

"Keep below the gunwale and your hand off your gun, Ben," Lieutenant Sanders commanded. "Till we're sure who they are, we're closing up on the smack just to talk about the price of fish."

"If they got some kraut rigged out in Andy's uniform you better put your foot on my neck," Ben said. "This Army spent dough teaching me to fire guns at Nazis."

"We've all got guns," Upjohn said, "but this is bigger than guns."

The other boat had turned toward them. Her hull began lifting up out of the sea. Ben saw then that she was a larger craft than this boat in which he crouched. She had a higher bow, a tall mast, and a sort of doghouse on the afterdeck where they steered. The brown sail they had sighted first was set on a stubbier mast standing in the very stern.

"A riding sail, just to steady her," Jim Sanders said, close to Ben's ear. He glanced up at Captain Upjohn, who was standing beside him. "That boat is under power, captain."

Upjohn nodded his gray-green face. "She's larger than I expected," he said. "But look, man! She's flying dungarees under that sail! She expects us."

"It won't be Andy," Ben Wilmot growled. He shoved aside the bucket and took his revolver in his hand. Neither officer stopped him. They were staring intently at the big fisherman surging toward them.

Ben looked around. The square-bodied

old helmsman and the two younger Norwegians were raking the skies and the seas around the two ships. The broad faces were knotted up. They made sure, those three, that there was nothing else around there.

On the afterdeck of the smack ahead somebody was looking them over with a pair of binoculars. Captain Upjohn leveled his.

The big boat drew closer. Then, slowly, it made a turn almost into the wind and throttled down, waiting for them.

"That guy on deck isn't Andy," Ben Wilmot muttered to his lieutenant. Jim Sanders nodded. As the distance narrowed, the man on deck let his glasses dangle on his chest. He waved cheerily. Other faces showed.

The helmsman peered from the doghouse. A big man came out and stood on the raised foredeck. Another man stood amidships holding a bedraggled rope fender. But no Andy Lane.

Ben Wilmot took a private look at a porthole forward. It was open and he thought he saw a vague movement.

The three Norskies were staring very hard up at the smack. At the command of the old helmsman, one of them flattened the mainsail. The old man kept a little way on the boat.

"Do you recognize the skipper over there or any one else as friend or enemy?" Captain Upjohn asked the Norwegians in a thin hard voice.

"No one," the old helmsman said with slow reluctance. The other two shook their heads. Their faces were rather red, as if it got them down to have to look at their countrymen and try to work out whether they were for the country or kicking it in the face.

The skipper with the glasses smiled at them across the water even more genially

and spoke to the man at the wheel. The bigger boat edged toward them. Eyes peered at them. Six men on deck now. Nothing showing in the porthole forward.

Upjohn's knee suddenly pinned Ben Wilmot's gun-hand against the side, below the gunwale.

"Your duty is identification only," he said under his breath.

"I don't identify anybody!" Ben said. "We're being kidded."

"Keep that gun down!"

The man with the glasses flourished his arm dramatically and spoke a word. Somebody brushed past the helmsman in the doghouse and took one slow step out onto the deck. Ben Wilmot's jaw sagged, then snapped back.

"Andy!" he said softly. "Andy!"

IT was a very cold, peaked Georgia boy, greener-faced than Upjohn, looking at them across the six feet of sea. But his grin was broad. Andy Lane—no doubt in the world! That was Andy Lane leaning against the doghouse and looking at them.

Ben Wilmot let loose an exultant yell, and Jim Sanders, at his shoulder, joined in.

Andy Lane alive—though the poor guy was doomed to go creeping around underground with his neck out, in a cold enemy land for the length of the war. That thought dried up Ben Wilmot's whoop.

The gap of sea narrowed abruptly. The skipper over there had taken a paper envelope out of his pocket. He waved it at them. He sprang nimbly up on the rail of his ship and leaped across, almost into Upjohn's arms. Ben just had time to shove his gun under the bucket.

Both boats went shooting up on a towering sea and converged. Both helmsmen sheered away. The skipper, a round-faced man with eyes set wide apart, pumped Captain Upjohn's arm enthusiastically and called a command over his shoulder to the helmsman. The smack kept a careful distance from the planking of the smaller craft.

"So we meet—as planned," said the skipper. "My name—Martin Halno. It is too bad Lieutenant Lane is too seasick to board you. But time iss short. There are eyes on those cliffs."

He shoved the envelope into Captain Upjohn's hand.

"Lane has told me to give you these notes and maps. Targets. He knows. He searches them out with me far in the mountains."

"We can use them, sir," said Upjohn.

"He will haf more later on. I must go back now."

Upjohn looked down at the envelope. Across it Ben and Jim Sanders looked at each other. Targets. Far in the mountains. No outfit had gone deeper into hell for a target than the Fort with Jim Sanders at the controls, Ben Wilmot at the turret guns, and Andy Lane on the bomb sight. And that was Andy over there on the other boat. But targets cost guys' lives. They had to be worth going after. These—and others—Andy Lane might turn up later. Ben Wilmot scowled. Skis, huh! Mountains!

Two things could happen if the Germans picked your targets for you: You could fly into a trap. You could dump your bombs harmlessly on the countryside.

Halno was talking targets rapidly to Captain Upjohn.

"Supposing this bunch that was hiding Andy aren't Norwegians but Nazis?" Ben whispered to Jim Sanders. "They could be feeding us false dope."

"He's no fool," Sanders muttered. "He trusts them."

"He's mighty believing." Unhappily Ben
(Continued on page 50)

ADVERTISEMENT



"... an' this one ... this one th' colonel gimme for savin'
th' Pepsi-Cola when we capsized offa th' beachhead!"



IS THIS THE OUTLOOK to be faced by our returning soldiers?

Will these gallant men whose hands so recently held Honorable Discharges be forced, day after day, to hold the "Help Wanted" sections of the daily papers?

It is up to America to answer these questions *right now!* For on how well plans are made today will depend the future lives and happiness of millions of ex-service men and their families.

Post-War planning, however, must not, *cannot*, be one-sided. It must consist of the Government's understanding of Industry and Labor's problems and vice versa. It must comprise an equalized effort of all involved if the delicate balance of the nation's economics is not to be upset.

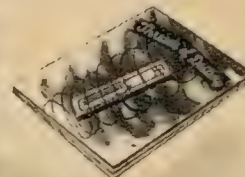
The vista of postwar markets and industrial expansion can be a mirage if such coordinated steps are not taken.

Toward this cooperative effort between all agencies involved, the Detroit Tap & Tool Company

pledges its facilities, integrity, engineering skill and its efforts . . . so that the full force of America's inventive genius and industrial might will fulfill, for the returning soldier, the rich promise of the future.

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(Continued from page 48)

glanced at Andy Lane, still leaning limply against the doghouse. "And he looks to me more like he's half doped than seasick."

"You will perhaps put Lane in touch with our underground channels from your end," Martin Halno said to Captain Upjohn. "It iss safer so. This meeting so close to the fjord iss dangerous. I must go. He will haf more targets."

"When you plant Andy as a secret agent you're backing the wrong elephant," Ben growled at the Intelligence captain. "How about snaking him out—"

"Orders!" snapped Upjohn.

"O. K., sir," Ben said. "So orders is I've got to identify Andy Lane—plenty."

He cupped his hands quickly over his mouth.

"Andy!" he bawled. "Andy! You been—climbing—any mountains?" He tried to make his voice sink into Andy like a bayonet.

Andy's green face wrinkled up. He looked dully surprised. Ben saw his mouth frame: "Mountains? Me?" With plain effort, Andy shook his head. Then he kept on shaking his head and blinking. Like a dummy, sort of. Not right.

The boat seemed to rise and fall in slow-motion style while the men in her all stood still. Ben went cold right down his spine.

"That's Andy Lane, sir," he snapped. "But for Pete's sake—"

Upjohn's face was stiffening. His eyes probed at Martin Halno.

Jim Sanders was taking a step, sort of careless, toward Halno. Both of the younger Norwegians were closing up, though still looking doubtful. The old man was gripping his wheel.

Halno twisted around and got a foot on the gunwale. He sprang for the rail of his own ship. His voice roared an order.

Jim Sanders' hand, lightning-fast, just started closing around Halno's thick ankle. His fingers held a moment, then were ripped away by the power of Halno's leap. But they had ruined that jump.

Halno's other foot just hit the rail of his smack. He clawed the air. Men on his ship jumped toward him, but too late. He fell back between the boats. He splashed into the icy water. He went drifting astern, flogging the water.

Ben Wilmot dug under the bucket for his gun. Halno's fall overboard had gummed the works of his men—for a second. They had stopped dead at the rail before getting going again.

Ben ignored them. His eyes stabbed into the porthole. By his book, none of those men on the open deck were close to anything heavy enough to throw slugs hard and fast.

The barrel of a submachine gun came poking through the porthole. Ben threw his lead, fast. He got all six shots into the port. The muzzle of the tommy gun dropped back out of sight. Nothing else showed.

The old Norsky had cut loose with something that sounded plenty viking and swung the boat alongside the larger one.

Things were happening around Ben as he reloaded. Upjohn had dived for the Thompson tommy in the fish box, and Jim Sanders had gone for his under a bag of canvas. Before either man got his weapon set, the big man on the upraised bow of Halno's smack had bent and picked up a heavy anchor. He slung it overside, down onto the cuddy forward. The heavy hunk of iron went through the flimsy cuddy top and hit the bottom of the boat. A gush of water shot up. The bow began to sag down. Water showed at the door of the cuddy.

Yelling, the two Norskies, Sanders, and Upjohn swarmed aboard the smack. Ben

quit watching the porthole. A gun there wouldn't bear where this bunch was going.

He joined the old Norsky in scrambling across.

Ben got a shot of Andy in action as he made the deck. Andy had wobbled back into the doghouse. Though his face still looked queer, he had the helmsman by the throat. Big hands, Andy. Nobody else was in there to mix it with him. Ben swerved and fired. A sailor dropped a gun and grabbed his shoulder.

Upjohn had run into a man in dungarees aft of the doghouse who had charged up on deck with another tommy. Upjohn was the one on his feet. The Norskies were fighting rough, and everywhere, including the forecastle.

Ben relaxed. Even the big anchor juggler way up forward was flat. Jim Sanders was over him, all ready to let him have it if he didn't have it already.

"Nothing to it," Ben said.

He went aft to see Andy. The helmsman was down. Andy extended a hand. Ben took it. The big boy still had a grip. They didn't say anything.

Upjohn was taking over. All this seemed to have relieved his seasickness. The old Norsky came in and clamped his hands on the wheel. He was swinging the smack around to westward. In the sea alongside there was now no smaller boat—just drifting stuff.

"The sooner we get back to the corvette the safer we'll be from patrol boats or planes," Upjohn said. "These men—?"

"Probably all Germans raised in Norway," the old Norwegian said, opening her up. "Listen, captain!"

From across the cold water a man's voice was hailing. It was the man who called himself Martin Halno. He was still flogging the sea.

"No quisling!" he wailed. "Nein! No quisling! *Deutsch!* German! *Gestapo!*"

The old Norsky smiled. "He says he is a German," he explained carefully. "We like quislings even less. He might be worth picking up."

"He'll make a souvenir," Upjohn said.

Andy was looking thoughtfully aft at Norway.

"They use a lot of ground-up fish heads and offal fo' fertilizer, Ben," he said, "but I'd say timber is their only real chance fo' a money crop."

"See what I mean, captain?" Ben Wilmot said.

THE END

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DOUBLE EDGE

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STAR
SINGLE EDGE



"Please leave no doubt as to my sex."

LIBERTY

OCELOT OUT OF BOUNDS

Continued from Page 25

she was sure. Nor was she prepared to settle for less than absolute certainty in her own mind.

Chuck and Pix knew exactly how she felt, and, without putting it into formal words, they had declared a kind of moratorium on seriousness until kismet should make a move, one way or the other. Chlo liked them all the better for this scarcely spoken decision.

From the cellar there now came a queer crunching noise.

"Ah!" Pixsley exclaimed. "Come on."

The cellar was well lighted. And there, amid crates of foodstuffs and assorted juices of the grape, reposed the cage of the ocelot. Within crouched the ocelot itself, coasting to an easy decision over a bevy of lamb chops.

Chlo gasped. "Pix! What on earth!"

"I refused categorically," Pixsley explained, "to have this magnificent specimen carted off to a zoo. So I told the zoo guys it was all a mistake and tipped them to bring him over here. And I squared Niccoletti. Pancho Villa, that's what I've named him, has cost me a pretty penny. But he's worth it."

"Pix, you're crazy. What are you going to do with him?"

"Photograph him, of course. From all angles. I'll get wonderful shots."

"You'll get a free ride to the poorhouse if you keep feeding him lamb chops," Chlo remarked.

"He's got to have lamb chops. Strictly loin. How else will he keep his sunny disposition? You wouldn't believe how gentle he is, Chlo. Just put your hand through the bars and stroke him."

"Unh-unh!" Chlo drew back. "I wouldn't

touch that thing with the tip end of the Chrysler Building."

"Don't be silly!" Pix bent and opened the door of the cage. Pancho Villa, surfeited with lamb, issued forth.

He stretched luxuriously, extending his forepaws. After which he nuzzled against Pixsley's ankles.

"He's hardly more than a cub," Pix said, scratching the tawny head. "He loves everybody."

Despite this assurance, Chlo kept her distance. Eiler began to jeer.

"Look at her," he said. "Putting on a coy act."

"Sure." Pixsley grinned out of alert brown eyes. "She's just being kittenish. She's not afraid of Pancho. Bet if you offered her ten bucks she'd walk him down Fifth Avenue on a leash."

Chlo opened her mouth to devastate him. But suddenly she stopped. It was, without question, a Grade A brain wave. It might punish this pair of clowns for the mild ribbing they were giving her and, with luck, they might find themselves paying for a duck of a suit she'd set her heart on. She squinted at Pancho Villa. All at once she made up her mind.

"Listen, funny men," she said carefully. "I certainly would walk your silly beast on Fifth Avenue. But not for ten dollars. Fifty's my fee for ocelot-walking this season."

"H'm!" Eiler apparently saw fit to haggle. "Fifty's too much just for Fifth Avenue. But if you'll throw in a walk on Broadway—well, sold!"

"Why not? But I've a condition, too," Chlo insisted. "You'll walk with me, Chuck."

"Delighted," Eiler said.

Pixsley rubbed his hands. "We'll do this at high noon tomorrow. You wear your leopard coat, Chlo. And"—he inspected

her critically—"I'd say a small black hat and black gloves."

"Now let's get out of here." Chlo wrinkled her nose. "It's slightly fetid."

"What scent did you expect from an ocelot?" inquired Eiler. "Chanel Number Five?"

AT precisely eleven fifty-five the next morning Chlo walked into Niccoletti's. She did have on her leopard coat. Likewise a small hat and gloves, all black. But—

Eiler and Pixsley, hastening toward her, stopped short.

"Here!" cried Eiler. "You can't do this to us! Who said anything about a veil?"

"There're three veils, sweetheart," Chlo said sweetly. "Nothing in the contract precludes veils. Bring on this ocelot."

Eiler threw up his hands. "She's got us, Pix."

"Seems so." Pix was pinning an orchid on Chlo's coat. "Well, let's carry on."

Pancho Villa was produced and they carried. They plotted a course toward Broadway on Fifty-first Street.

"You're a lamb, Pancho," Chlo said, grasping the leash as the ocelot stepped out. "Much nicer than Mr. Eiler. Mr. Eiler is the standoffish type." She added gratingly, "Take my arm, dope. Stop hanging back like a schoolboy."

At any other time Mr. Eiler would have been enchanted to take both her arms. But this, he saw now, was an inauspicious occasion. In Niccoletti's basement he had glibly agreed to walk with her. But he had overlooked the fact that he who walks things like leopards about New York is likely to become the cynosure of all eyes.

Which was precisely what they were from the kickoff. People stopped, stared, tittered, guffawed.

"What can be the matter with Mr. Eiler,

THIS CIGARETTE RECOGNIZED by medical authorities—



**PROVED less irritating to
nose and throat**

HERE'S the proof—from clinical tests with men and women smokers. The findings by distinguished doctors—reported in an authoritative medical journal—show that:

**WHEN SMOKERS CHANGED TO PHILIP MORRIS,
EVERY CASE OF IRRITATION OF NOSE OR
THROAT—DUE TO SMOKING—EITHER CLEARED
UP COMPLETELY, OR DEFINITELY IMPROVED!**



Pancho?" Chlo asked the ocelot, who was behaving impeccably. "He looks like the blue-ribbon beet at a horticultural show."

"Shut up," growled Chuck, highly aware of the madding crowd.

"Hold it, chums!" A man with a camera appeared, djinlike. "That's right." There was an ominous click. "Okey-doke."

"Fancy that!" Chlo chuckled behind her veil screen. "I do hope you smiled sweetly for the nice photographer man, Mr. E. By the way, where's Pix?"

"Stop simpering," hissed Eiler, "and never mind Pix."

Pixsley was, in truth, ambling along some twenty yards behind, like a lackadaisical rear guard. And Pixsley seemed to be making friends and influencing people.

Many times and oft he paused to bandy words with pedestrians. On these occasions he would jerk his thumb toward Chlo and Chuck, then nod vigorously. He also scraped acquaintance with the street urchins, trailing along. And presently he appeared to be doing business with them. Coins flashed, changed hands. Then an urchin here and there began dropping out of the procession.

Meanwhile Pancho Villa and convoy had turned into Broadway. The attention they had attracted on Fifty-first Street became but a circumstance. The Broadway lunch-hour throng did them the honor of making them the focal point of interest. And the lunch-hour throng expressed itself. There were also, and unaccountably, myriads of itinerant photographers. During the tortuous passage from Fifty-first Street to Forty-sixth, Ocelot, Inc., faced the camera many times.

THEN, deep in the heart of Times Square, they were informally introduced to Patrolman Denis Canavan.

Canavan was patrolling his beat sedately when he perceived that which, for the Canavan money, looked unseemly.

"An' what," inquired Patrolman Canavan, twirling his night stick dexterously, "might be goin' on here?"

"Nothing," Chuck muttered shortly. "This lady's just walking her cat."

Mr. Canavan gazed upon P. Villa. P. Villa gazed upon Mr. Canavan.

"Cat?" said Mr. Canavan. "Divil a cat in the wur-r-ld iver looked the like iv that. 'Tis a wild baste."

"But of course it's a cat." Chlo's voice was like Turkish paste. "Don't you think his markings are—er—unique, officer?"

Officer Canavan elevated a broad blue shoulder and maneuvered them into a doorway. "Now thin," said Patrolman Canavan, eying Pancho Villa without affection. "Do yez consider Fur-r-ty-Thir-r-d Stra-a-t an' Broadway a fittin' pla-a-ce to bring a craychüre iv savager-r-y?"

"Savagery?" began Chlo. "Why, Pancho is the mildest—"

She stopped, a woman let down. For some occult reason, Pancho had not approved of Mr. Canavan from the start. Now he voiced his disapproval. He uttered a low menacing growl and crouched in a silky relaxation of muscles. Then he gave evidence of wishing to stalk Mr. Canavan.

At this point Pixsley arrived.

"Take it easy, Pancho," advised Pixsley soothingly. The effect was magical.

Palpably Pix had a way with ocelots. At once Pancho left off stalking Patrolman Canavan. Instead, he draped himself across Chlo's spectacular ankles and assumed a where-do-we-go-from-here? attitude.

"An' would this gentleman," said Mr. Canavan relievedly, "be the baste's ka-a-per?"

Pixsley scoffed politely. "Why should a little cat need a keeper? Better let us go, officer. Everybody'll be happier."

Patrolman Canavan scratched his head. The thing was perhaps not a cat but, contrariwise, it could be a cat. And he knew of no city ordinance that puts the bee on cat-walking.

"Git this craychüre into a taxi," he ordered with a lordly gesture. "Take it whiriver it belongs an' kape it off the stra-a-ts."

They took the cab to Fifth Avenue, then descended, to keep the covenant. And though there were no further brushes with the law, their reception on Fifth Avenue was sensational.

"Splendid," Pixsley said, as they neared Niccoletti's. "As ocelot-walkers, you two bow to none. I now suggest—"

He was drowned out by a raucous screech of brakes.

"Sol!" said a terrible voice. And from a taxicab window the outraged visage of T. K. Dark glowered down upon them.

"I," continued T. K., in a subdued boom, "will pass over the fact that I ordered that whatnot sent to a zoo. But I cannot ignore a condition where you, Eiler, make a spectacle of yourself in the streets when you are supposed to be closeted writing copy with which we hope to save the

Niles-Neibert situation. I shall not be in the office until late tomorrow morning. But then I shall want to see you people."

"Oh, Lord!" Chlo said as T. K.'s cab shot away. "That tears it. I have a feeling, darlings, that we're in for it."

"As I was about to suggest," said Pixsley, a born finisher no matter what, "let's all go into Niccoletti's and have a drink."

THE carpet in T. K. Dark's office was soft and luxurious. But it was no magic carpet. It failed signally to waft Chlo Calder, Chuck Eiler, and Pixsley off to some pleasant restful retreat. Instead, the carpet, with them on it, merely lay quiescent before the seat of judgment.

"And before I hear your explanation, if any," barked T. K. Dark, "let me say that it had better be good. Now then, speak up, somebody!"

Chlo spoke. "Did you see last night's papers, T. K.?" she asked irrelevantly.

"Papers?" T. K. bounced. "What the devil have papers to do with it? I want to know why Eiler, abetted by you two, deliberately neglected a shaky account in order to—"

That was as far as he got. The door opened and in charged Miss Wintz.

"M-Mr. Dark," sputtered Miss Wintz. "M-Mr. Rothman is here. H-he wants to see M-Mr. Eiler."

"Ha!" T. K.'s eyes, glittery blue, fixed on Chuck. "Probably wants to know why you've failed to do this or that. Show him in, Wintz!"

The next instant a small, swarthy, highly excited man blotted the horizon. Under his arm he carried a bundle of newspapers. He skidded to a stop, then seized Eiler's hand and converted the accompanying arm into a pump handle.

"Go ahead!" he shouted, pumping. "Knock me down with a pipe cleaner! But I saw it happen. I saw that egg layer change overnight. It's a hit, no fooling. A smash hit. We had lines last evening. Halfway to Eighth Avenue. And, believe it or not, the lines are already forming again this morning. The thing is going over with a bang. And all because we have here a smart guy who understands publicity."

A Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance look shot between Chlo, Eiler, and Pixsley. But T. K. Dark, baffled, smote his desk.

"Might I be informed," boomed T. K., "what this is all about?"

"What?" Mr. Rothman paused, astonished. "You don't know?" Suddenly he cascaded the newsprint onto T. K.'s desk. "Take a gander at these things! That terrible movie, Flame of the Jungle. It is terrible, too. But it's got a plug from every darn paper in New York. And how it needed 'em!"

T. K. looked. He saw pictures of his copy chief, his ocelot and/or whatnot, and his secretary veiled like a debutante of Mecca. And in the tabloids—enterprising sheets—he saw likenesses of the actual Eloise Standish, becomingly surrounded by bold question marks.

The captions read, typically:

MYSTERIOUS VEILED LADY AND MYSTERIOUS BEAST INVADE BROADWAY

WAS IT ELOISE HERSELF, INCOGNITO?

ELOISE AND HER LEOPARD. OR IS IT ELOISE OR A LEOPARD?

DID CHARMING STAR OF FLAME OF THE JUNGLE WALK WITH CO-STAR THROUGH NEW YORK?

By careful weasel-wording the papers implied that Eloise Standish in the flesh had been loitering around Gotham with a jungle representative of her magnifi-



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY (Unabashed)

CAIROPRACITOR: An Egyptian manipulator.

V-HEMENT: Ardent for Victory.

DISPURSE: Tossing your dough to the wind.

OBLITTERATE: To do away with the pups.

CREESUS: A wealthy Algonquian Indian.

HOYSTER: One who lifts a bivalve off the bottom.

LOINDRY: Where Gandhi has his sarong washed.

BINGLISH: Crosby's language.

ERRORPLANE: This one happened to hit a chimney.

HESS-SPIONAGE: When they dropped Nazi No. 2 in Scotland.

cently successful epic, *Flame of the Jungle*.

T. K. Dark raised mystified eyes. "I don't get it."

"It's simple, T. K.," Chlo waved a slim hand. "Everybody knew that picture needed a shot in the arm. Something with more punch than straight newspaper copy. So when the ocelot came, Chuck suddenly got a brain wave. The idea was that I'd impersonate Eloise Standish. We're both tall and dark and—and people do say there's a resemblance. But these jer—er—Chuck and Pix, that is, didn't tell me what it was all about at first. They were afraid I wouldn't do it. So they—oh, sort of kidded me into walking the ocelot. And Pix conducted a whispering campaign with the crowd, hinting that I really was Eloise, and got a lot of waifs and strays to help him. And Chuck had tipped off the papers to have photographers posted and— Well, you see, don't you? It seems to have culled up a bit of interest for the picture."

Mr. Rothman, who had been catching his breath, gave a sudden yelp.

"Hey!" yelled Mr. Rothman. "That gives me something. What did you say the animal was? An ocelot? Well, I want that ocelot. Because I telephoned Hollywood this morning. Now that the picture is going over big, Eloise Standish is flying East to make personal appearances. And—I just thought of it—but it would be a good gag if she had that ocelot on the stage with her. Yeah, that's it. A tie-up with the publicity stunt. Why, heck, the public'll even expect it."

Pixley grinned. "Nobody'll be happier to give you that ocelot than a guy named Niccoletti. It seems that ocelots eat lamb chops at such-and-such per pound. If you'll come with Eiler and me, Mr. Rothman, the ocelot is all yours." And then, about to stop, Pix had an inspiration. "Of course, we take it that you still wish to—ah—co-operate with Dark, Devlin & Disbrow?"

Mr. Rothman stared at him as at one demented.

"Co-operate? Since when wouldn't I co-operate with your agency? Take me to that ocelot, will you?"

"T. K.," said Chlo Calder in an I'm-not-angry-just-terribly-hurt tone, "aren't you ashamed? Practically firing us, when all the time we—"

T. K. waved his hands. "How was I to know?" he interrupted plaintively. "Nobody tells me anything. I'm just the head of the firm, that's all. But"—suddenly he strove mightily to comfort himself as such—"that being the case, I have some confidential dictation this afternoon, young woman. Nothing for Miss Wintz. I shall want you here at two o'clock, sharp. Two o'clock. Do you understand?"

Chlo shook her dark head. She loved T. K. But it simply would not do to pamper all of his whims and foibles.

"Now, T. K.," she smiled her wrinkly smile, "you know very well that you haven't even got close to first base with that jigsaw puzzle. You really ought to pay some attention to it—at two o'clock. Because around that time I've a date to see a dress shop about a perfect lamb of a suit."

THE END

PREFERENCE

Some are fat
And some are skinnier.
But the girls I like
Are curvilinear.

—JOHN E. GIBSON.

LOB THY NEIGHBOR

Continued from Page 30

to do with her progress. Pauline was going to Los Angeles City College at the time, and during off days and late afternoons she worked in a tearoom and then in the receiving section of a department store. This didn't allow much margin to practice tennis. But Pauline had set her mind on winning the American title, and every morning at five thirty, while her brother Jack and sister Virginia and her mother were still sleeping, she got out of bed and lit out for the back yard and the garage.

There, patiently, diligently, half sleepily, she would blast patterns against the garage door, day in and day out. She improved her backhand, today one of the most lethal shots in the game, and she labored over her lob in those back-yard sessions. Practice gave suppleness to her wrists.

Pauline's mother must come in for a good share of the credit, too. Mothers rarely nurse their progeny to a title. Usually, it is a doting father who encourages a son or a daughter to deeds of derring-do, but in Pauline's case, it was Mrs. Betz who ignited the spark, and was an inspiration in more ways than one. "She never laid down the law for Virginia, Jack or myself," Pauline will tell you. "She always let us do things within reason. She's a peach..."

And Mrs. Betz was a peach of an athlete, too. In Ottawa, Kansas, she had starred in golf, tennis, basketball, ice skating, and skiing, and she had played baseball. In fact, the Betz family has an athletic heritage. Pauline's Uncle Arch had won five letters in college—for football, baseball, basketball, track and tennis, and her sister Virginia developed into one of America's finest archers.

The future American tennis champion was born in Dayton, Ohio. Pauline's mother was of Irish descent, her father of German. The family moved to California when she was in the fourth grade and she soon showed her athletic bent.

Stella Betz did not step in when Pauline played basketball with her brother in the back yard, or caught with the boys' baseball team, but when she began to engage in sand-lot football, with its tackling and scrimmaging, the wise mother decided such energies should be diverted to more gentle channels. Pauline was ten when her mother first took her to the Queen Anne Tennis Club.

MRS. BETZ, a physical education teacher, knew the fundamentals of tennis. In fact, she was good enough to triumph in the Los Angeles schoolteachers' event. Pauline was always thankful, afterward, that she had been shown the proper technique from the beginning and she advises all novices to take lessons, if possible.

Her tennis education progressed rapidly and not many years had passed when, one afternoon, she actually defeated mama in a match at the Queen Anne courts. Her backhand even then was a thing of placement beauty, and she exhibited the natural speed and sense of anticipation which marks the fine player. She grew so enthusiastic about tennis that she forgot all about football. Mrs. Betz smiled to herself.

But Pauline's tennis potentialities nearly faded as suddenly as they had blossomed. Bobbie, as her intimates call her, always had a hankering to be on the top in everything—even the top of a stadium—and during the Olympic games at Los Angeles in 1932 she and a number of girl and boy friends had raced out to take a peek at the women's swimming events. The higher the location, the better the view; so the

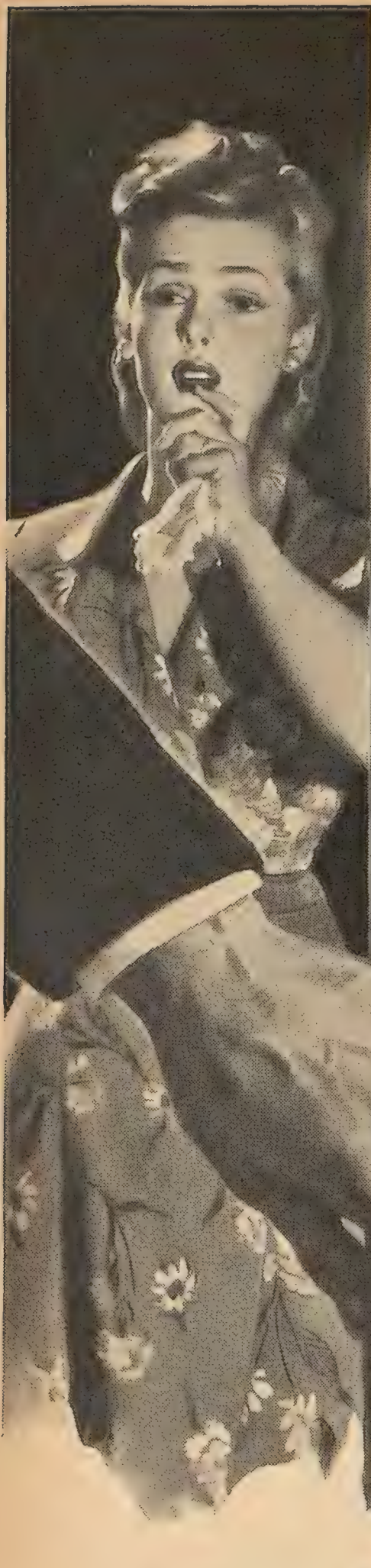
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wives will see the answer to many
an unhappy marriage!

JOHN kissed Eve's lovely cheek in that cool, aloof way he had toward her lately. "Don't wait up for me," he said. Then closed the door gently, almost as though he felt sorry for her.

Eve looked around the charming living room... the room John used to think too inviting to leave in the evenings. What had come between them that neither she nor his beloved home were able to hold him now?

DOCTORS KNOW that too many women still do not have up-to-date information about certain physical facts. And too many who think they know have only half-knowledge. So, they still rely on ineffective or dangerous preparations.

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doughty young athlete and her comrades jockeyed for position. She jockeyed so hard that she fell off her perch and broke her wrist.

The first thing she did, despite the pain, was to call her mother on the phone.

"Don't worry," Pauline reassured her astonished parent, "it's only my left wrist. I'll be able to keep up with my tennis!"

Pauline eventually went to Rollins College, prettily ensconced in Winter Park, Florida. Rollins has an atmosphere which attracts girl tennis players. It is also one of the few colleges in America which offer tennis scholarships of any sort—mainly to women.

Pauline Betz and Doris Hart went to Rollins. This past semester found such diligent pupils there as Dodo Bundy, one of the capable Californians, Lillian Lopaus of South Orange, the former national junior indoor champion, Betty Rosenquest, Nancy Corbett, Connie Clifton, Anne LeDuc, Peggy Welsh and other would-be champions.

Pauline spent three years at Rollins, after which she was ready to take special courses in economics at Columbia and in tennis at the West Side Tennis Club. Her first trip to the Eastern grass court circuit came in 1939. She attained eighth in the national rankings, losing to Freda James of England in the first round at Forest Hills.

In 1940, Pauline, accompanied by her mother, headed East once more. She had the satisfaction of beating Helen Jacobs in their one and only meeting. At Forest Hills, Mary Hardwick of England eliminated the titian-tressed Californian, but she was on her way up, all right, for this time it was in the quarter-final round.

THE prize neared her grasp at Forest Hills in 1941, but Sarah Palfrey Cooke snatched it away in the final round. Up in the rankings from third in 1940 to second in 1941, Pauline needed to ascend only one more rung in the American tennis ladder. The springboard to her unequalled sweep in 1943 was the triumph over Louise Brough in the 1942 finals at Forest Hills.

That season, Louise had not only won every tournament but had barged through every match in convincing style. She had twice bested Betz. People were saying that a new Alice Marble had come to tennis.

Pauline pondered that comparison. She had tried to slug it out with Louise from the baseline, had tried to trade from forecourt... yes, of course, that was it. Louise must be vulnerable overhead; nobody could have the steadiness of Alice Marble. Bring Brough up to the net, lob overhead. That would be the strategy.

Louise knew that Pauline's forehand did not measure up to her backhand, so she pelted away at the forehand with speed and confidence. After all, she had ac-

(Continued on page 56)

*****★*****

Our forefathers did without sugar until the thirteenth century, without coal fires until the fourteenth century, without buttered bread until the fifteenth century, without potatoes until the sixteenth, without coffee, tea, and soap until the seventeenth, without pudding until the eighteenth, without gas, matches, and electricity until the nineteenth, without canned goods until the twentieth, and we have had automobiles for only a few years... Now, what was it you were complaining about?

—OPA Bulletin.

LIBERTY

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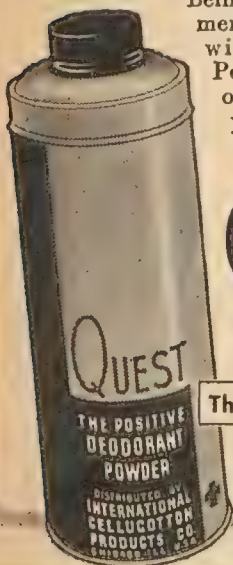
For ordinary uses, you may prefer one type of deodorant, your neighbor another. But for *one* purpose—important to *you* and to every woman—there's no room for argument.

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Good for headaches, too

(Continued from page 54)

counted for Pauline twice earlier in the year.

But this was for the championship! The struggle which ensued was a memorable one. Louise flailed away with masculine severity. The crowd marveled that any woman could drive so hard, hit so fiercely, serve so well. With her backhand, Pauline earned points to stay in the battle in the preliminary exchanges.

Smash came against lob, lob against smash. Drop shot by Betz. Brough in on the run, returning the ball with a searing forehand. Betz deep. Brough at the net. It was a hopeless situation now for Betz. Brough can volley with the best. But look at that reply! A beauty. A high, dreary, lazy ball, hard to gauge because of the change in tempo. Brough must take it overhead. Error!

Once in a while Louise would return a winner, but all too often the point fell to Betz in the crucial rallies. Finally, it was a question of endurance. Louise Brough, as the harder hitter, drew most on her reserve energy. Pauline's ground strokes and nicely timed volleys elicited cheers, but it was by her own skillful tactical maneuvers that she halted, at last, the hitherto unstoppable march of her fellow-Californian. They were all even at three all in the final set when Pauline broke service in the seventh game, and held on for dear life as she forced Brough to hit the pay-off point into the alley.

Pauline's cleverly designed play—the lob to frustrate the smash and volley—along with a heart of iron, endurance and the will to win, had made her the champion.

THE following year, Pauline blitzed her way through American women's tennis like an avenging fury. She conquered Nancy Corbett in straight sets for the 1943 clay court title at Detroit, beat Kay Winthrop for the indoor championship in straight sets on the Longwood covered courts at Boston, and outscored Brough once more in three furious sets for the outdoor championship at Forest Hills. She also won the United States indoor doubles and the United States clay court doubles with various partners.

Still she did not stand so far above the field as a Wills, a Jacobs or a Marble, and Pauline has a theory about that. She is of the opinion that the caliber of women's tennis has been improved. There are so many splendid contestants that no one

player will be able to dominate any more as in the old days, and the youngsters coming along today will surpass anybody in the contemporary set. Pauline refers you to Doris Hart, Shirley Fry and other talented newcomers still in their teens.

Pauline, incidentally, practiced a good deal with Alice Marble, a professional since 1940, at the River Club in New York this past winter. Pauline gave as good as she took. All winter she worked on improving her drop shot, a dinky little business which just clears the net and, even if it is reached, sets a rival up for the Betz specialty, the lob to the backcourt.

Pauline sheds about seven pounds during the championship tournaments at Forest Hills. During an average tournament day she will have fruit juice, eggs, toast and milk for breakfast, a smattering of lunch, and a whacking big dinner at 7.30 P. M., usually one featuring a steak.

She likes ice cream, ping-pong, and prefers bridge to movies. She plays basketball when she does not play tennis, and was a dandy forward at Rollins. She would rather watch basketball and hockey than any other sport, including tennis.

Her chief ambition is to win the post-war Wimbledon, every tennis player's dream. The Wimbledon title—technically, the English championship—has come to be regarded as the unofficial crown of world tennis, for it attracts the cream of international players. After Wimbledon, if matches there are resumed within a reasonable time, Pauline might turn professional.

Jack Betz, Pauline's brother, is an ensign and an aeronautical engineer. All his life, he has been surrounded by women athletes—mother an athlete, sister Pauline a champion, sister Virginia a champion. Jack is just an average, healthy male citizen.

"Do you know," says Pauline, "when ever Jack would go around with a girl, he would always make sure first that she knew nothing about athletics? He said that he had had enough women athletes in his family all his life!"

Pauline didn't defend her indoor title this year, and it was won by Kay Winthrop, but Pauline will again be the girl they will have to stop this summer. She may stub her tennis toe here and there but do not bet against Betz. She always seems to win the final vital battle. That was the story of the historic grand slam of a year ago. And it could happen again at Forest Hills—this year.

THE END

THE HOME FRONT



"These are the dangerous cases. They're almost well!"

Sealed with a kiss

Sealed in every bottle of Schlitz is that famous flavor made all the more notable because it is not bitter. For Schlitz is brewed with just the *kiss* of the hops—bringing you all of the delicacy but none of the bitterness.



JUST THE *kiss* OF THE HOPS

Copy. 1944, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

*...none of
the bitterness*



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

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coolness



made with
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IMPORTERS AND RECTIFIERS
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THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

SMITE the lyre, Elmer! We make with the space again for our G. I. Long-fellows and their poetry-loving friends. We'll hear first from Vicki, a Los Angeles miss:

Once I knew a sailor—and, brother, what a line!
He told me I was wonderful, beautiful, divine!
Of course, that's what a swabbie says in showing his affection;
To me he was just another gob to add to my collection.

Then there was a soldier boy who was terrific, too.
He really knew the facts of life, and tried to use a few.
So I decided, "That's no go," if you see what I mean.
I dropped him like a red-hot coal, and got me a marine.



Prove your worth!

He was quite a honey, too—that is, as far as looks—
But you don't get technique like that from reading story books.

So there I was bewildered, and I started out to get
The only thing left, it seemed to me, a little air cadet.
But oh, he was a devil, as mean as they could come;
He hated sailors, called soldiers doggies, said all marines were dumb.

They say be nice to servicemen; that, I'll say, is true.
But how's about those little boys bein' kinda nice to you?
They may be in the service, but they don't own the earth,
So from now on, far as I'm concerned, they'll have to prove their worth!

An old salt—or rather, an old water-tender—steps forward next. His piece, signed "Jack Shassian, CWT, Naval Operating Base, Norfolk, Va.," follows:

I'm just an old water-tender,
My fire-room days are o'er,
Still I'm back for another whack
In this second World War.

Maybe I'm a lot older now,
I may not be so nifty;
But what would you expect to find
In a sailor over fifty?

So I'm working at the Recreation—
And do I me lot bewail?
I keep the Boots a-working
With scrubbers, squeegees, or pail.

I get a kick out of questions
As on S. P. I stroll around—
And to see them drinking sodas,
You'd think some boys would drown.

Then on the weekly inspection,
When the skipper looks over the job
And finds fault with everything—
I feel that I'm still a gob!

Corporal Lionel M. Johnson was in the Veterans Hospital at Legion, Texas, when he wrote *To Our Nurses*, a tribute which hundreds of our returning wounded will heartily endorse:

Your sufferings they understand
And try to ease the pain.
Ofttimes, no matter what they do,
Their efforts are in vain.

The smile and kindly word they give
Help so much through the day
As through the rooms they make the rounds
In the gallant part they play.

Many times they're tired, their feet are sore,
And they really need a rest.
Still, they carry on, and always smile;
They surely do their best.

What these brave girls do deserve,
No one can e'er dispute,
From every U. S. citizen,
Is a real, heartfelt salute!

That's only part of the contributions,
but space is up for now. We'll turn to rhyme, folks, another time.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Sarge, here's one the boys have been having a lot of argument over. Help us get squared away on this. When addressing an officer in the Waves or an ensign or lieutenant in the Nurse Corps, should an enlisted man say "Sir" or "Ma'am"?
L. W., F 1/C,
c/o F. P. O. San Francisco.

When the officer is a lady, you say "Ma'am."

* * *

Here's a question regarding the transfer of a general prisoner from a military reservation to a Federal Penitentiary, with a dishonorable discharge. What is the proper uniform for such a prisoner to wear? It has been my contention that he should go in disgrace and therefore not be allowed to have any type insignia on the uniform. This to include removal of Army buttons from the coat.

Sgt. L. C. W.,
Army Air Field, Altus, Okla.
(Continued on page 60)



Ties that Bind Two Oceans

● Many thousands of railroad ties, tons of rails and other equipment—and hundreds of trained work-

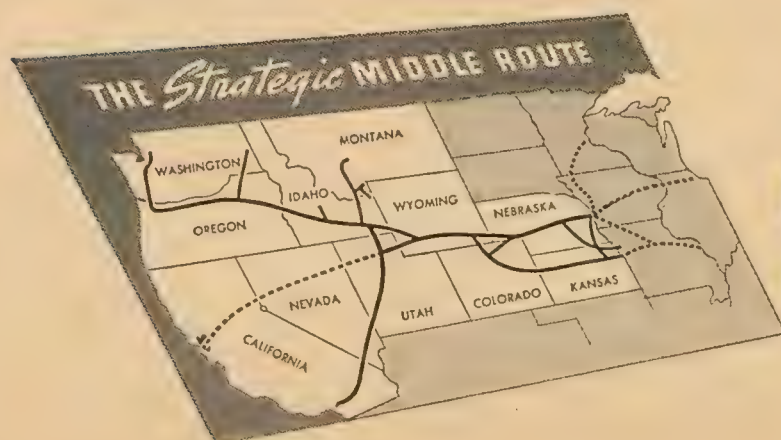
men—are required to maintain a trans-continental railroad. This maintenance job goes on continuously . . . keeps pace with the constant parade of freight trains loaded with war materials.

Union Pacific is the Strategic Middle Route because of its strategic transportation importance to the nation in peace

and war. It is a "line of supply" uniting the East with the Pacific Coast. It binds the two oceans—provides a steel highway over which vital supplies are shipped east and west to seaports and to home-front markets.

There are other ties, too, that unite the nation; the ties of courage, faith, determination and initiative. To keep those ties intact . . . to win the war and keep alive the spirit of personal independence and enterprise is the job of every American.

★ Smooth the road to Victory with more war bonds—and save them.



THE PROGRESSIVE
UNION PACIFIC
RAILROAD

(Continued from page 58)

You are right in holding the prisoner is not entitled to the honor of wearing Uncle Sam's uniform. However, the regulation governing the prisoner's dress in this case is AR 615-40. Paragraph 7(d) prescribes that a civilian coat, vest, trousers, hat (or cap), shirt, collar, necktie, shoes, and when necessary, an overcoat, shall be issued to a general prisoner upon his release from confinement. This regulation should be followed, even though the prisoner is being transferred from Army supervision to the penitentiary, where his next ensemble will be stripes.

* * *

I joined the Army when I was sixteen years old by pretending I was older. I like the Army and want to re-enlist after the war is over. Should I re-enlist under my fictitious age or could I give my correct age, now that I'm past eighteen? If I gave my true age, would it interfere with my receiving a bonus, if there is one?

Pvt. P. R., Somewhere in New Guinea

If your record is honorable, you may apply to the Adjutant General through channels to have your age corrected on your service record, now that you're past eighteen. I suggest that you do this. Honorable service will be the guide for payment of any bonus.

* * *

Are fathers entitled to wear the Gold

Star for sons who have made the supreme sacrifice for their country? I've never heard any mention of Gold Star Fathers. It's always Gold Star Mothers—but fathers share equally in the loss.

Mrs. W. E. St. J., Mills, Wyo.



Ribbons

You've made a good point. Fathers' rights in this matter are not widely known. They are entitled to display the Gold Star, just as mothers are, for sons lost in the service.

* * *

What is the origin of the bugle call

"taps," which is sounded to mark the end of the military day?

E. K., New York City.

"Taps" was known originally as "tap-to" or "tap-toe," and supposedly got that name because when it sounded the taps in all opened beer barrels were to be closed immediately. In early days it was sounded by three taps on a drum. The modern call of "taps," which is sounded to honor the military dead as well as to order "lights out," dates from 1862 and was composed by Major General Daniel Butterfield of the Union Army of the Potomac.

* * *

My husband, serving in Italy, wrote that he had received a couple of ribbons—one a campaign ribbon, the other for being a good boy. I'm rather proud of him, of course. Could you tell me just what the ribbons mean?

Mrs. R. H. P., Glendale, Calif.

Your hero probably referred to the European-African-Middle Eastern Theater ribbon, with a battle star for the Italian campaign attached, and to the ribbon representing the Army Good Conduct Medal. The latter is awarded upon recommendation of a commanding officer after completion of one year's exemplary service.

* * *

Please settle an argument as to what happens to an Army deserter who escapes being caught. Is it true that after the war all charges are dropped and he won't be subject to court-martial?

Mrs. A. N. D., St. Louis, Mo.

It isn't true. A peacetime deserter may apply for a discharge—which, of course, will be dishonorable—after living for two years or more under his own name in a community where he was available for apprehension. But wartime deserters are never forgiven and their offense is punishable without benefit of any statute of limitations. See 58th Article of War.

* * *

Can you give me the authority for issuance of the U. S. Army's Army of Occupation Medal for post-Armistice service in Germany in 1918-19?

Sgt. E. S., Chicago.

W. D. Circ. 359, dated October 29, 1942, gives the authority for issuance of the Army of Occupation ribbon in lieu of the medal, which will not be cast until after the present war. It is awarded for service in Germany, Luxemburg, or Austria-Hungary between November 12, 1918, and July 11, 1923. Apply to the Bureau of Decorations and Awards, Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C.

* * *

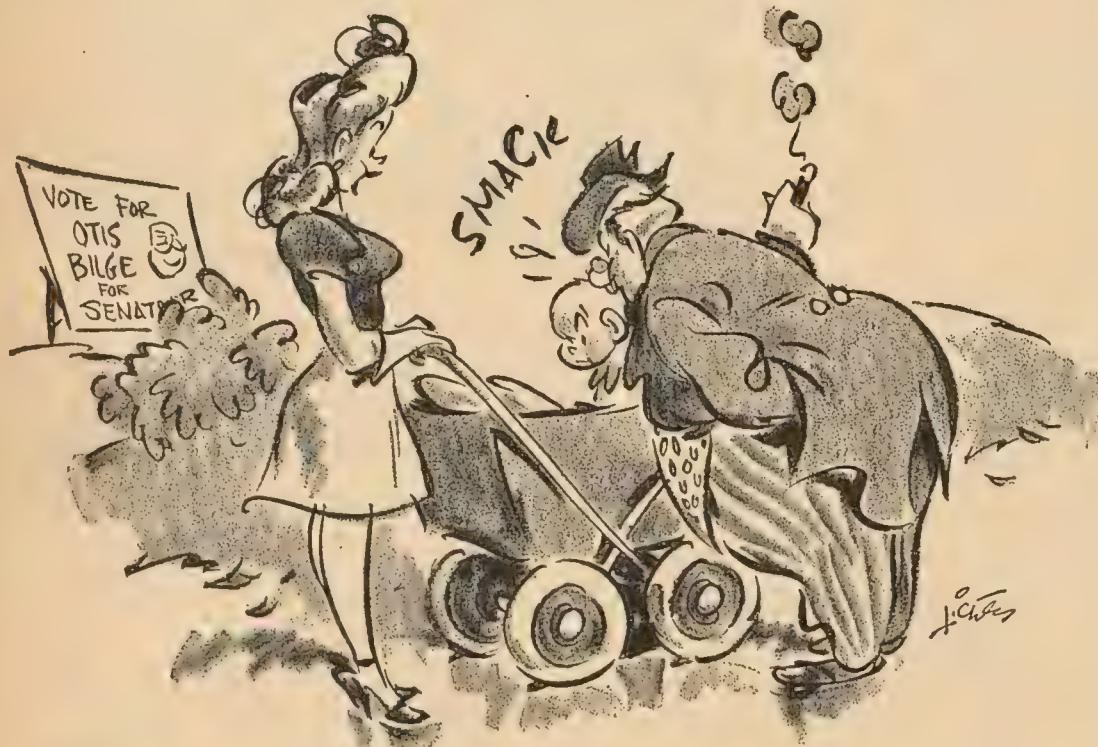
My honorable discharge from the Army has been lost or stolen. I can't draw my mustering-out pay and lapel button without the discharge or a satisfactory copy. How can I get a copy?

H. B., Springfield, Mass.

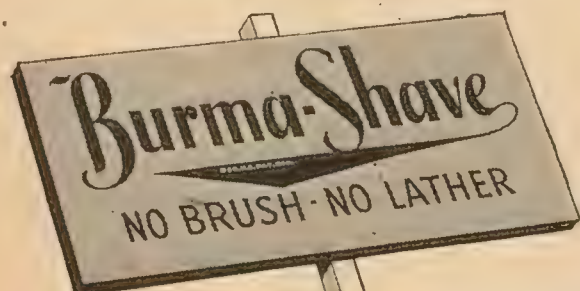
Only one discharge certificate can be issued to an individual. If it is lost or destroyed, application must be made to the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington, D. C., for a certificate in lieu of lost discharge. This may be submitted with your application for mustering-out pay and lapel button.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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AT YOUR DRUG COUNTER, POST
EXCHANGE, OR SHIP'S SERVICE STORE.



PM *for Pleasant Moments*



EYES IN THE SKIES

Continued from Page 29

officers to London to study the British methods and observe their work over targets on the Continent. When these officers returned they established the Navy Photographic Interpretation School at Anacostia, D. C. There Navy and Marine officers were taught to translate patchwork patterns on aerial photographs into valuable intelligence on enemy strength and activities. Today, little more than two years since the school's founding, its graduates are on duty in battle zones all over the world, and already they have snatched major secrets from the enemy that have saved hundreds of American and United Nations planes and fighting ships, to say nothing of many hundreds of lives.

OFFICERS selected for photo interpretation training generally have backgrounds in civil engineering, architecture, or geology. At least 350 hours of technical instruction are packed into ten weeks. Practical training, using aerial photographs rushed to the school from battle zones by plane, closely simulates actual field operations. Students study scarcely dry reconnaissance prints for enemy aircraft, airfields, bivouac areas, radio and radar equipment, searchlights, communications, anti-aircraft and coastal guns, tank traps, trenches, pillboxes, and camouflage including dummies and decoys. At times they have recorded findings almost as quickly as do the men who preceded them in the classrooms and are now in the field.

The stereoscope—the old parlor gadget of a generation ago—is one of the essential tools of the interpreters. Models they use today are improvements over those on grandmother's parlor table, but the prin-

ciple remains the same. With stereoscopic vision, the interpreters put together two or more photographs of the object being studied and find the all-important third dimension—depth.

By the time the student has finished training, he will be able, even with a simple magnifying glass, to see things that a layman wouldn't dream existed in a photograph. A shadow—highly important to an interpreter—may indicate a radio tower or a cleverly placed coastal gun. Tracks left by movements of men or equipment may reveal enough to win a decisive battle. A few men from each graduating class receive additional training in terrain modeling. From the study of such models on troop ships, marines and soldiers going ashore at Tarawa and the Marshall Islands knew hours before the destinations appeared on the horizons how the beaches and coco-covered islands would look.

The War Department has revealed that 125,000,000 maps were prepared to guide the Allied forces invading France. For the North African invasion alone, more than 9,500,000 maps were put together, printed, bundled and shipped, with the greatest secrecy, in huge cases to supply vessels or in small bundles to assaulting troops. Many of these maps were obtained through the eyes of aerial cameras.

At the outset of the war, a large vertical camera used by aerial photographers cost \$4,100, but mass production has reduced the price to \$2,700. With such a camera, a plane flying 300 miles an hour at 35,000 feet can take pictures so clear that an enlargement will show the individual ties in a railroad track. Since aerial cameras are focused at infinity, they record valuable ground details not visible to the observer's eye. On a photograph taken at 20,000 to 30,000 feet a plane on the ground

would be about 3/50ths of an inch across the wings.

The Navy uses types of planes ranging from the one-man fighters to ten-man bombers for aerial reconnaissance, including the F4U Corsair, the F4F-7 Wildcat, the PBV-5 Catalina, the TBF Avenger, and the PB4Y (or B-24) Liberator. No matter what the plane, successful reconnaissance calls for the utmost daring in both pilots and cameramen. They generally fly completely unarmed, to give them more room for equipment and more maneuverability. Unlike the bomber or strafers, which can flit across the target and be off for home base, the reconnaissance plane frequently must make several runs across the area to be photographed in the face of concentrated enemy fire. Reconnaissance planes generally are recognized as such because they loiter overhead while armed planes are zooming in to fire and run, and they generally are first targets for both ground guns and enemy planes—targets to be brought down at all costs.

RECONNAISSANCE planes do their best work on clear days. The Japs know this, and do their best to trap them by keeping fighters aloft when they think we might send cameramen over their area. But our men fly over, under, or through waiting formations of enemy craft regardless of danger. They are tough, experienced pilots, but they are realistic just the same. One reconnaissance unit in the South Pacific adopted as its insignia the figure of a plucked gobbler lying feet up, on a block of ice. The men who steal secrets from the enemy through camera lenses know well enough that they are "cold turkeys" unless they catch their objective off guard or unless they can run like hell when the shutter has clicked.

THE END

"The toughest stubble comes off fast—

You get good-looking shaves that last
With Thin Gillettes, priced ten for four,"
Say thrifty men who know the score!



Produced By The Maker Of The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

BULLETS FOR THE BRIDEGROOM

Continued from Page 27

Larson heard Whit's shoes scrape on the floor. As Pete gestured menacingly with the gun in Whit's direction, Larson slid his own foot forward. The gun muzzle swung toward him. Whit dropped to the floor and brought one leg around in a sweeping hook behind Pete's ankles. Pete's arm, with the gun, swung wide in an instinctive struggle for balance as his feet were swept from under him, and Larson's long roundhouse punch cracked on his chin. Pete's head and shoulders hit the floor together.

The first thing that Whit saw when he looked up was another gun pointed at him. Casey, in the doorway, said, "Every one keep quiet till I see what's going on here." He shut the door behind him and put his back against it.

Whit got to his feet and brushed the seat of his pants. "Nothing's going on now. That was nice work, Swede."

Larson said, "Yeh. But I wonder why he didn't shoot."

Casey looked at Larson. "Who's this?"

"Swede Larson, the bodyguard I was telling you about. This is Casey Jones, Swede."

Casey put his gun away, shook Larson's hand, and went over to the bed, where he sat down as if his bones ached. "What happened?"

"I wanted to talk to you. About Weston. We got here a couple of minutes ago and found him here. He had a gun, so we ganged up on him."

CASEY looked at the unconscious newspaperman on the floor. "Why did you want to talk to me about him?"

Whit told him what Larson had said about Gladys and Pete. Casey listened with interest. He motioned toward the revolver that still lay near Pete's hand. "Did he have you covered?"

"Yep. We were too fast for him."

Larson said, "We weren't too fast. He could have dropped one of us, maybe both." He shook his head dubiously. "I don't get it."

"Well, he didn't shoot," said Whit, feeling pretty cocky. "So we got him instead of him getting you. Now, what do you want to do with him?"

"I guess we'd better wake him up," Casey said. "The F. B. I. isn't supposed to sleep on the job."

He went to the washbasin in a corner of the room and came back with water, which he dashed in Pete's face. Pete's eyelids twitched and his arms moved.

Whit said unbelievably, "Oh, my Lord! Not Pete!"

"He's my right-hand man." Casey dragged Pete to a sitting position. "Come on, come on, Pete. Wake up."

Pete said distinctly, "Ow." His eyes opened, and he put his hand to his jaw. Casey took him under the arms and heaved. Pete got to his feet, wiggled his jaw, and squinted at Whit. "Lord, what a punch!"

Casey said, "You're a hell of a watchdog, Pete. Letting someone slap you silly while you had a gun."

"I couldn't shoot," Pete explained. "I knew they were all right."

"Well, nobody's hurt but you," Casey said. He smiled. "Whit came here to warn me against you."

"I'll be damned," Pete said. "What got into you, Whit?"

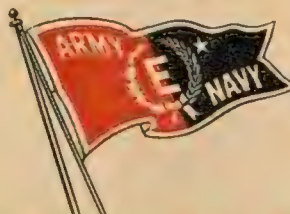
"It was because of Gladys. Larson told me that she was acting pretty strange, and I knew you were tied up with her

JULY 15, 1944



... COUNT ON DEPENDABLE CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

Full throttle, the jarring, explosive push of the giant catapult, and a Navy scout plane is airborne to search the seas ahead for lurking submarine, or other enemy craft. In the few seconds after launching, the plane actually drops slightly, then the full power of the engine takes hold. This is no place for spark plug failure. Dependable Champion Spark Plugs, true to their more than thirty-year-old heritage, are designed to meet extreme, as well as normal service. The records of our armed forces in the air, on the land and on the sea provide dramatic daily evidence that where performance really counts, you can count on dependable Champion Spark Plugs.



BACK THE ATTACK WITH WAR BONDS
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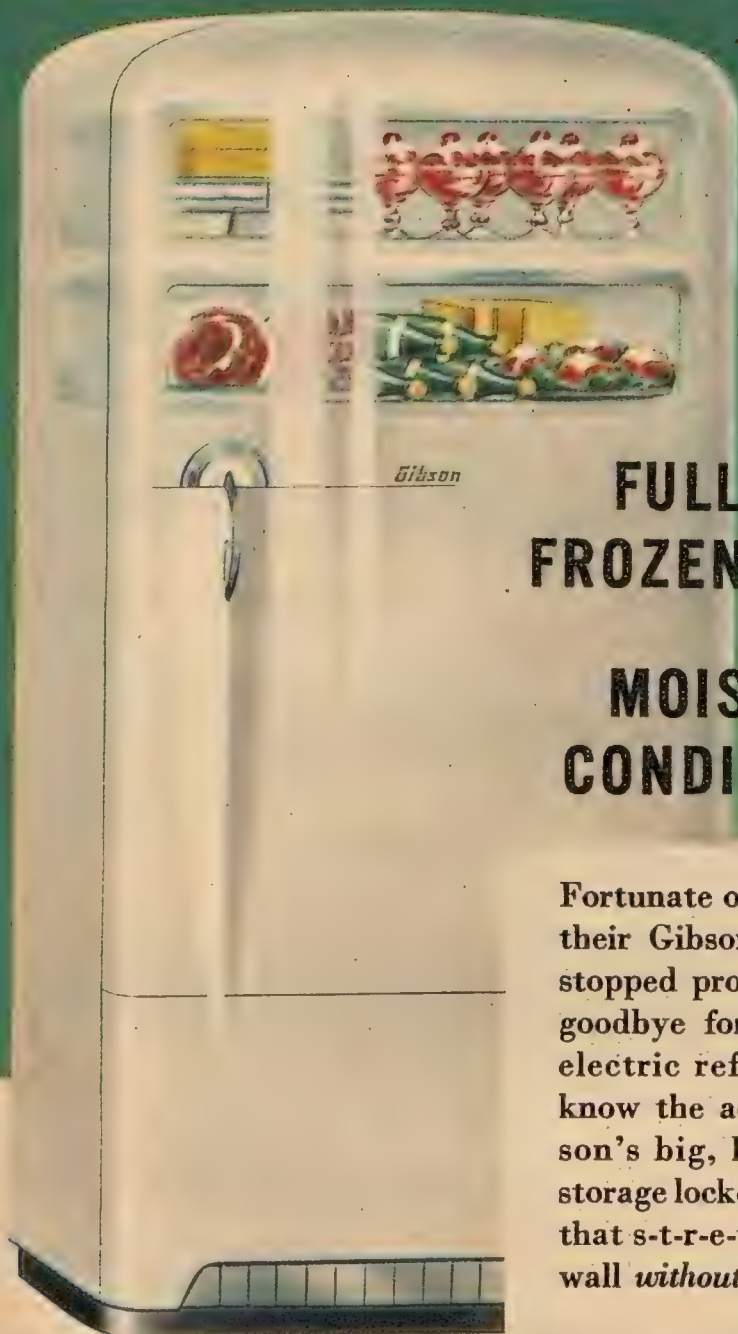
TO SAVE
GASOLINE
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THE FREEZ'R SHELF REFRIGERATOR



FULL-WIDTH FROZEN STORAGE and MOIST COLD CONDITIONING!

Fortunate owners who bought their Gibsons before the war stopped production have said goodbye forever to old style electric refrigeration! They know the advantages of Gibson's big, hold-more frozen storage locker and moist chiller that s-t-r-e-t-c-h from wall-to-wall *without obstruction!*

THE STRATA-ZONE PRINCIPLE

Originated by Gibson, available in no other make, Strata-Zones provide full-width layers of different kinds of cold, each conditioned to preserve the various types of food *longer*—and with better vitamin retention.

Planning now for Victory, Gibson will bring you new features and innovations that will be the highlights of Tomorrow's refrigeration history! Remember to see Gibson before you buy!

**GIBSON REFRIGERATOR
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Export Department, 201 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.

Kookall ELECTRIC RANGE

Automatic Control—uses stored up heat—turns itself on and off—uses current in oven only one-fourth actual cooking time! Available again with further improvements after Victory.

Gibson is now engaged 100% in war production.

Buy
War Bonds
and
Stamps Today!



somehow. I wanted to be sure that Casey wasn't overlooking something. So we came here."

"Expecting to learn that I was a saboteur?"

"I didn't expect to learn that you were a G-man." A horrible thought came to Whit. "What about Gladys? Don't tell me she's one of you."

"She is."

Larson said incredulously, "You mean that blonde twirp is a G-girl?"

Casey nodded. "But you go right on believing that she's a blonde twirp, Weston here is a newspaperman and I'm a bum from the skid row. Get it?"

Larson said, "Yes, sir."

Casey reached into an inner pocket and took out a watch—a thin expensive time-piece in a chamois bag. He said, "Three minutes, Pete. Whit, you and Larson sit still for a while. We've got work to do." He picked up the heavy suitcase that stood in a corner and lifted it to the table.

The suitcase was unlocked with a tiny key which Casey produced from another of his mysterious pockets. Casey took from it the end of a length of rubber-covered electric cord, which he extended to Pete. Pete switched off the overhead light, and they could hear him unscrewing the bulb. Then he said in the blackness, "O. K.," and Casey clicked a switch. A small hooded light came on to illuminate the interior of the suitcase.

The apparatus consisted of a phonograph turntable, a pair of earphones, and a compact radio surmounted by a vertical metallic ring about eighteen inches in diameter. There was also a map of Reno and the surrounding territory, which Casey spread on the table top under the hooded light. Two straight red lines had been drawn across the face of the map, intersecting at a spot in the center of town which Whit identified as approximately the location of the Magnolia Rooms. From the intersection the lines radiated in a general northeasterly-southwesterly direction, making a figure on the map like a tall X.

Casey put on the earphones and crouched on his heels in front of the apparatus. From a compartment in the suitcase he took a small shiny aluminum record blank, on which he wrote the date and the hour before he put the disk on the turntable. Then he laid his watch on the table and flipped first one switch and then another on the control board in the suitcase. The turntable began to revolve silently.

The next twenty seconds dragged by. On the twenty-first, Casey put his hand on the pointer which controlled the metallic ring contraption, and with his free hand set the stylus of the recording arm in the outer groove of the record blank.

There was no sound in the room but the faint scrape of the needle cutting into the revolving disk. Casey's hand on the pointer swung the metallic loop of the direction finder slowly through a narrow arc, left, right, left, right, widening the swing as the seconds went by. At the end of what must have been a minute, the record ran out. Casey took off the earphones and snapped switches on the control board. The turntable stopped.

"No message," he said. "Forty-eight hours to go."

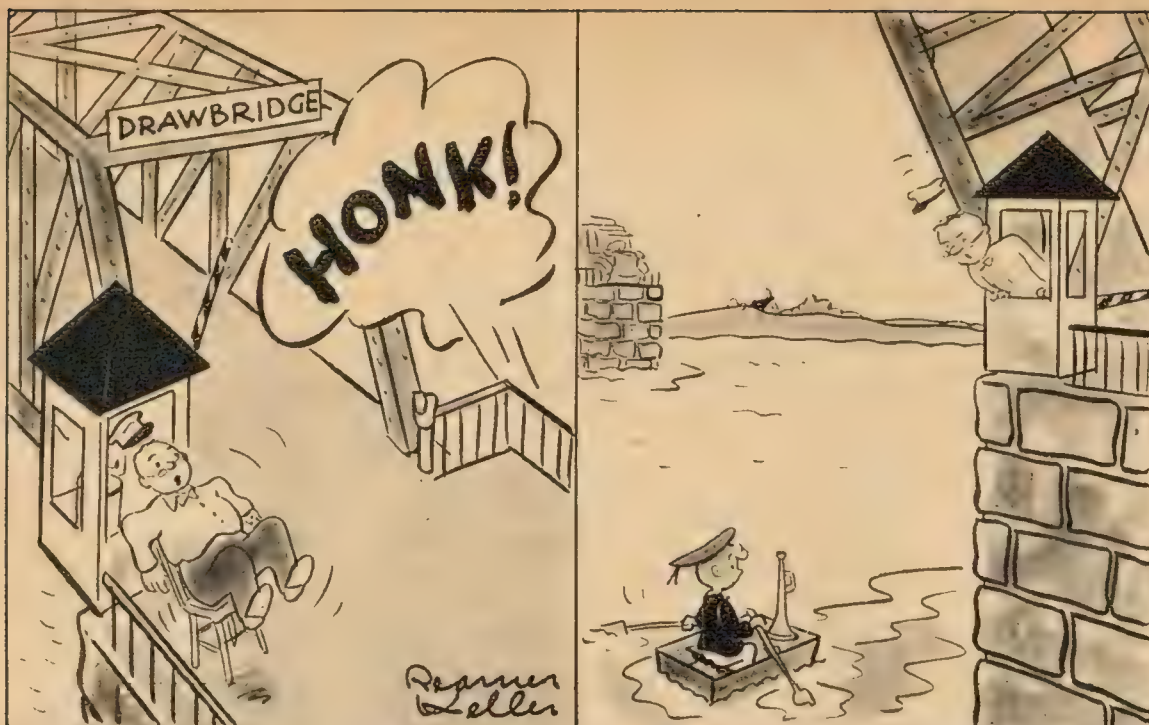
PETE gave Whit and Larson a lift back to their hotel in his car. "Gladys told you what happened at the club?" Whit asked him.

"She told me that you had been snatched, and that you turned up a few hours later looking like the wrath of God. How did you break loose?"

"Casey pulled me out." Whit told him about it. "He messed up his plans badly

LIBERTY

HARDTACK



to get me away from Gates. Every time I've tried to help so far, it's backfired."

"It's one of those things, Whit. I wouldn't kick myself around too much."

"Sure, sure. I can't change the fact that you and Casey have only two days left to do your job, all on account of me."

"If we don't run them down here, we'll run them down at the next place. Don't think we won't get them."

"But in the meantime there'll be more ships sunk."

Pete grinned. "You don't think Gates' man at the ammunition depot is really gathering any information since we found out about him, do you?"

Whit said, "Oh, I get it. But if the Japs bite on a couple of phony tips—"

"—they'll stop biting." Pete nodded.

"That's why Casey is so anxious to get hold of the radio and set one big trap for them before it's too late. If it hadn't been for that, we would have hauled Gates and the others in long ago. Casey wants the transmitter."

Larson said, "There ought to be some sure-fire way of locating a radio station."

"Casey's direction finder would do it in time. He knows already that the transmitter is within fifty miles northeast or southwest of here—but he hasn't had time to get angles on it to pin it down."

"Isn't there any other way to find it?" Whit asked.

"We could look for the power source. Gates' set is pretty powerful, and he's using a lot of juice. Find where he's getting it and you'll find the station."

"Haven't you tried that?"

"There are ten thousand consumers of electricity in the Reno area alone, Whit. Gates has moved his transmitter at least three times in two months, and we know that he isn't using a portable generator because the generator isn't made that's big enough to give him the power he needs and small enough to let him jump around the countryside with it. Wherever he is, he's getting his electricity through a meter. But it would take two years to cover the field. The direction finder is a better bet—or would be, if we had time to use it properly."

Whit said thoughtfully, "Well, I'm no Edison, but I still think something could be done with the power angle."

"In forty-eight hours?" Pete reminded him. "Here's your hotel. Go sleep on it and see if you get a brain wave."

Whit crept into bed without waking his wife. He was getting to be good at sneak-

ing in late. He went to sleep immediately, and had nightmares in which Walter Gates beat him over the head with a radio transmitter that looked like Casey's direction finder.

A FAT man with a straw hat found Mr. and Mrs. Whitney and Mr. Larson in the hotel grill the next morning. Whit hadn't got around to confessing to his wife that he had been out courting more trouble in the middle of the night, but he was laying the groundwork by explaining what a nice peaceful honeymoon they would have now that he had given up being a junior G-man. When the fat man introduced himself as Deputy Sheriff Strong and indicated that the sheriff wanted to see them all immediately, Whit's cheery conversation dried up.

The sheriff got down to business as soon as they were ushered into his office. The city police had permitted him to take temporary jurisdiction over the Whitneys and Mr. Larson. There had been a little trouble downtown the night before, and one of the local taxpayers had been badly beaten up. As the sheriff expected, the trouble was directly traceable to the Whitneys and their bloodthirsty friend, Mr. Larson. In view of the sheriff's earlier warning to them to stay out of trouble, was there any good reason why he shouldn't jail them for assault and battery, disturbing the peace, and other crimes as yet undiscovered? He knew there were other crimes because he had received a report that Whitney and Larson had been away from their hotel from two thirty to four that morning, and he was expecting another body to turn up any minute.

The potential jailbirds did some fast talking. The sheriff didn't know that the local taxpayer had invited a beating by slapping Mrs. Whitney's face, and he softened up a little when Kitty explained what had happened. But he was still sure they belonged in jail. It was their good luck that Pete Weston telephoned about then to get the day's news, and the sheriff told Pete what was cooking. They could hear Pete's urgent voice in the receiver as he went to bat for them.

The sheriff said, "Well, all right, but—" as Pete talked. At the end, he said bitterly, "All right. All right. But just one more break and I'll run them in. And when I do, I'll hold you responsible."

He banged the phone down and pointed wordlessly at the door.

Whit said placatingly, "Thanks, sheriff."

You don't have to worry about us today. We're going for a horseback ride."

The sheriff smiled for the first time.

"Fine. Fine. Maybe the horses will throw you and break yore necks. Get out!"

When they were out in the street, Larson said, "I thought we were cooked that time for sure. Are we really going riding or was that a gag?"

"We might as well do that as anything else," Whit said. "After what happened last night, Casey would murder us himself if we stuck our noses into his business again, and I don't see why we should hang around town waiting for Sammy to shoot at us."

"It's about time I learned what happened last night," Kitty said. "Where did you go?"

Whit had to explain about their visit to Casey and of their startling discovery that both Pete Weston and Gladys, the dizzy blonde, were F. B. I. agents. It didn't startle Kitty as much as Whit expected, because she had begun to suspect Gladys when Gladys took charge after Whit's kidnaping. She had known from Lorenzo's actions that Gladys was not his accomplice, so Gladys had to be on the other side. Kitty was surprised her husband had been so stupid that he hadn't guessed it.

Whit said, "You can't hurt my feelings, honey. After the mistakes I've made, I'm numb."

"I hate to walk out now," Larson said. "I'd like to give Casey and Pete and the blonde a hand."

"How? They don't want us around them, and there's nothing we can do on our own hook."

"We could look for the radio station. Last night you thought the power-line angle would be a good lead."

"I changed my mind. Pete said himself that we couldn't cover all the possible locations in two years, and we've got two days. There aren't half a dozen places within fifty miles of here where you'd be more than spitting distance from a power line."

"Uh-huh. And if I was trying to hide a radio station, I know where I'd put it—if I was smart enough to figure that anyone looking for it would be a cinch to consider the power angle."

They were on their way back to the hotel when Larson came through with the idea. Whit stopped dead in his tracks. In a small voice he said, "Go ahead. Say it."

"Where there aren't no power lines at all," Larson said doggedly. "I don't give a damn how funny it sounds. I'll bet there are other ways of getting electricity besides buying it from the company."

WHIT said, "Swede, I take off my hat." "Rib me all you like if it makes you feel good. I'm just saying—"

"I'm not ribbing you." Whit's mind was working so fast it burned him. He took Kitty by the shoulders and spoke to her urgently.

"Honey, Larson's idea is the best anyone has had in years, and I can do something with it. I need peace and quiet. You run along with him and entertain yourself until dinnertime."

"But—"

"I'll be all right. I'm going right back to the hotel and lock myself in. So be a good girl and beat it. Swede, you take over."

Whit kissed his wife quickly and ran like an antelope with a hot date.

"What are you up to?" Kitty shouted. "Dirty fingernails," Whit yelled back. "I'm going to locate that transmitter!"

What a honeymoon! But Whit, on the basis of Larson's hint, thinks he's found the spy hide-out. Excitement and suspense fill next week's installment.

Continued from Page 15

Then, you may be sure, the Allied Command and whatever Allied political leaders are on hand at the occupation will be as-

Since, upon the collapse of the Nazi

But whatever form the new Germany takes, we must make certain this time, before we withdraw our troops, that it is a nation which for a long time will not be able to make war again and which in good time will no longer desire to do so—a nation that will have abandoned its hysterical illusion that the Germans are the Master Race, and that will see the sense and the wisdom in being decent and peaceful neighbors in this shrinking world which must have peace or perish.

THE END

IT'S NOT MALARKEY, JOHN

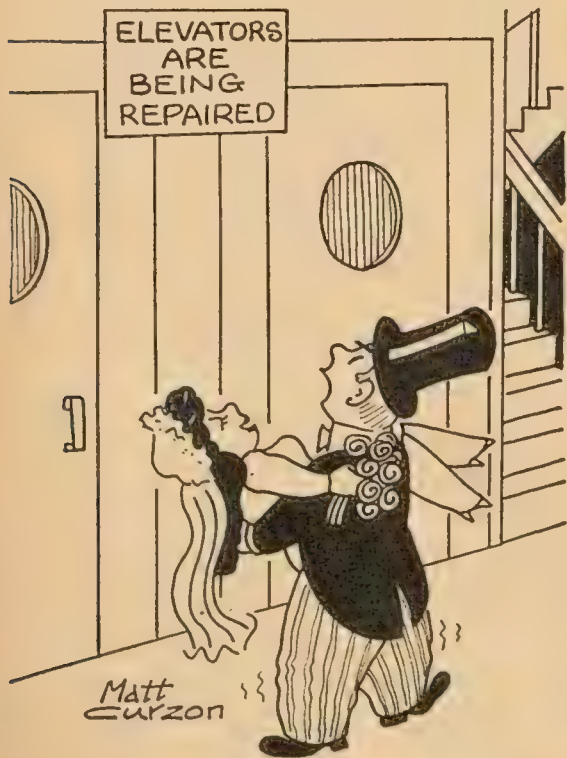
Continued from Page 20

tional injuries and diseases, in proportion to time worked, was 16 per cent less in 1943 than 1942, a new low. The reason for this is laid largely to the old adage: "Once bitten, twice shy." In other words, a person with a physical handicap shows a greater respect for the dangers of life, both in and out of a manufacturing plant. At AC Spark Plug their system of placement and its attendant tests and check-ups have contributed greatly to reduction of accidents and absence from work.

Yes, Corporal John Mertine, if you *should* get nicked, you will find the automotive industry ready, waiting, and eager to offer you, as one of its former employees, a he-man job. It won't be charity, it won't be altruism. It will be on a straight-from-the-shoulder basis in which you will be expected to turn in a good day's work, and in return you'll get a full day's pay. While you and I got started on this thing from the automobile angle, you can tell the rest of your gang that American industry as a whole is making comparable plans and getting set to do a real job for disabled veterans.

However, all men and women in service must bear this in mind: The manufacturing industry of the United States cannot by any conceivable stretch of planning do *all* the rehabilitation work that probably will be needed. Those who went to war from agriculture, from the service industries, from sales work, and from other branches of business life should give first and serious consideration to returning to their former ways of making a living, if at all possible. For example, the auto industry employs about 1,100,000 in war-time work. In normal peacetime days it hired about 600,000 people. Perhaps that figure could be stretched to 800,000 after the war in order to meet expected demands for cars and trucks, but that is pure guesswork. Other branches of industry are in the same position. It is only reasonable to assume that from both a moral and legal standpoint, each branch of industry, and each individual organization, will be more concerned about its own people than about those not previously employed.

THE END



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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

LIFE GOES ON: A London church was hit by fire bombs, which robbed it of roof and windows, and left the interior a smoky mess. The next morning firemen and civil defense workers cleared away the debris of charred pews in time to allow Miss Jennifer Margaret Hatton to walk up a side aisle to the altar for her marriage to Flight Lieutenant Dudley Hewitt, D. F. C. The center aisle couldn't be used because of a large hole made by a bomb. The organist was cautioned to play softly for fear the vibrations might cause the walls to come tumbling down.



PRAYER IN COMBAT: An American pilot in Europe, with many bombing missions to his credit, wrote his father: "Yesterday—remember the date—you all must have prayed especially hard for me. Also God Almighty. I can't tell you yet what happened, but, believe me, Someone upstairs had His hand on my shoulder. . . . It's funny how one revamps prayer in combat. All the frills, the thees and thous, are omitted and you speak to your God as a comrade in arms. Going into a hot spot you find yourself glancing up into the blue and saying, 'Stick with us, Boy.' Then when He brings you through, you say simply, 'Thanks, thanks a lot.' That probably seems a funny way to pray, but those words constitute as fervent a prayer of thanks as any ever offered. I'm sure He doesn't mind the informality."

PEACE, IT'S WONDERFUL! Frederick E. Hasler, president of the Pan American Society of the United States, has made a plea for the inclusion of women at the peace conferences after the war. "Men have proved themselves failures in preventing wars," said Mr. Hasler. "They have called upon women to do everything except fight in the present war and, when it is won, they should not in decency and fairness deny women a place at the peace table." . . . Jake Vogel, described by police as a noted pickpocket, would not agree that the female of the species has any flair for making peace. Lieutenant Daniel Campion, chief of the New York pickpocket squad, recently saved the five-foot Vogel at Thirty-fourth Street and Sixth Avenue from the fury of a band of women who were pounding him violently with their pocketbooks. Unaware that Lieutenant Campion was a police officer, the amazons set upon him too, though he tried to exhibit his shield. Above the ladies' bellicose cries of "Thief! Robber!" Jake's frightened falsetto finally made itself heard. "Honest, ladies," he shrieked, "this guy really is a cop! He's pinched me lots of times." Convinced, the angry

shoppers grudgingly allowed Lieutenant Campion to take Vogel to the police station, where he was charged with jostling.

HATS ON! Attractive blonde Adelaide Hawley was the commentator at a preview of the high lights in the 1944 fall collection of Stetson hats for women. As usual, the models were outrageously beautiful. Never do they give the slightest indication as to how the clothes or hats they are showing would look on the average woman. However, Miss Hawley reassured the audience somewhat by observing of one large, offside beret that "Some of us older gals tried it on, and it looked well on any age and any size chassis." The new collection offered hats that would take their wearers to town and to dinner. Soft felts were manipulated and draped, some with slashes in the back to allow room for chignons; others were adorned with ribbon cocardes, feathers, or fake jewels. Moss green, bright green, fireman red, grape, and a raft of new browns were shown.

NATURAL PHENOMENA: A Kansas City insect in E. Wiswell's back yard makes such a loud rasping noise at nine o'clock every night, that neighbors a block away can set their watches by it. . . . It is estimated that native American sparrows save farmers \$35,000,000 a year by destroying weed seeds and insects. . . . Two foundlings picked up when tiny in Bear Mountain Park became fast friends, though one was a raccoon and the other

can



a skunk. Butch, the raccoon, and Sachet, the skunk, play, sleep, and eat together as a result of being housed in the same cage from the time they were about ten days old. Previous attempts to raise raccoons with other animals at the museum in Bear Mountain Park have failed.

WOMEN AT WORK: G. E. Freeman, a state director of Vocational Education, declares employers prefer mature women to young ones because they are "more steady and just as efficient, and not crazy over men." His opinion was formed after a series of conferences with representatives of sixty industrial organizations in Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and Virginia. . . . According to a government report made by the Industrial Health Research Board, single women lose twice as many working hours in British war factories as men, and married women lose three times as many working hours as single women—or six times as many as men. The conclusion drawn is that women with homes and families to care for should not be urged to take on full-time jobs.

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THE ODB WILL GET YOU!

Continued from Page 23

his service. Sergeant Leonardo, for instance, found himself in that predicament. His family allowance application mentioned only one wife. Her name was Helen, and the evidence he submitted gave a New Jersey city as the place and July, 1942, as the date of their marriage.

A few months after the ODB had set up the account, however, an application was received from a Maria Leonardo in behalf of herself and a child. According to the certificate she attached, Sergeant Leonardo had married her in a New York State city in 1936. The baptismal record of their little girl was enclosed.

Asked to clarify his marital status, Sergeant Leonardo asserted that he had never heard of Maria and her child. The only wife he had taken to his bosom was Helen.

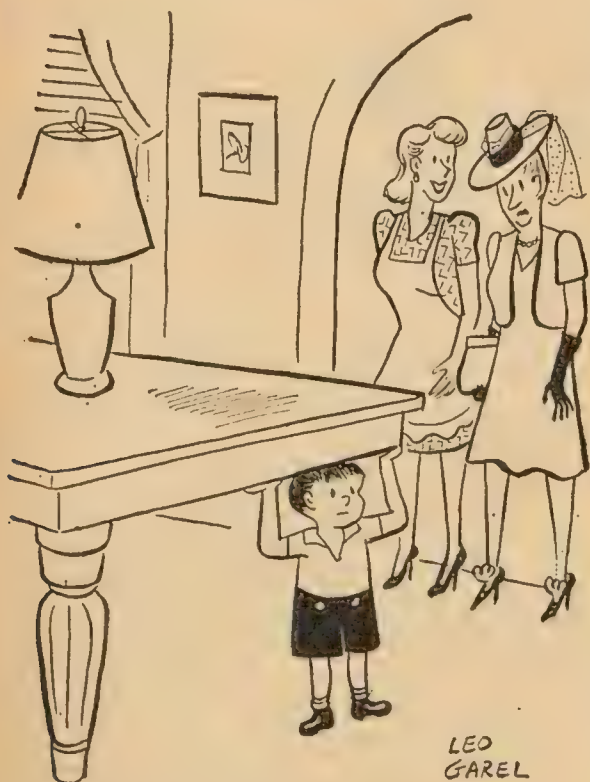
The investigating officer went to work. To the county clerk in the New York city he sent a request for a photostat of the application for marriage. This contains such information as the names and occupations of the parents and the date and place of birth of the bride and the groom, together with their signatures. A similar request went to the county clerk in the New Jersey city, who was also asked to furnish the names of the witnesses at the marriage.

In both applications, the information given for the groom was identical. So was his signature. The investigator went to the New York city to interview Maria. She was a tired-looking woman with work-roughened hands. Her husband had left her completely without funds when he entered the Army and had written her only a few brief notes since that time. She had finally sought aid from the public relief agency. At the social worker's suggestion, she had applied for the family allowance, although she could not understand why Sergeant Leonardo had not taken care of the matter himself. She gave the investigator a picture of herself and her husband which had been taken at the World's Fair in New York.

When this picture was shown to a witness of the New Jersey marriage, she identified the man as the one whose wedding to Helen she had attended.

A military court sentenced Leonardo to

(Continued on page 72)



LEO
GARELL

"I'm punishing him for sawing off the leg."

JULY 15, 1944

AFFECTION MEANS A LOT TO YOUR BABY



By Meredith Moulton Redhead, Ph.B.

Baby Counselor of Heinz Home Institute

BABIES thrive on love. So much emphasis has been placed on the importance of rigid schedules in a baby's life that sufficient affection is often neglected. Your day may be crowded, but nothing can be more important than the time spent with your baby. Giving him his bath, for example, will mean much to both of you. By all means assume charge at mealtime, too. And in the selection of baby's foods, let *quality* be

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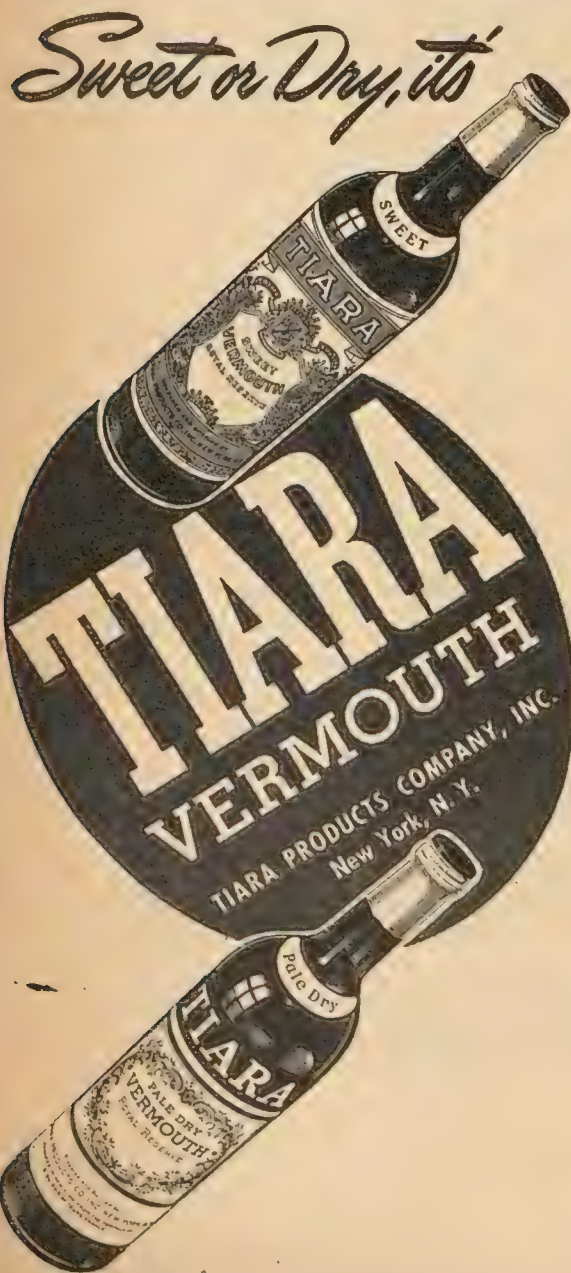


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LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY



ATTACK! (U. S. Army Signal Corps)

THIS living record of the Christmas landings on New Britain—the initial all-American operation in the South Pacific—carries in full force the feelings of terrible urgency, privation, suspense, sudden shock and the overwhelming clutter of war. The picture, like other official war films, deals broadly with a broad operation—the attacks on Arawe and Cape Gloucester. You see the readying of ships and equipment, all the thousand and one practical details that go to make up a tactical maneuver. But when you finally see the dramatic fall of the landing ramps and watch the boys floundering ashore, holding weapons high against the almost overpowering wash of a shoulder-high sea—then you're suddenly *there*.

"Remember—there's nothing to go back to." That rings in your ears as you follow the camera through the rank jungles, listening to the odd soft coughing of the guns. You come upon dead Japs. You see what's left of an American hospital tent after a direct hit. You see a destroyer going down out there in the water, watch real human beings struggling against death. And there are the silent casualties, with the matchless summing-up: "One day of American living—bought and paid for." If you're already hurt or oppressed by the war, you won't stand this very well—but it would do most of us good to see more like it. It makes ordinary movies and ordinary selfish living look pretty small.





CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY (Universal) *Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly, Richard Whorf*

THERE'S nothing of Yuletide in this except the title. It's not much of a holiday, either, what with poor Deanna innocently getting herself tangled up with a disarming psychopath (Gene Kelly) who's got a family mansion and a strange, secretive mama (Gale Sondergaard). Kelly does a fine job as the no-account guy who gets everybody involved in devious doings, and Richard Whorf comes through with exceptional vividness in a minor characterization. Then there's a nice-looking young lieutenant (Dean Harens) who sticks around so's to be on hand when things get ironed out.



For some reason, the hind part of this story comes first, so we first come upon Deanna in an unsavory establishment, listlessly crooning in a wowsa of a black dress. Well, we like Deanna, and we like to hear her sing (out loud), and we'll stick by her if she accidentally gets into bad company—but we ask for just one good reason, that's all. Somerset Maugham's fictional Past isn't sufficiently credible for Deanna to live down. More important, she just isn't happy in this kind of yarn. Even so, she manages to be such a good sport about it all that the gloomy story holds interest and even some excitement.



HOME IN INDIANA (Twentieth Century-Fox) *Walter Brennan, Lon McCallister, Jeanne Crain, June Haver*

THIS pleasant open-air Technicolor tale treats of horse breeding and sulky racing out Indiana way, and introduces three appealing youthful performers. Jeanne Crain walks away with the honors, though blonde June Haver nearly gets the boy (Lon McCallister) away from her. The story's no great shakes, but it allows for many finely handled scenes with horses, colorful romps at the old swimming hole, and glimpses of Charlotte Greenwood whipping up mouth-watering rural victuals. Simple, unassuming and wholesome, this kind of picture's the next best thing to getting out in the country.



SUMMER STORM (United Artists) *George Sanders, Linda Darnell, Anna Lee*

HERE'S a bit of Hollywood Chekov—richly romantic Old Russia, complete with luxury, passion, decadent nobility—and Edward Everett Horton. If this latter anachronism doesn't jar you, you can go ahead and enjoy the suave and accomplished acting of George Sanders and the natural splendor of Linda Darnell (who doesn't need to act) in a story of violence and jealousy from hovel to manor. Anna Lee contributes her usual charm and sincerity amid the strange variety of accents. There's a good measure of atmosphere, pictorial beauty, and romantic entertainment here, if you're not overcritical.

PICTURES WORTH SEEING

COVER GIRL (Columbia). Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly. Musical.
GASLIGHT (M-G-M). Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten. Drama.
GOING MY WAY (Paramount). Bing Crosby, Risë Stevens, Barry Fitzgerald. Drama with music.
THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN (Warners). Fredric March, Alexis Smith. Drama.
THE EVE OF ST. MARK (20th Century-Fox). William Eythe, Anne Baxter, Vincent Price. Drama.
THE HITLER GANG (Paramount). Robert Watson and others. Documentary melodrama.
THE STORY OF DR. WASELL (Paramount). Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, Signe Hasso. Drama.
THE WHITE CLIFFS OF DOVER (M-G-M). Irene Dunne, Alan Marshal. Drama.
TWO GIRLS AND A SAILOR (M-G-M). Van Johnson, June Allyson, Gloria De Haven. Musical.

JULY 15, 1944

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"We don't allow him to sit up and beg any more."

(Continued from page 69)

two years at hard labor, with forfeiture of all pay and allowances and a dishonorable discharge after he has served his sentence.

The Leonardo case was handled entirely by the military authorities, since the soldier alone was involved. Both Helen and Maria were innocent of any fraud.

Fingerprints proved the undoing of Will Flumkins. He thought he had the matter of multiple marriages well in hand when he deserted his wife, Vashti, in Pennsylvania, enlisted under the name of Pownners, and married a girl named Eva Mae. Friends repeated to Vashti his boast that she couldn't get anything on him now; Eva Mae was going to collect the family allowance, and Vashti could do nothing at all about it.

Vashti promptly procured the Army serial number of Private Pownners and applied for a family allowance herself. She accompanied her application with proof of her marriage and a letter about her husband's change of name. Interviewed in Pennsylvania, she disclosed that she had had trouble with her husband before. She had even been to court with him on one occasion when he had tried to kill her with an ax. He had served time in jail for that.

There followed an inspection of police-court records. The husband had been photographed and fingerprinted at the time of the arrest. Copies had been sent to the F. B. I. in Washington for classification and file. That made everything easy. The fingerprints of enlisted men are also on file at the F. B. I., and the F. B. I. reported that the fingerprints of the Pennsylvania husband and the Army inductee were identical. Private Pownners and Will Flumkins were one and the same.

The Army has no magic it can work

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NOTE: For real stubborn cases buy *Extra Strength*

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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may also cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

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on men like Flumkins. The fact that a man has put on a uniform is no reason to assume he will suddenly turn into an angel. But the polygamous soldier who appears in family allowance frauds is the exception among Army husbands. Most men are anxious to arrange for a family allowance as soon as they enter active service; many thousands supplement it with a Class E allotment-of-pay. There is ample testimony to this in the records of the ODB, which deals with more than seventeen million persons among soldiers and their dependents.

Far more than any other single federal agency, the ODB must concern itself intimately with family life. To be eligible for a family allowance, wives and children must prove their relationship to the soldier; parents, brothers, and sisters must prove dependency upon him as well. Certificates of marriage, birth, and death, agreements of separation and decrees of divorce, with letters of explanation that lay bare whole worlds of joy and of bitterness and grief—these are sorted by the thousands in the mail room of the great agency, which handles an average of 65,000 pieces of incoming mail in a single day. But in the four million family allowances now in effect, fraud or the intent to defraud has been found in only a tiny fraction of one per cent.

STILL, in war as in peace, there are those who try to get something for nothing, and who imagine they are clever enough to get away with it. Some are clever, but seldom clever enough.

"Getting family allowances from soldiers and sailors is an easy racket!"

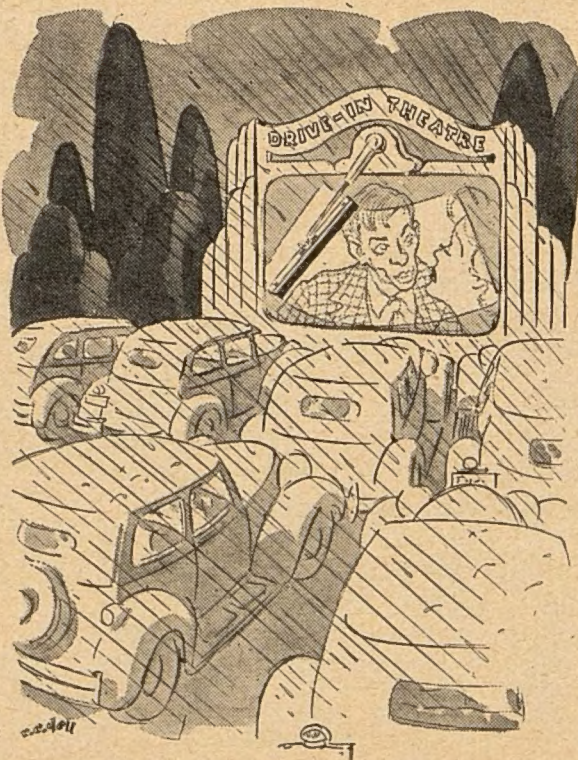
They were wrong—Maisie and the blonde and the rest.

So was the wife who ran off with a soldier, then returned to her husband and received the allowance checks—and saved them for a love nest in the future.

So was the waitress who had a husband somewhere and five children in foster homes, yet married young and lonely soldiers. She was picked up in connection with the Mann White Slave Traffic Act.

Not for these have the American people provided wartime security for soldiers' dependents. The War Department Office of Dependency Benefits, law-enforcement agencies, and the great mass of honest and loyal citizens of this great nation are keeping a ceaseless watch to protect this wartime security.

THE END



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JULY 15, 1944

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



IT'S YOUR MONEY

WE only need mention plaintively in this space the heavy cost of government and the wisdom of carefully watching the expenditure of public money to get a flock of letters bawling us out for taking pot shots at the administration.

The government throws out money with a scoop shovel, but apparently a lot of folks think anyone who worries about it is an old fuddy-duddy and in the secret pay of the Republicans. These people forget this money is their own, earned by the sweat of their brows. Why they take offense when attention is called to the need for careful government expenditures is hard to understand. The conservation of public money is not a partisan matter.

Democrats as well as Republicans pay taxes nowadays.

For some weeks now we have been carrying in the back of our mind a little news item which appeared in the papers. According to the item, the President asked Congress for \$250,000 for the Labor Department to collect data on living costs in thirty-four additional small and medium-sized cities.

We find no fault with collecting data on living costs in any number of cities. The government needs this data if it is not to work in the dark in its efforts to hold down inflation. However, \$250,000 is a lot of money to spend collecting data on living costs in thirty-four additional small and medium-sized cities.

Anyone familiar with the techniques of modern research knows that perfectly adequate data of the sort needed can be collected for an expenditure of considerably less

than one fifth of this amount. Mr. Gallup and other pollsters are around all over the country every day in the week collecting data on subjects quite as intricate. No one can justly say the data collected by these private pollsters aren't adequate, because events confirm their accuracy time after time. Yet they operate on a cost basis far lower than that the government contemplates. Thus it is indicated that most of the \$250,000 is going to be wasted either in researching far beyond the point needed to establish facts, or in proving things there is no need to prove.

The point we're trying to make with all this is that though government activities and objectives are in most instances worth while, the amount of money spent to attain them is often much more than is necessary. The above-cited instance is a case in point. Multiply this by thousands of government activities throughout the country and you have a sizable sum of money being spent, much of it needlessly.

We repeat what we have said in this space before: Nobody begrudges the money spent to win the war, but every dollar spent needlessly weakens the war effort. When the war is over, we've got to stop spending in excess of income and start paying back. The only way the people of this country can pay back is by drawing their weekly wages from private industry. Drawing government pay checks simply puts us deeper in the hole.

What we need are government policies aimed at getting more people on industry's payrolls and fewer people on government's.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL



Outmoded table manners

These days we can't follow our whims in stocking our pantries or filling our plates.

For there's no longer a great abundance of needed things—and there's a great number of needers. So there's a job of making what we have go round. And that's the job being done by rationing—there's no other way of providing all with fair-to-all platefuls, no other way of making sure that all get enough.

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